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BY RENE CHUN

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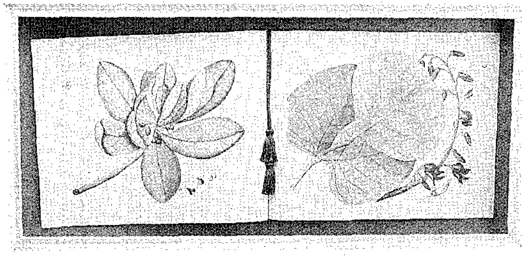

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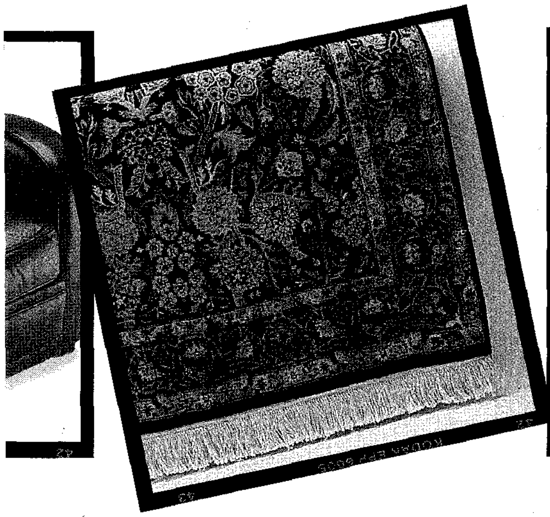

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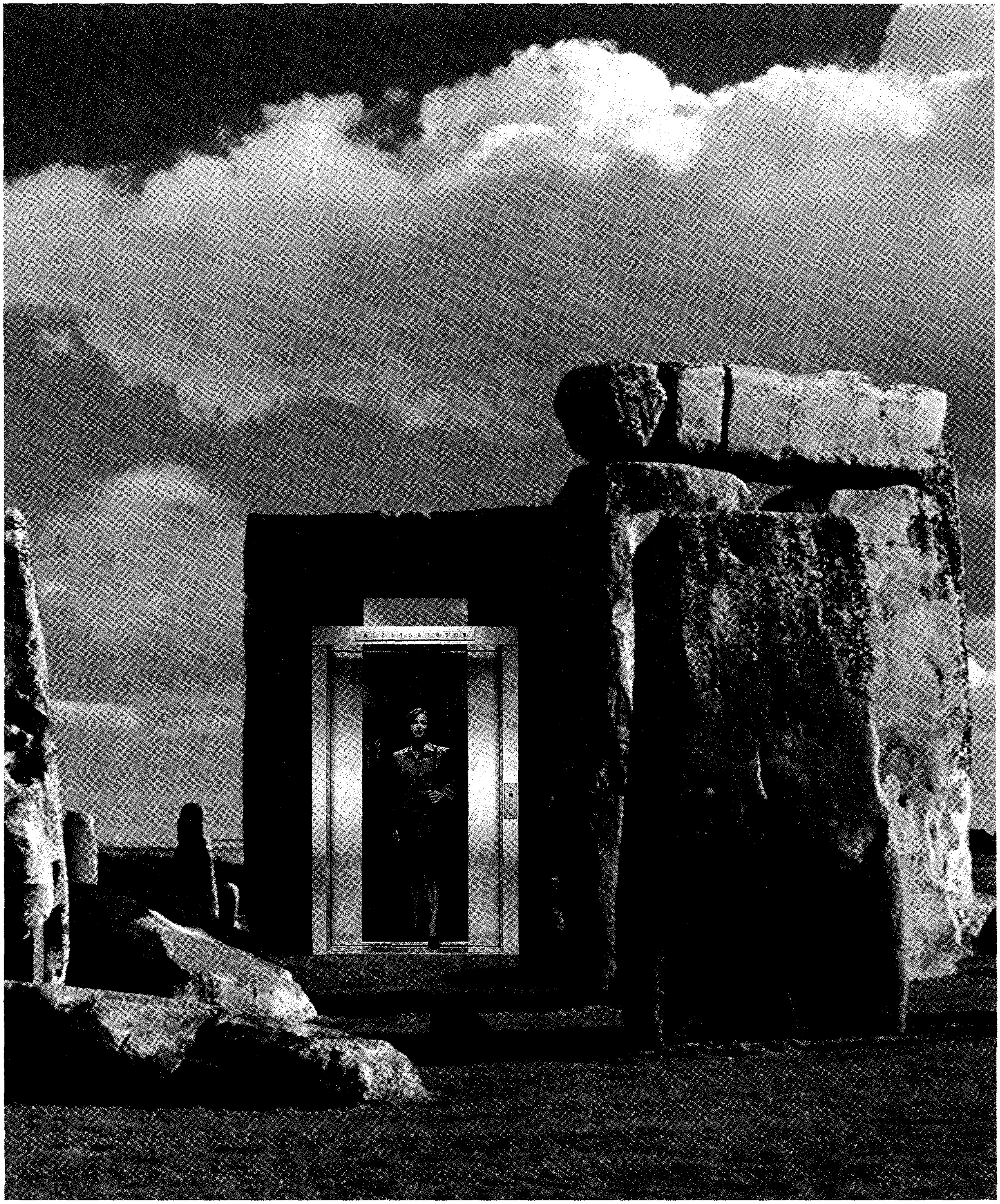

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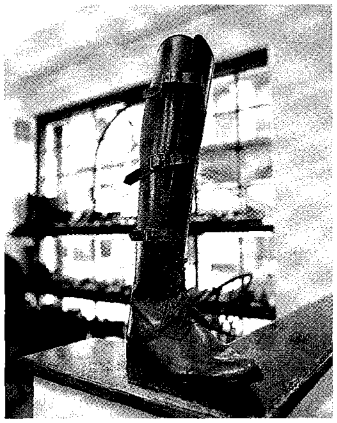

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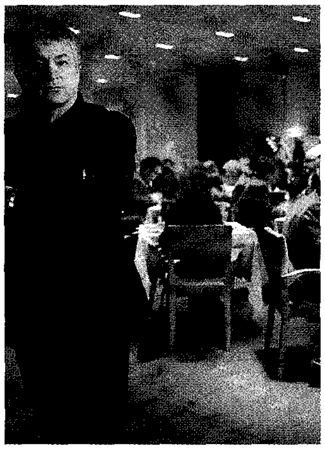

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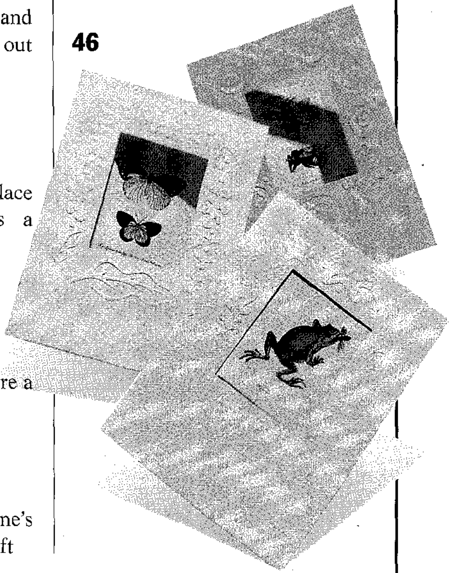

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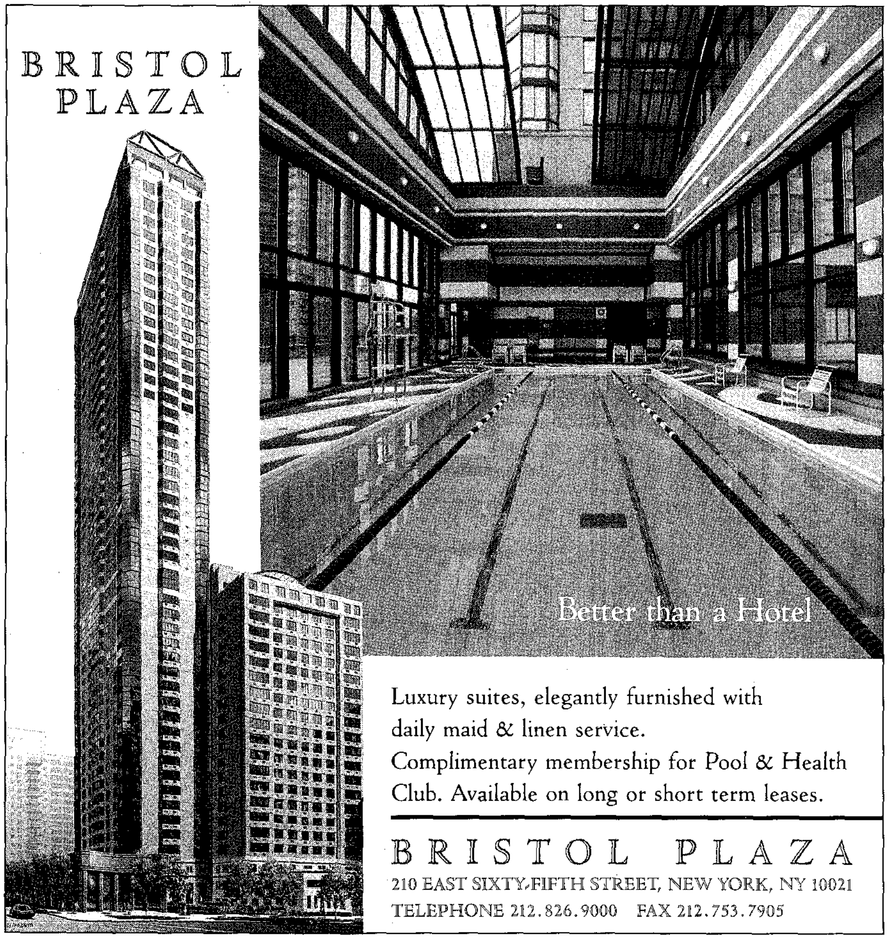

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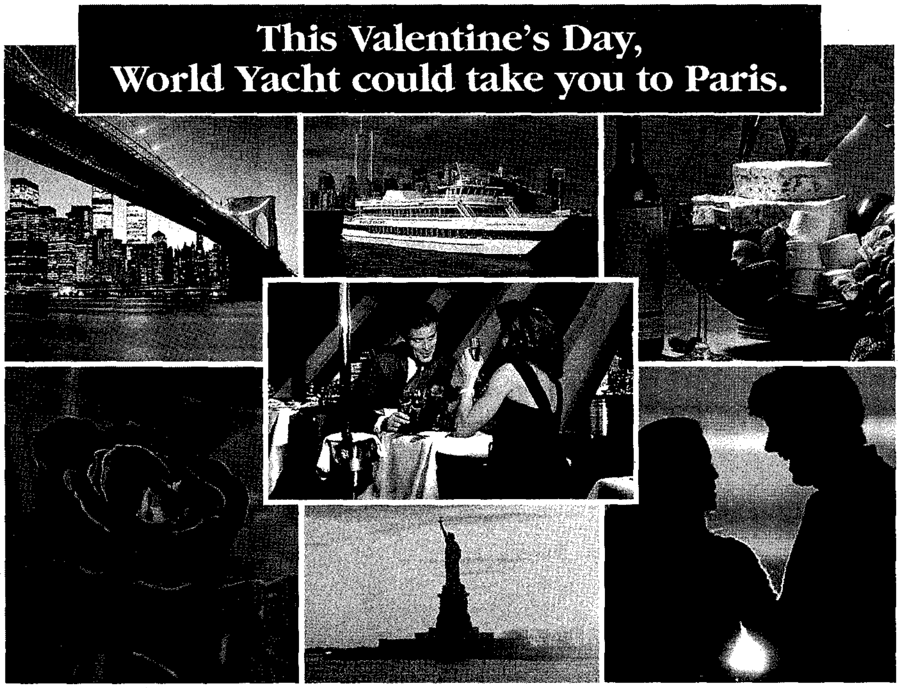

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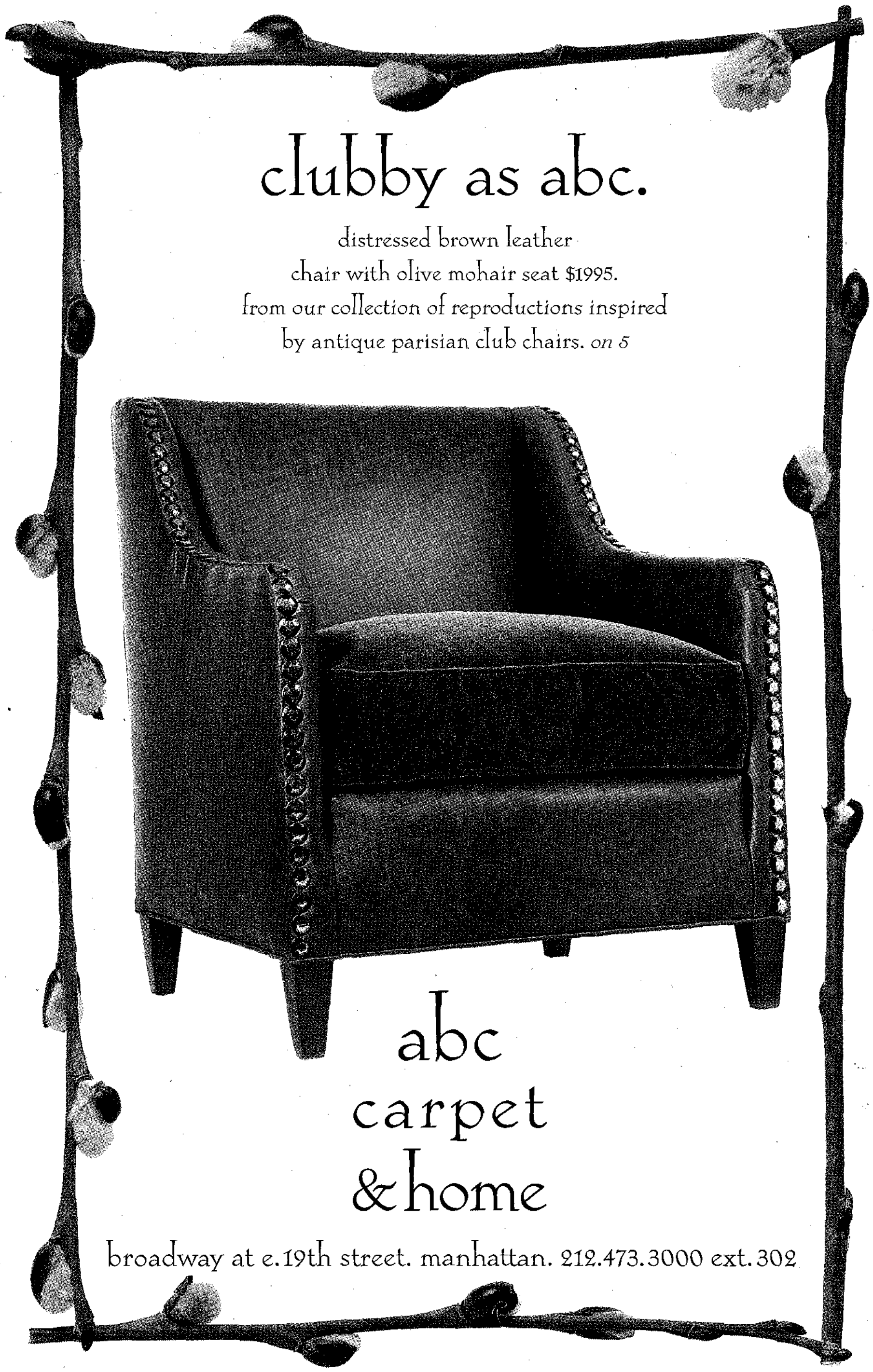

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# Identity Crisis

*Pagan partisans of all colors and orientations; assisted suicide as a health-care cost-cutting measure?; holding on to airtime.*

DESPITE WHAT JONATHAN MANDELL wrote in "People Like Us," I am a white, straight, Methodist, Republican woman who, given the chance, will vote for Antonio Pagan for borough president ["Cityside," January 13].

Antonio Pagan is a man who accomplishes things in a quick and honest manner. After eight months of contacting various government officials to help with problems in our neighborhood (all to no avail), I was fortunate enough to get in touch with Pagan. He met with us, suggested solutions, and solved the problem. End of story.

A government official works for *all* of the people, not just a few selected groups.

*Loretta Cox*
MANHATTAN

ALTHOUGH THE ARTICLE ON THE 1997 race for Manhattan borough president focuses on how each contender's ethnicity reflects the area of New York he or she currently represents, Antonio Pagan is the one exception Mr. Mandell overlooked. The article acknowledges Pagan's strength among Latino Democrats but fails to mention that the majority of his Second Councilmanic District—including Murray Hill, Gramercy Park, Kips Bay, the Flatiron district, parts of the West Village and the Lower East Side—is white non-Hispanic (to be really politically correct). Perhaps Mr. Pagan rises above minority labels by effectively representing his district through his leadership. Take a better look at his district and you will find white, Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, heterosexual, and female constituents (I qualify in four of those categories).

*Amy Spiegel*
MANHATTAN

READING THE ARTICLE PROFILING FIVE potential candidates for the Manhattan borough-president race, I was struck by the comments made by self-appointed gay spokesperson Andy Humm. His quote left the impression that gays and lesbians across the city operate like Stepford wives. This is insulting and blatantly incorrect. We are a maturing minority with the confidence to break free from cultural and political stereotypes.

I believe the intelligence and independence of a candidate like Antonio Pagan have helped broaden the role of gays and lesbians in government and in their communities. He is not discounted as an any-means-to-an-end activist. And for all the huffing and puffing about Pagan's not having worked to advance "the agenda," he was the first to introduce a domestic-partnership bill in this session of the New York City Council.

As a lesbian, I prefer concrete gains over rhetoric.

*Chris Marchitello*
MANHATTAN

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## Suicide Watch

HOW IRONIC THAT SO MUCH ATTENTION IS being paid to the "right to die with dignity" while the government at all levels and the corporate forces that control the health-care industry today are downsizing and deregulating the health-care system ["This Doctor Wants to Help You Die," by David France, January 13]. Every day, we learn about facilities closing, cuts in services, and limits on access to health and mental-health care. Federal and state governments have eliminated mandates and procedures that monitor the quality of health care, including the enforcement of hospital and nursing-home patients' rights.

How ironic that people are advocating for actively ending people's lives—well beyond just "pulling the plug"—when there is no legal and certainly no constitutional right to health care in this country. There is certainly no right to long-term care, hospice care, and pharmaceuticals that would allow people to live out their lives in a supportive and caring environment.

Protecting patients from mistakes and coercion is only part of the reason to oppose legalization of suicide. In this political and economic climate, where a war on the poor has been declared, it appears that another war is also being waged, a war on the sick and disabled. Where will it end?

*Terry Mizrahi, Ph.D.*
MANHATTAN

THE RIGHT-TO-DIE MATTER IN AMERICA IS like nowhere else because health care in America is like nowhere else. America remains, dubiously and shamefully, the world's only developed nation without a comprehensive health-care plan for everyone. In addition, we have millions of people on subpar plans, especially the elderly, who are struggling to live with dignity. Dying with dignity is not on their agenda.

One country, the Netherlands, that has purportedly successfully used the right-to-die laws has full health coverage for all. Our answer now seems to be a managed-care system run by the insurance cabal, a system that rewards doctors and hospitals for revolving-door obstetrics and fast in-and-out general medical and surgical care. It is only a matter of time before the death option is put into the treatment equation, or before pharmaceutical companies, with their market orientation, create a kill pill better than the next guy's. Perhaps a new medical specialist, the thanatologist, will be born.

Until American medicine provides patients with a way to live their lives to the fullest, we have no place to provide for their deaths.

*Don Sloan*
MANHATTAN

## Air Play

YOU FLATTER ME BY REFERRING TO ME AS "the well-loved personality Steve Post." Unfortunately, you then proceed to kill me off by implying that "Morning Music" no longer exists ["Cue: The Mix," January 13]. It is only the first hour that has been cut (8 to 9 A.M.). We can still be heard from 9 A.M. until noon Monday through Friday.

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*Steve Post*
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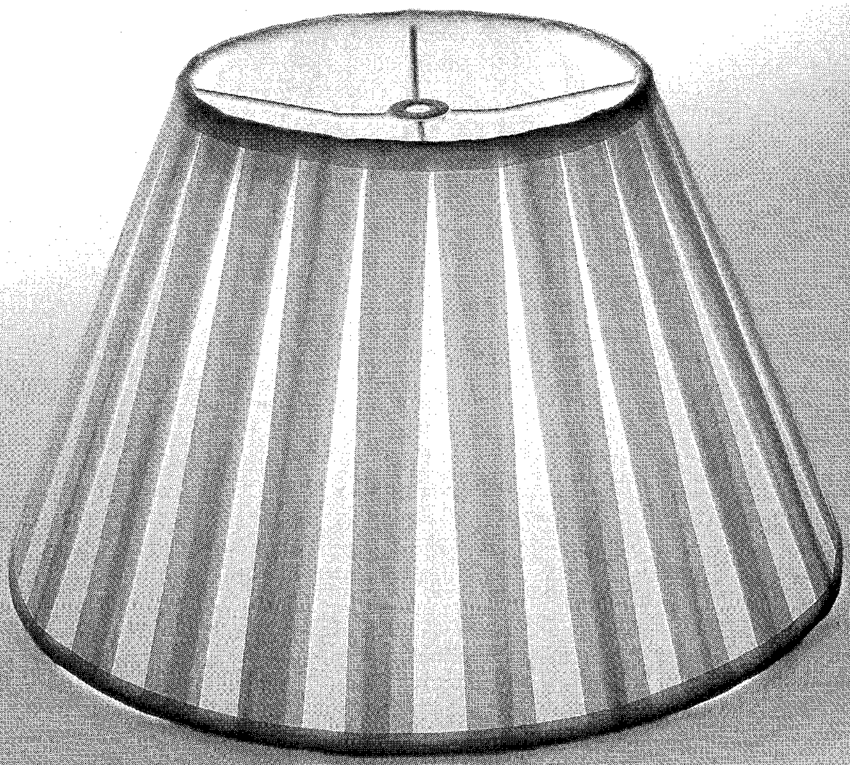

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# INTELLIGENCER

## A SHOW THAT'S NOT FIT FOR MCQUEEN

Avant-garde British designer **Alexander McQueen's** first collection for Givenchy, which showed at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, turned out to be more comedic than dramatic. Things started off on the wrong foot when the show, with its celestial-mythological set of white and gold, began an hour late. Male supermodel **Marcus Schenkenberg,** dressed only in a large set of wings, had been placed on top of the stage for an hour and a half when the production got under way, and his fidgeting was soon obvious to the audience. "No one would have been able to sit comfortably with those wings for two hours. He was supposed to be Icarus or something, but he started scratching himself, cracking his knuckles, and swinging his legs. It was really distracting," reports a witness. "None of us could figure out why his agent had him do this. He was like a prop or something. I hope he got paid a lot of money." Marcus was not the only problematic entity. Models were exiting the runway from the wrong side, and McQueen stood backstage futilely shrieking at them to change direction, according to a source. Then there was the poor harpist, who plucked away violently, but the sounds from her delicate instrument were all but inaudible to the large audience. When a sound man rushed out to fix the level, he slipped and slid across the stage right into the harp. Says a member of the audience, "It was like a bad high-school play."

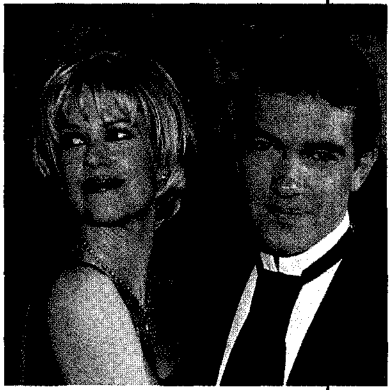
## EVERY DARK HAIR HAS A SILVER LINING

**Julia Roberts** is used to being a golden girl, but she's obviously far less comfortable being silver. When *George* set up a photo shoot this month for an upcoming feature titled "Rebels and Revolutionaries," Roberts agreed to take on the role of Susan B. Anthony. In an effort to convey Anthony's coined image, a stylist on the shoot doused Roberts in silver paint. The only problem was that when the photos were done, the paint became firmly entrenched in her hair and then would not wash out. "She was freaking out when it happened," says a source close to the incident. "She had to wash her hair in Tide repeatedly, and it still wouldn't come out," giggles a magazine insider. "She couldn't work for a couple of days." But a *George* spokesman says, "We felt terrible and apologized profusely. She was awfully good-natured about it."

**Julia Roberts: Silver belle**

## PRESIDENTIAL BILL-ET-DOUX

He may have won a second term, but that hasn't stopped the president from being something of a wide-eyed fan. Not only did **Bill Clinton** personally call comely 22-year-old singer **Jewel** to ask her to reconsider her refusal to perform at the inauguration, but he began buttering up **Melanie Griffith** and **Antonio Banderas** for their inaugural appearance by being the first to send a letter to their newborn, **Stella del Carmen.** "It was so nice," gushed Banderas. "The letter said 'Welcome to this country; welcome to the world.' " The presidential attention worked as well on them as it did on Jewel. Banderas and Griffith, with their new baby and two other Melanie offspring in tow, jetted all night from the Golden Globes to make it to the inauguration the following day, then hit the airport at eleven the next morning for the filming of Banderas's *Mask of Zorro* in Mexico. And apparently Clinton isn't the only one who works the charm: The Banderas clan has also scheduled a meeting with the president of Mexico while they're staying there.

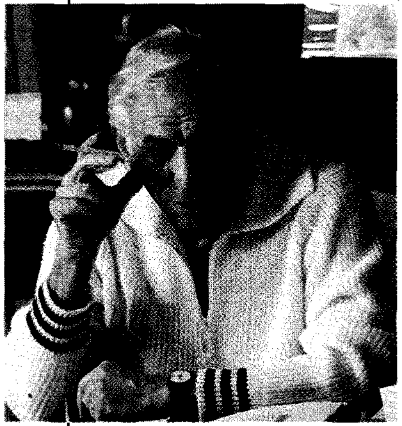


**Melanie & Antonio: First letter**

## MICKEY MOUSE MAYHEM FOR MAYHEW

With at least four new Disney books in the pipeline, insiders are snickering that Simon & Schuster super-editor **Alice Mayhew** has been able to snag only one. Most surprised seems to be Mayhew herself. Having had no problems handling both **Hillary Clinton's** *It Takes a Village* and **Jim Stewart's** Clinton-bashing *Blood Sport* within weeks of one another last year, Mayhew evidently felt she could easily juggle two tomes on the house that Walt built. So, as soon as she heard rumors that **Kim Masters,** who co-authored the S&S-published *Hit and Run* with **Nancy Griffin,** was thinking about writing another book, Mayhew called the writer's agent, ICM's **Kris Dahl,** to remind her that S&S had the first option on the next Masters piece. Wrong. Dahl explained to an unhappy Mayhew that S&S only has the first option on the next *Masters-Griffin* book. Several sources report that Masters specifically avoided Mayhew because she knew the editrix had already signed Stewart to write his own Disney book. Instead, Dahl shopped Masters's proposal around very selectively, looking for a publisher without ties to any of the big studios. Enter Broadway Books, a division of the German-owned Bertelsmann Publishing, which anted up an estimated $750,000. Neither Masters nor Dahl would

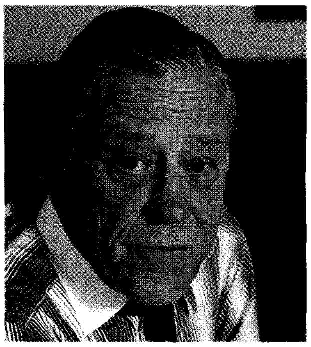
Photographs: top, Capitol Pictures/Corbis; center, Sam Levi/Retna.



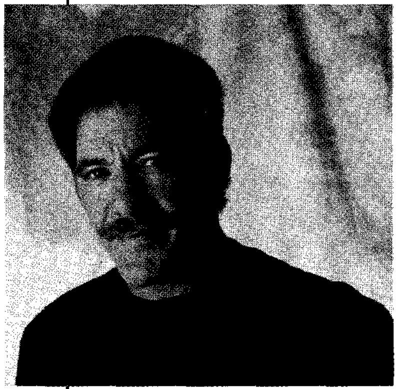
**Leonard Bernstein:**
**Conducting an auction?**

## AN AUCTION FOR BERNSTEIN'S HEIRS?

Now that **Leonard Bernstein**'s estate has sold his cavernous apartment in the Dakota, insiders expect the next news to be an auction announcement. Bernstein's children have to leave the apartment by April 1, and they're considering a charity auction of the late composer's personal effects, not unlike the 1995 **Rudolf Nureyev** sale at Christie's. "I know the apartment is sold—thank God, at long last," reports one source familiar with the estate. The buyer is Rallye Motors's **Peter** and **Juliana Terian,** who already own a place in the Dakota but who shelled out somewhere between $3 million and $4 million for the nine-room, 5,000-square-foot apartment with famously high ceilings. Now the Bernstein heirs are working on the auction, sources say, trying to decide between Sotheby's and Christie's. But a spokesman for the estate says it's too soon to start saving for Bernstein's baton. "The possibility of an auction has been suggested to the siblings," admits a spokesman, "but they haven't made any decision."



**Ben Bradlee:**
**Lie detector**



**Geraldo Rivera:**
**Keeping up with the *Times***

comment, and Mayhew did not return calls. One Disney book still up for grabs: the authorized corporate biography that **Michael Eisner** has been working on for several years with **Tony Schwartz,** author of **Donald Trump**'s *The Art of the Deal.*

## ALL THE DIRT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

It's one thing for **Geraldo Rivera** to try slipping into **Larry King**'s shoes, but **Arthur Sulzberger Jr.**'s? It seems the king of trash TV is trying desperately to play it straight. First, he transformed his daytime talk show from *Geraldo!* (featuring such highlights as the on-air transfer of fat from his butt into his forehead) to *The Geraldo Rivera Show,* on which he sports distinguished wire-rimmed glasses. And now, in an attempt to further revamp his image, he is radically redoing his small-town New Jersey newspaper, *The Two River Times,* published by his perky wife, **C.C.** "It used to be folksy," he crows, but with its new, really highbrow look, it's an "exact replica of the New York *Times.*"

## WOMAN IN RED; WHY SCIASCIA FLED

**THE SINS OF CINDY:** A young woman was seeing red last week after her costly sable was doused in scarlet paint by anti-fur protesters at the tony pre-inaugural party hosted by MTV and Condé Nast. According to a friend who accompanied the twenty-something Jordanian, event promoters were so focused on steering clear of bad press that security guards didn't even try to catch the culprit. But a spokesman for the bash, held at Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery, insists otherwise. "We were protecting *her* from having her distraught face smeared all over the papers. People wanted us to get rid of the protesters, but hey, this *is* a democracy." Somehow, indestructible columnist **Cindy Adams** managed to saunter unscathed past the animal-rights activists in a full-length mink. "Her coat was fire-engine red, and the protesters thought it was a fake," says the spokesman.

**BETWEEN THE LINES:** Not content to focus only on how newspapers are written, **Ben Bradlee** is now concentrating on how they are read. The former editor-in-chief of the Washington *Post* recently began teaching a class at Georgetown University cleverly titled "How to Read a Newspaper." If that goes well, says Bradlee, he will write a book on the same subject. "It will show you how to *really* read a paper, so you can tell who's lying," says the editor, who's been in the business long enough to know.

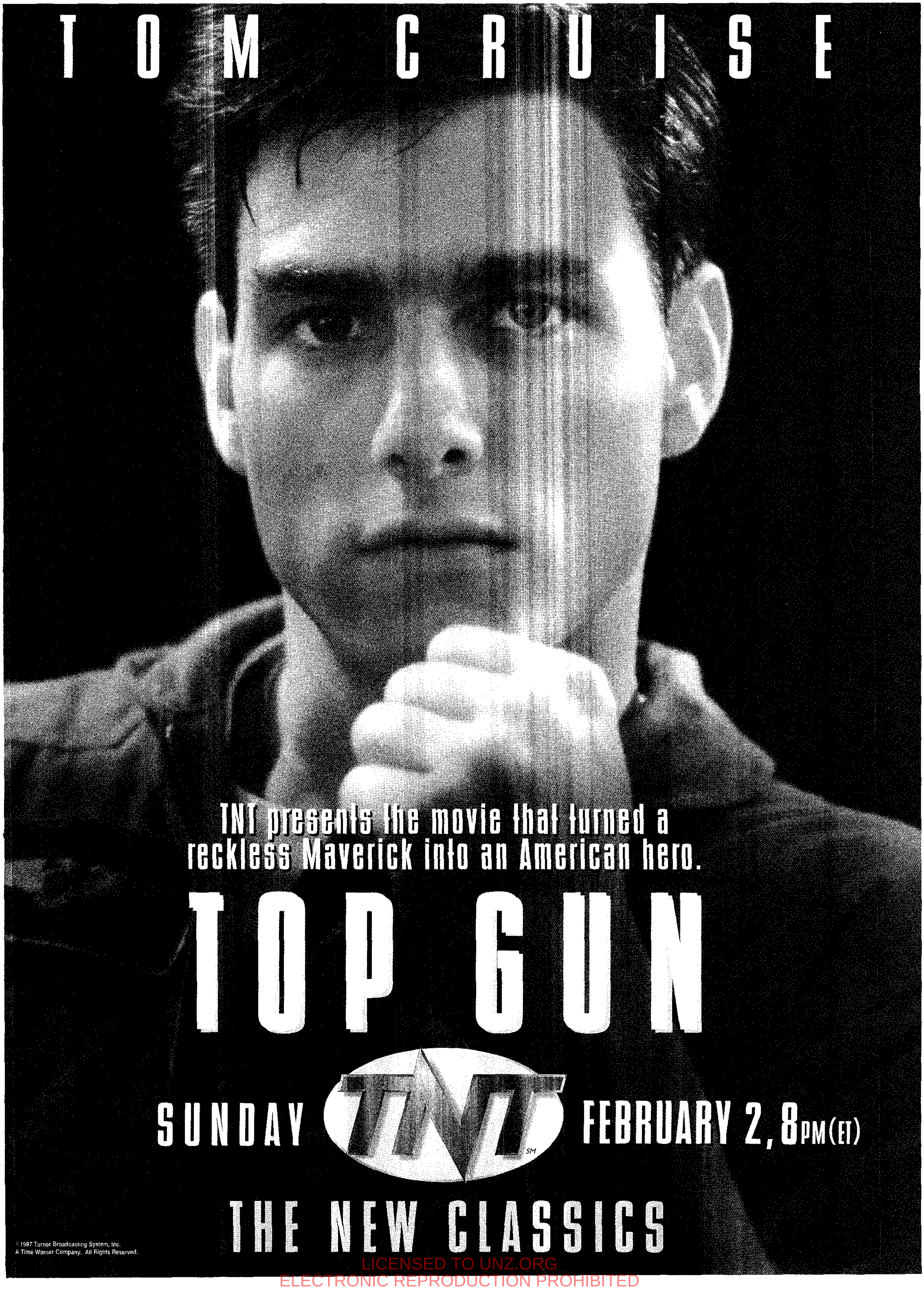
**ALL'S FAIRCHILD . . . :** Not only has Fairchild Publications managed to hold on to **Patrick McCarthy** (who was avidly courted by Hearst) by promoting him to chairman; now the publishing conglomerate has bested Hearst yet again by stealing away fashion director **Sciascia Gambaccini** from *Marie Claire.* The sought-after style arbiter and former wife of *Harper's Bazaar* creative director **Fabien Baron** was just tapped to become fashion editor of *Jane,* Fairchild's upcoming magazine for young women.

*Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Zoe Wolff.*

## BALOUN BANISHES THE EAST SIDE KIDS

The goal was to remind people of the real purpose of the Winter Antiques Show, namely, to raise funds for the East Side Settlement House in the Bronx. So the show's organizers posted pictures of the settlement-house kids, taken by photographer **Danny Bright,** at the entrance, forcing socialites like **Anne Bass, Leonard Lauder,** and **Carroll Petrie** to walk past them on their way into the city's premier display of antiquities. But the afternoon of the opening, party-planner **Philip Baloun** threw a fit over the photos' placement and "exiled" them to a distant hallway, according to two sources. "We moved them to where people could see them more, by the coat-check room," explains Baloun, who adds that he "loved" the photos and that the organizers ordered the relocation. But some angry board members aren't buying it. "I'm not sure whose interests *were* being served," says one, "but I'm sure whose interests were *not*—the children of the South Bronx."

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Barbara Ries/Gamma-Liaison; Steve Hill/Corbis; Ken Probst/Outline.



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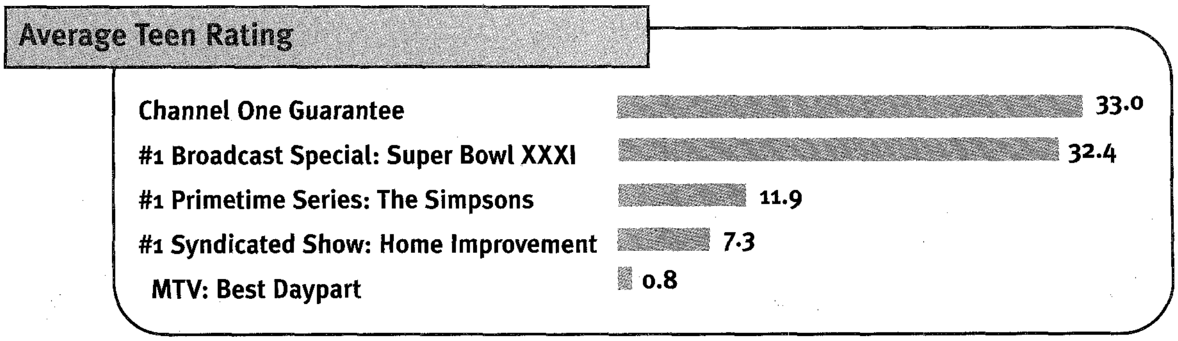

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# GOTHAM

Those who wish to *feel* its depth better be careful—***Saul Bellow***

**Inaugural**

## HAVING A BALL! 10,000 MANIACS AND NOT A CARROT IN SIGHT

NOTHING IN WASHINGTON ESCAPES a tumble in the spin machine, not even the desperately wannabe-swanky Inaugural ball. Actually, there were fourteen official Inaugural balls, precious few of them staged in what could reasonably pass for a ballroom. And only someone who would consider wading in black tie through a mosh pit would ascribe the word *ball* to these events.

At any rate, the New York ball (which this year incorporated Rhode Island and Connecticut) was held in the foyer of the Kennedy Center, a space so long, narrow, and congested, one patron remarked, that the evening's theme must have been rush hour. Several screechy announcements by the fire marshal also chipped away at the ambience.

The event was one of only two balls to sell out—despite the $150 ticket. In an attempt to keep people from bottlenecking while waiting in front of the platform where President and Mrs. Clinton would later dance for half a song and offer a few "spontaneous" canned remarks (all in the course of seven minutes), announcements were made that food was available on the atrium level. The people who went in search of said food returned fuming: The announcer had left out the part about the pasta buffet setting you back another $25 per person. And there wasn't a free carrot stick to be found in the house.

"This is horrendous!" one Manhattan socialite squealed as she noticed that the bar line she'd been waiting in for ten minutes was cash. "If *I'd* known it was a cash bar, I'd have brought a flask," joked fashion designer Cynthia Rowley.

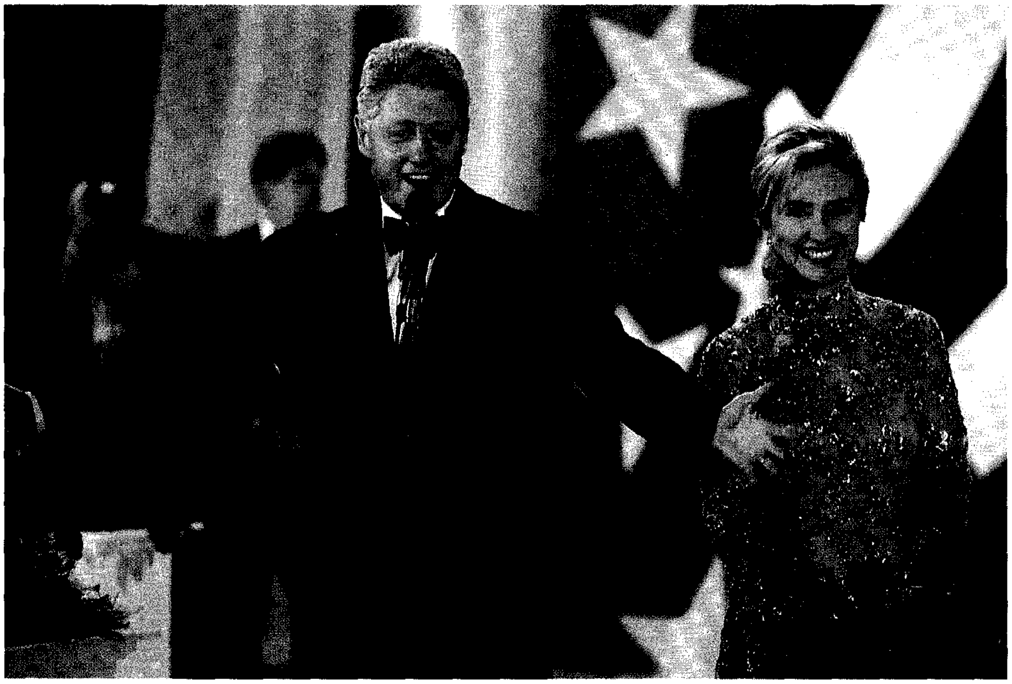
Anna, a bartender who's worked every New York Inaugural ball since Carter's, offered some historical perspective. In general, the Republican balls tend to have fancier decorations, she said, and people dress better. But everyone always gripes about the cash bar, and asks where the ballroom is. "I tell them they're *in* it."

Inaugural-ball neophytes arrived with high expectations. "I came to the New York ball because I figured it would be the most glamorous," said Myra Dandrige, a stunning Democrat from New Orleans who had bought a Vera Wang gown for the occasion. After surveying the room, she pronounced the dresses "lukewarm." "But this *is* the most glamorous of the balls," piped in handbag designer Carey Adina. "I just came from New Jersey, and that was a whole other level of tacky sequins."

Several Manhattanites involuntarily recoiled as hordes unused to seeing celebrities broke the unwritten New York code of pretending not to notice and lunged en masse at Jimmy Smits, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Lynn Whitfield. Sweeping Jessye Norman through a swarm of gawkers, P.R. magnate Bobby Zarem bragged, "Three years ago, I introduced Jessye to the Clintons. Today, Jessye's their favorite performer, and now she gets all the invitations."

Denise Rich, one of the Clintons' top New York fund-raisers, was bent on penetrating the cordon of Secret Service agents–cum–bouncers to get backstage to see her friend Billy Porter, with whom she co-wrote the theme to *The First Wives Club* and who, along with Aretha Franklin and 10,000 Maniacs, was headlining the party.

Congressman Chuck Schumer and suddenly ex–deputy White House chief of staff Harold Ickes took a backseat to sexier entertainment (though John McLaughlin was basking in his share of groupies). Shameless self-promoter Chuck Booms, host of the soon-to-be-syndicated new



**Topping the Bill: Seven minutes with the Clintons at the Kennedy Center.**

*Gong Show,* kept flashing a poster for the show that featured a Pamela Anderson Lee look-alike as a latter-day Jaye P. Morgan.

Notwithstanding such disappointments, ball-hoppers reluctantly agreed that New Yorkers didn't really have it so bad: The Arkansas ball, long thought to be the hot ticket, was a major bust. Model Beverly Johnson was about the only moderately hip celebrity there, and the highlight—we use the term loosely—of the onstage antics was Roger Clinton's gyrating like the King. EARL CRITTENDEN

### The Law

## A NEW RIGHT FOR RIGHT-TO-LIFERS?

MARCY WILDER, LEGAL DIRECTOR OF THE National Abortion Rights Action League, took some comfort in the words of Vice-President Al Gore at last week's *Roe* v. *Wade* anniversary celebration in Washington. Referring to the people responsible for recent abortion-clinic bombings in Atlanta and Tulsa, he'd vowed: "We will find the terrorists."

But that only heightened her astonishment at a recent decision in New York. Federal district judge John Sprizzo, who had previously cited the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act of 1994 (FACE) in ruling against two abortion protesters, later acquitted them of contempt-of-court charges after they again blocked the driveway of the Women's Medical Pavilion in Dobbs Ferry. In his decision, the famously opinionated Sprizzo concluded that the defendants' "religious belief" meant that they had not willfully broken the law. He cited a case from 1735 in which a jury, protesting a law, acquitted a defendant even though he was guilty of breaking that law.

In the Dobbs Ferry case, there was no jury, only Judge Sprizzo.

"A judge protesting the law. Yeah, that's just what they should be doing," says Wilder bitterly. "Last I checked, judges are supposed to be upholding the law."

"He's given sound moral and legal precedent for his decision," Chris Slattery, the program director for the Legal Center for the Defense of Life, an anti-abortion group that represented the defendants in the Dobbs Ferry case, says of Sprizzo. "It's not off-the-wall."

The acquittal was particularly disturbing to NARAL because the Dobbs Ferry case was the first of three FACE cases that U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York Mary Jo White has pursued. By the luck of the draw, another FACE case will be coming before Judge Sprizzo this spring, this one involving ten protesters who entered a building on East 30th Street in Manhattan last summer and formed themselves into a barricade in front of the entrance to the Eastern Women's Center. "Let's see if he tries it again," says Wilder.

Sprizzo's reputation precedes him. "I had heard of him, and I knew he was conservative," says Alex Sanger, the president of Planned Parenthood of New York City and Margaret Sanger's grandson. "My first reaction was that he's declared open season on family-planning clinics, and anyone who makes a pretense of religious conviction will no longer face criminal sanctions for blockading clinics. After I got that out of my system, I called the head of the civil-rights division of the U.S. Attorney's office, and I suggested they bring a criminal indictment against these two defendants and indict them under the underlying criminal statute. Now, I took exactly the same procedure class at Columbia Law School as Mary Jo White, and I know she got a better grade than I did, and so I will rely on her judgment."

Mary Jo White's office would say only that it is looking into whether the acquittal can be appealed, although legal experts say an appeal is unlikely. Simon Heller, a staff attorney for the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, proposes another way of dealing with Judge Sprizzo: "We will urge the U.S. Attorney to ensure this judge is no longer involved in FACE cases," says Heller. "His opinion basically reads the way a person from Operation Rescue would write it. It's so extreme, and it so clearly departs from what the law requires." (In court proceedings, Sprizzo indicated his aversion to abortion, commenting, "This statute deals specifically with blocking ingress and egress to centers of reproductive care, which as I have indicated is kind of an anomaly, given what goes on in there.")

At the Eastern Women's Center last week, employees were reluctant to talk about brewing legal battles. "It's not something we usually speak about. We take a backseat to what's happening outside and let the police handle it," said supervisor Susan DiDonato, unaware that the judge who will be handling their case had just made an acquittal in defiance of the very statute intended to prevent clinic blockades. "I actually have a patient waiting for me right now," said DiDonato, "and I really need to get to her." RUTH G. DAVIS

## THE SKINNY

**CURSED CLUMSINESS The event was a Random House literary breakfast at Fred's; the subject, nonsexist language—to s/he or not to s/he. "But it's *clumsy!*" Bill Buckley kvetched. "You're going to continue to use sexist language because it's comfortable?" asked the novelist Sapphire. "At some point in this transition, there has to be some risk, and maybe the risk is that the language won't be as beautiful."**

Photograph by Angela Cappetta.

## SHOT

**Fifth Avenue near 50th Street, 5 P.M., January 21, 1997,** *photographed by Barry Munger.*

### Financial Aid

## WITH A NEW I.D. CARD, THE CUNY NEVER SLEEPS

WHEN THEY BEGAN PLANNING FOR IT TWO years ago, City University of New York administrators surely believed that introducing a university-wide identification card was an innocuous move unlikely to incite hostility. They were wrong.

"I personally don't see any reason for it," Winston Stewart, a City College junior majoring in mechanical engineering, said as he made his way across the Hamilton Heights campus one recent afternoon. "I don't even want it. I mean, we've already got I.D. cards."

Not like this one. The new CUNYCard—it's already in place at New York City Technical, Baruch, Queensborough Community, and LaGuardia Community colleges—is more elaborate than the traditional college I.D. flashed at security guards posted at building entrances across the 21-campus system. It is, for example, a universal library card. More significantly, it can also be—for anyone interested in such services—an MCI telephone calling card and a Citibank ATM card.

Those last two purposes have inspired some folks on the City College campus to denounce the CUNYCard as evil—and to demand its banishment.

"It's like, 'We're going to implement it and everybody's going to benefit and that's *it*,'" Terrence Podolsky, a City College student and an organizer of the anti-card campaign, said of CUNY administrators.

While some see the card as a Big Brother–style invasion of privacy, others as a symbol of CUNY's rapid homogenization, Podolsky is most concerned about the issue of money, and particularly the Citibank link: "This thing is taking money out of poor peoples' pockets." Students who request it can have the school send their college loans and grants electronically to a Citibank account, where they can withdraw their financial aid from cash machines using the new card. This lets students avoid the inconvenience of long bursar's-office lines, while—not coincidentally—it reduces the school's costs for processing checks. Citibank charges fees on those accounts (although not the $3 per month the bank gets on SUNY campuses), a fraction of which is returned to the colleges.

Should Citibank, which was accused last year by New York City public advocate Mark Green of "financial segregation" and has been a major lobbyist against direct federal student loans, be taking a piece of the financial aid awarded to CUNY's mostly minority students?

"That is a combination of paranoia uninhibited by a lack of knowledge, and an example of no good deed going unpunished," retorts Jay Hershenson, CUNY's vice-chancellor for university relations. Card vendors were chosen through competitive bidding, he says, and the I.D. is mainly for identification and libraries. "The objective here is to provide benefits and services to our students."

Yet students aren't the only ones agitating against the card. City College's Faculty Council passed a resolution opposing the new I.D., as has the university-wide Professional Staff Congress. Bill Crain, a City College psychology professor who heads the faculty council, sees a larger issue: The willingness of the cash-starved CUNY administration to offer up its 203,000 students (and faculty and staff) as a quasi-captive market to Citibank and MCI.

"What," wonders Crain, "are they going to sell off next?" ED SHANAHAN

**The Biz**

## THE COLONEL'S RECIPE: ROCKERS CALL THE TUNE

LARGE THOUGH THE SHADOW OF THE KING may loom, his recently deceased impresario, Colonel Tom Parker, could prove to be an even more vital presence in today's rock world. Parker may have died last week at 87, but the *idea* of the cigar-chomping, sensibility-offending, 300-pound showman remains perfectly alive in an industry as corpulent and profane as the late-period Elvis himself.

It was Parker who first demonstrated just what sort of a person thrived as engine of the rock business: large and crude, with a fiscal ambition matched only by his backwoods ruthlessness. Parker arrived at the birth of rock and roll with the perfect résumé—carnival

**FIELD MEMO**

## You Can Call Me: Al

Mayoral candidate the Reverend Al Sharpton in gay Chelsea: Just say "I do."

Al Sharpton's Lincoln Continental pulls up to Food Bar at 7:30, so unfashionably early that his arrival at Chelsea's gay playground barely causes a stir. Days later, he'll stand in front of hundreds of people in Harlem and declare his candidacy for mayor. He'll spread his arms like a bird, sweat streaming down his face, and sing with throaty exuberance, "I believe I can fly!" But tonight his journey brings him to a restaurant where all the black customers couldn't fill a booth. He sits down with his ambassador to the gay world, Allen Roskoff, a veteran gay activist. "Ask other candidates where they are on gay marriage," Roskoff says. "Al will *perform* the marriage. Right, Al?"

"I'm the only candidate running who won't have to be mayor to perform same-sex marriages," Sharpton says. "Win or lose, you can come to me."

The room gradually fills, a sea of clean-cut young men in caps and neat sweaters. The music grows louder. The crowd looks at Sharpton: What's he doing here?

"What we have to offer is a sense of a city that doesn't discriminate against people based on race, or based on preference, or orientation, period," he says. "If you have a cop that's into gay-bashing, it doesn't matter how affluent you are. The cop doesn't ask for your W-2 form." It's a good line. He sits back, smiling and confident.

"You can't study Al Sharpton by studying David Dinkins, because I'm not a clubhouse politician," explains Sharpton, who has lately begun referring to himself in the third person. The day he declared, he exulted in the adoration of supporters. At Food Bar on this night, however, many in the crowd regard him as a con man with an angle. Still, Sharpton believes his rise to respectability will soon be complete, that the hustler for Tawana Brawley will at last be a memory, replaced by the builder of a new Rainbow Coalition: "I think I'm already the Jesse Jackson of New York City."

He excuses himself to use the bathroom. A handsome couple in expensive suits passes by. One is Roskoff's gym buddy, an eye doctor named Joe who confides that he'd never vote for Sharpton because "he'd be too divisive." When Sharpton gets up to leave, only one person, a black man named Alan Champion, shakes his hand. "The people here don't particularly care for him," Champion says. "He's not a lawyer. He has no credentials. But he does care, and that's what I like about him."

A diner sitting nearby is appalled. "I hope I have the name right—is it Tonya Harding?" he asks.

*Tawana Brawley.*

"Yeah," he says. "I forgot the name, but I didn't forget the incident. It was pretty scary. That's definitely a name worth remembering." ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Photographs by Andrew Goldberg.

worker—and though he was known to burst into some unspecified foreign language on occasion (his birthplace remains a mystery), he claimed his earliest origins were in the Great Parker Pony Circus. A brash carny vet with dubious background, Parker thus minted a rock figure nearly as timeless as its stars, and one that reaches through the periphery of rock history—emerging in fiction in figures like Tony Hendra's rock manager in *This Is Spinal Tap*—and in life as the men who dictate the terms on which rock artists conducted business.

Parker was certainly the blueprint for Led Zeppelin's manager Peter Grant, a former pro wrestler who changed rock artists' typical 50-50 split with promoters by simply demanding 90-10—backing up his assertiveness with assault charges in two countries. Parker's ferocious dedication is also alive and well in Aerosmith's recently fired manager, Tim Collins, who was known in the Aerosmith army as "the General"—though unlike Parker, he had no honorary title—and climaxed Woodstock '94 by dodging a punch thrown by promoter John Scher (he'd reportedly already enjoyed an altercation with Guns n' Roses's manager). Collins's recent courting by the other king—of pop—somehow completes the arc: Michael Jackson may in some sense be Parker's spiritual apogee.

And, though he was considerably more attentive to legalistic details, Parker is also there in the early maneuverings of incarcerated gangsta-rap tycoon Suge Knight, also a cigar-chomper, who expanded on Parker's legendary first meeting with Sun Records' Sam Phillips. The Colonel began that conversation by simply informing Phillips that Elvis, then Sun's sole star, should be released from his label. One imagines some South Central equivalent in Knight's extraction of superstar Dr. Dre from his deal with the late Eazy-E, whose subsequent lawsuit alleged that the meeting was conducted with metal pipes and baseball bats. It was Parker, too, who made Las Vegas the final dark destination of rock's mystery train, most recently claiming Tupac Shakur.

"The Colonel embarrasses me," his business colleague Oscar Davis was known to say. "Goddamn, he embarrasses the hell out of me—runs around like a goddamn carny, with his damn shirttail hanging out and no necktie."

Parker, though, made rock-and-roll managers know enough to be immune to such criticism. "You have one fault," he once told his brother-in-law. "You make too many friends."

Chris Norris

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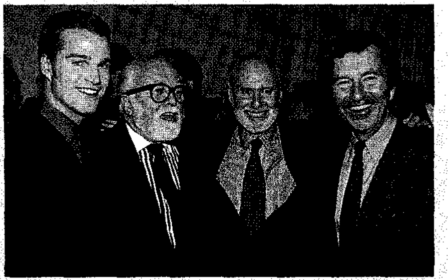
THE SCENE

# All's Fair

*At the future site of Le Cirque 2000, to celebrate the premiere of Lord Richard Attenborough's 'In Love and War.'*

**By Ariel Kaminer**
**Photographed by Patrick McMullan**

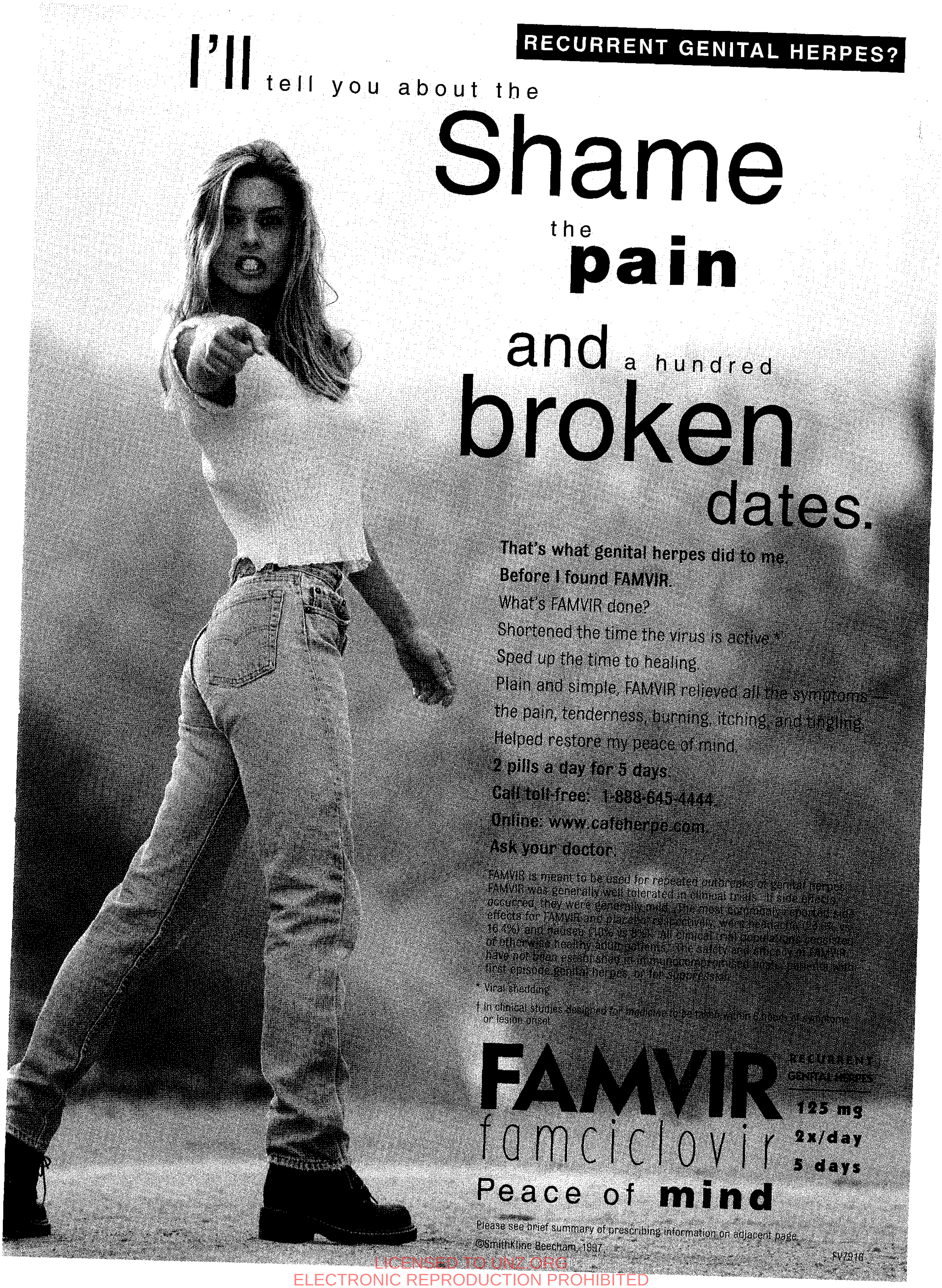


**Top, Chris O'Donnell, Lord Richard Attenborough, Michael Lynne, and Bob Shaye at the premiere party for *In Love and War.* Above, John Cleese and Steve Martin at the *Fierce Creatures* premiere.**

Stepping from the rainy chaos of Madison Avenue, where ignorant taxis clash by night, into the rubble-strewn grandeur of the Villard Houses, the socialites and celebrities seemed more like cast members from some richly costumed life-during-wartime movie—the sort whose premiere they had, in fact, just witnessed. You know the scene: Armistice is finally declared and the aristocrats (terribly good sports all along, making countless sacrifices for the boys at the front) celebrate in the half-destroyed castle, which has been lit with candles and set with the silver just dug up from the garden. But these guests were not acting; they were celebrating the end to their long period of hardship and the return of their beloved Le Cirque—there, at the mansion, under heavy construction and to be christened Le Cirque 2000.

Everyone was playing his part. The restaurant's patrons were greeting one another in warm embraces, and Sirio Maccioni, the ambassador-like owner, was wandering among the tables, apologizing for flaws that only he could perceive, assuring everyone life would soon return to normal. Lord Attenborough tried to make a few apologies of his own—for a couple of unfavorable notices his movie had received, for his own distractibility—but through it all, he beamed. His battle was over: The movie was made; let the historians sort it out.

**Clockwise from top left, Johanna Constantine and Charles Atlas at the Whitney Museum for the opening of *Charles Atlas: The Hanged One;* Spinderella and birthday girl Mary J. Blige at Life; Nan Kempner and Susan Burke at the forty-third annual Winter Antiques Show, benefiting East Side House Settlement; Sharon Countess Sondes, Geoffrey Thomas, Anne Hearst, and Millie de Cabrol at Laura Hunt's birthday party.**



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†FAMVIR is meant to be used for *repeated outbreaks* of genital herpes. FAMVIR was generally well tolerated in clinical trials. If side effects occurred, they were generally mild. The most commonly reported side effects for FAMVIR and placebo, respectively, were headache (24.6% vs 16.4%) and nausea (10% vs 8%). All clinical trial populations consisted of otherwise healthy adult patients. The safety and efficacy of FAMVIR have not been established in immunocompromised hosts, patients with first episode genital herpes, or for suppression.

* Viral shedding.

† In clinical studies designed for medicine to be taken within 6 hours of symptoms or lesion onset.

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famciclovir

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**5 days**

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FV7916

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**See complete prescribing information in SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals literature. The following is a brief summary.**

**INDICATIONS AND USAGE:** *Famvir* is indicated for the management of acute herpes zoster (shingles) and for the treatment of recurrent episodes of genital herpes.

**CONTRAINDICATIONS:** *Famvir* is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to the product.

**PRECAUTIONS:** Efficacy has not been established for initial episode genital herpes infection, suppression of recurrent genital herpes, ophthalmic zoster, disseminated zoster or in immunocompromised patients. Adjust dosage when administering to patients with creatinine clearance <60 mL/min. The safety of administering *Famvir* to patients with renal dysfunction is unknown. Safety and efficacy in children under the age of 18 years have not been established.

*No clinically significant alterations in penciclovir pharmacokinetics were observed following single-dose* administration of 500 mg famciclovir after pre-treatment with multiple doses of cimetidine, allopurinol, or theophylline. Probenecid and other drugs significantly eliminated by active renal tubular secretion may result in increased penciclovir plasma concentrations. Conversion of 6-deoxy penciclovir to penciclovir is catalyzed by aldehyde oxidase. Interactions with other drugs metabolized by this enzyme could occur.

Famciclovir was administered orally unless otherwise stated. Two-year dietary carcinogenicity studies on famciclovir were conducted in rats and mice. The high dose tested in rats and mice was lowered after 7 to 8 months of drug administration to ensure long-term survival (female rats and male/female mice from 750 to 600 mg/kg/day; male rats from 300 to 240 mg/kg/day). A significant increase in the incidence of mammary adenocarcinoma was seen in female rats receiving 600 mg/kg/day (1.5 to 9.0 times the human *systemic exposure at the recommended oral dose of 500 mg t.i.d. or 125 mg b.i.d. based on area under* the plasma concentration curve comparisons [24 hr AUC] for penciclovir). Marginal increases in the incidence of subcutaneous tissue fibrosarcomas or squamous cell carcinomas of the skin were seen in female rats (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day) and male mice (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day; 0.4 to 2.4x the human systemic exposure, based on 24 hr AUC for penciclovir), respectively. No increases in tumor incidence were reported for male rats treated at doses up to 240 mg/kg/day (0.9 to 5.4x the human AUC), or in female mice at doses up to 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC).

Famciclovir and penciclovir (the active metabolite of famciclovir) were tested for genotoxic potential in a battery of *in vitro* and *in vivo* assays. Famciclovir and penciclovir were negative in *in vitro* tests for gene mutations in bacteria (*S. typhimurium* or *E. coli*) and unscheduled DNA synthesis in mammalian HeLa *83 cells (at doses up to 10,000 and 5000 mcg/plate, respectively). Famciclovir was also negative in the* L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay (5000 mcg/mL), the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test (4800 mg/kg), and rat dominant lethal study (5000 mg/kg). Famciclovir induced increases in polyploidy in human lymphocytes *in vitro* in the absence of chromosomal damage (1200 mcg/mL). Penciclovir was positive in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay for gene mutation/chromosomal aberrations, with and without metabolic activation (1000 mcg/mL). In human lymphocytes, penciclovir caused chromosomal aberrations in the absence of metabolic activation (250 mcg/mL). Penciclovir caused an increased incidence of micronuclei in mouse *bone marrow in vivo when administered intravenously at doses highly toxic to bone marrow* (500 mg/kg), but not when administered orally.

Testicular toxicity was observed in rats, mice, and dogs following repeated administration of famciclovir or penciclovir. Testicular changes included atrophy of the seminiferous tubules, reduction in sperm count, and/or increased incidence of sperm with abnormal morphology or reduced motility. The degree of toxicity to male reproduction was related to dose and duration of exposure. In male rats, decreased fertility was observed after 10 weeks of dosing at 500 mg/kg/day (1.9 to 11.4x the human AUC). The no observable effect level for sperm and testicular toxicity in rats following chronic administration (26 weeks) was 50 mg/kg/day (0.2 to 1.2x the human systemic exposure based on AUC comparisons). Testicular toxicity was observed following chronic administration to mice (104 weeks) and dogs (26 weeks) at doses of 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC) and 150 mg/kg/day (1.7 to 10.2x the human AUC), respectively.

Famciclovir had no effect on general reproductive performance or fertility in female rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (3.6 to 21.6x the human AUC).

Two placebo-controlled studies in a total of 130 otherwise healthy men with a normal sperm profile over an 8-week baseline period and recurrent genital herpes receiving oral *Famvir* (250 mg b.i.d.) (n=66) or placebo (n=64) therapy for 18 weeks showed no evidence of significant effects on sperm count, motility or morphology during treatment or during an 8-week follow-up.

**Pregnancy–Teratogenic Effects–Category B.** Famciclovir was tested for effects on embryo-fetal development in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (approximately 3.6 to 21.6x and 1.8 to 10.8x the human systemic exposure to penciclovir based on AUC comparisons for the rat and rabbit, respectively) and intravenous doses of 360 mg/kg/day in rats (2 to 12x the human dose based on body surface area [BSA] comparisons) or 120 mg/kg/day in rabbits (1.5 to 9.0x the human dose [BSA]). No adverse effects were observed on embryo-fetal development. Similarly, no adverse effects were observed following intravenous administration of penciclovir to rats (80 mg/kg/day, 0.4 to 2.6x the human dose [BSA]) or rabbits (60 mg/kg/day, 0.7 to 4.2x the human dose [BSA]). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predic*tive of human response, famciclovir should be used during pregnancy only if the benefit to the patient* clearly exceeds the potential risk to the fetus.

**ADVERSE REACTIONS**

**Herpes Zoster:** In four clinical studies involving 816 *Famvir*-treated patients with herpes zoster (*Famvir,* 250 mg t.i.d. to 750 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with *Famvir* were headache and nausea. The table below lists adverse events occurring on-therapy with an incidence of ≥2% per treatment group in *Famvir* clinical trials. The frequency and types of reported adverse events in trial 008 were representative of the safety experience in the active-controlled herpes zoster *Famvir* trials (007 and 094).

**Recurrent Genital Herpes:** In three placebo-controlled clinical trials involving 528 *Famvir*-treated patients with genital herpes (*Famvir*, 125 mg b.i.d. to 500 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with *Famvir were headache and nausea. The table lists adverse events occurring on-therapy in* *Famvir* clinical trials with an incidence of ≥ 2% per treatment group.

**Adverse Events Reported by ≥2% of Treatment Group in Patients in One Herpes Zoster and Three Placebo-controlled Recurrent Genital Herpes Famvir (famciclovir) Trials***

| | **Incidence** | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | **Herpes Zoster** | | **Genital Herpes** | |
| **Event** | ***Famvir* (n=273) %** | **Placebo (n=146) %** | ***Famvir* (n=640) %** | **Placebo (n=225) %** |
| Nervous System | | | | |
| Headache | 22.7 | 17.8 | 23.6 | 16.4 |
| Dizziness | 3.3 | 4.1 | 5.5 | 4.9 |
| Insomnia | 1.5 | 1.4 | 2.5 | 2.2 |
| Somnolence | 2.6 | 2.7 | 1.6 | 0.4 |
| Paresthesia | 2.6 | 0.0 | 1.3 | 0.0 |
| Gastrointestinal | | | | |
| Nausea | 12.5 | 11.6 | 10.0 | 8.0 |
| Diarrhea | 7.7 | 4.8 | 4.5 | 7.6 |
| Abdominal Pain | 1.1 | 3.4 | 3.9 | 5.8 |
| Dyspepsia | 1.1 | 1.4 | 3.4 | 2.2 |
| Flatulence | 1.5 | 0.7 | 1.9 | 2.2 |
| Constipation | 4.4 | 4.8 | 1.4 | 0.9 |
| Vomiting | 4.8 | 3.4 | 1.3 | 0.9 |
| Anorexia | 2.6 | 4.1 | 1.1 | 0.9 |
| Body as a Whole | | | | |
| Fatigue | 4.4 | 3.4 | 6.3 | 4.4 |
| Pain | 2.6 | 2.7 | 2.0 | 1.8 |
| Injury | 2.6 | 0.0 | 0.8 | 1.3 |
| Fever | 3.3 | 4.1 | 0.8 | 0.4 |
| Rigors | 1.5 | 2.7 | 0.5 | 0.4 |
| *Respiratory* | | | | |
| URI | 0.7 | 0.7 | 3.3 | 2.7 |
| Pharyngitis | 2.6 | 4.8 | 2.7 | 2.2 |
| Sinusitis | 2.6 | 1.4 | 1.3 | 1.3 |
| Musculoskeletal | | | | |
| Back Pain | 1.5 | 2.7 | 1.9 | 2.2 |
| Arthralgia | 1.5 | 2.1 | 1.3 | 0.0 |
| *Zoster/Genital* Herpes-Related Signs/Symptoms/ Complications | 2.9 | 3.4 | 1.7 | 2.2 |
| Skin and Appendages | | | | |
| Pruritus | 3.7 | 2.7 | 0.9 | 0.0 |

*Patients may have entered into more than one clinical trial.

During clinical practice, confusion (including delirium, disorientation, confusional state) has been reported. While infrequent, most of these spontaneous reports have occurred in the elderly.

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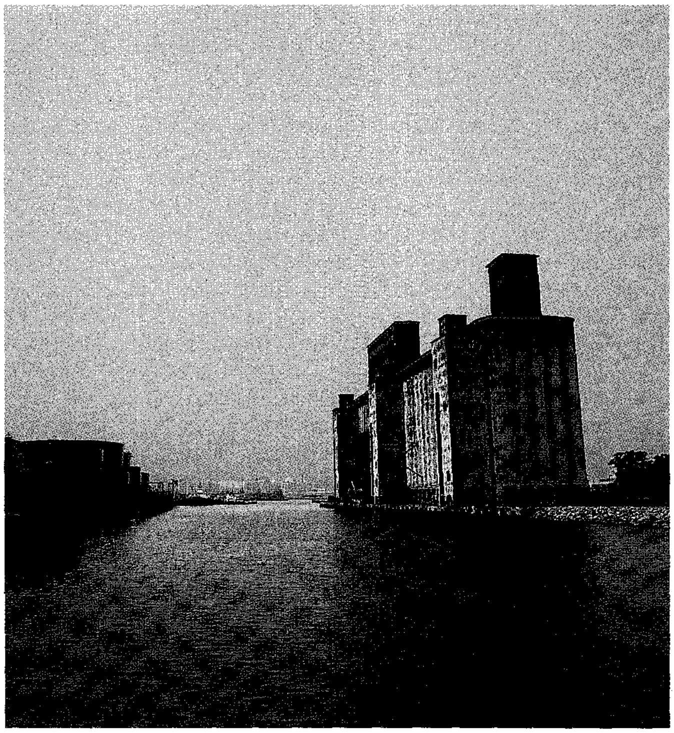
1. Sacks SL, Aoki FY, Diaz-Mitoma F, et al. Patient-initiated, twice-daily oral famciclovir for early recurrent genital herpes: a randomized, double-blind multicenter trial. *JAMA.* 1996;276:44-49.

***SmithKline Beecham*** *Pharmaceuticals*
Philadelphia, PA 19101

## THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

# Tunnel Vision

*Jerry Nadler's lonely crusade for a sub-Hudson freight tunnel has become a parade since the mayor announced his support. But will Pataki and politics get in the way?*



**Old freight terminals on the Brooklyn waterfront could spring back to life.**

THE EVENING BEFORE Mayor Rudy Giuliani delivered his State of the City address, Congressman Jerry Nadler received a phone call from Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter. The mayor, she explained, will announce in his speech tomorrow that he wants to build your tunnel. He wants you there; he's planning on giving you a mention. "I was flying," Nadler recalled.

Nadler has passed eighteen long and frustrating years talking to anyone he could corner about the importance of rail freight. Finally, he talked to Giuliani, and finally, somebody listened. And so two weeks ago, the mayor laid out the plan and said the city would build this tunnel and revitalize its port business. Whatever else one might think of the mayor, when he says he's going to do something, he generally does it.

Here's why this is so crucial to the local economy. For two decades, the city fathers literally chased blue-collar jobs out of the city—more than half a million vanished, at six times the national rate. Tremendous growth was expected in finance, insurance, and real-estate jobs. It didn't happen, but the policy had the coincidental effect, a serendipitous one for those who owned property, of raising real-estate values.

The manufacturing decline was directly related to the decision to move the port to New Jersey. It made some sense at the time, because Jersey had the room and the rail links.

But now, with the explosion in international trade, New Jersey has a problem: Larger ships with deeper hulls will need waterborne depths that Jersey can't accommodate. The region stands in perilous danger of losing much of its shipping business to Norfolk or Halifax. Brooklyn is the solution, but it can work only if served by a direct connection to rail lines in Jersey that fan out to the rest of the country. Hence, the tunnel.

"The mayor is to be commended," says Felix Rohatyn. "It's a creative idea, it's a positive idea, and it's one the whole city should really get behind."

Giuliani does deserve enormous credit. Nadler could have been chattering away for another eighteen years; only a mayor can move things like this forward. Says Charles Millard, head of the city's Economic Development Corporation, "I think the mayor really saw that the lack of blue-collar jobs was a gap in our future."

That's spin-ish, but there is truth to it. If this project does come together, Giuliani and Governor George Pataki, whose support here is crucial, have a chance to change dramatically what this city will look like in 30 years, and with something that—unlike, say, a new ballpark—creates many thousands of permanent jobs.

But what the mayor really accomplished, in making the project such a central part of such a prominent speech, was to turn twenty years of bad received opinion on its head. "It's finally clicking," says Nadler. "It's going to become the accepted wisdom."

Of course, we're still many years, and studies, and negotiations, and probably lawsuits, away from breaking ground. Specifically, all Giuliani really committed himself to in the speech is another study, a detailed physical design study that will cost $2 million to $6 million and that has to be finished (it will take two years) before the city can even start to go to the federal government for financing. A just-completed EDC preliminary study concluded the tunnel can be built for around $900 million, and the next study is supposed to buttress that finding with more detail.

So let's suppose it does and skip ahead to the salient part: How, in this penny-pinching age, does a local government build a billion-dollar project—and, by the way, a billion-dollar project that most average citizens will never even see? "It's very early to determine that," Millard says. It is, but the extra note of caution in Millard's voice reflects the fact that so many people have to agree that it's a good idea—a mayor, two governors (New York's and New Jersey's), members of Congress from both states, Albany legislators, and the head of the Port Authority. Who knows who these people will even be a few years down the road?

Nadler believes a mix of federal and private money, financed through bonds, can do the job. Last week, the *Journal of Commerce* re- *(continued on page 90)*

Photograph by Micheal McLaughlin.

ON SEVENTH AVENUE PATRICK FOLLIARD

# Halston's Hat Trick

*After fifteen years in fashion limbo, the "snob American designer" label is back and bigger than ever—and coming soon to a mall near you.*

HOUSED IN A MIDTOWN MONOlith high above Broadway at 39th Street, Halston's current headquarters is oddly underwhelming—functional but a far cry from the designer's fabled seventies showroom, a mirrored cloud tethered to the twenty-second floor of the Olympic Tower. Two huge posters dominate the well-trafficked waiting room: One advertises the new Halston line; the other promotes Richard Simmons's Active Wear, owned by the same company.

Once relegated to the back racks at J.C. Penney, the onetime milliner is back in high fashion. For several seasons now, Halston's signatures have been invoked on the runways: jersey, cashmere, bias cuts, and simple silhouettes with little artifice. Designers from Alfaro to Zoran have tacitly paid homage to Halston, while Gucci's Tom Ford has openly acknowledged his influence. And last fall, veteran supermodel Iman donned a one-shoulder Halston original for a VH1 Fashion Awards salute to the world's first superstar designer.

Spurred by the Halston renaissance, Tropic Tex International (TTI), a $400 million apparel manufacturer owned by the Egyptian-born brothers Marc and Jack Setton, bought the rights to all Halston products (except the very profitable fragrances) last year with the intention of launching a massive new empire. From the start, the Settons decided to target middle-tier consumers, offering them the trappings of a designer line without the high prices.

In addition to producing a line of mid-priced clothes for women, a sleepwear line called Halston Intimates, and a signature couture collection, the company has signed up a dozen licensees who will manufacture Halston luggage, hosiery, ties, and home furnishings. The entire collection will debut in fall 1997; according to Halston managing director Carmine Porcelli, no other label in history has introduced so many products in one fell swoop. He projects a worldwide volume of $400 million to $500 million within three years.

A preternaturally energetic Seventh Avenue veteran who was lured away from Oscar de La Renta, Porcelli signed half a dozen licensees in his first month on the job. "I call Carmine the twirling derby," trills Sandra Graham, Halston's P.R. director. "He's assigning licenses faster than most people can swallow a capsule!"

The goal, says Porcelli, was to create a "world of Halston . . . so even if the customer were buying a belt or T-shirt, she was buying into something bigger." Porcelli's second concern was polishing the brand's tarnished image.

Unveiled last September, Halston's $10 million ad campaign, produced by the German-based agency Select New York, features frolicking models in dark, casual clothes above the tag line LIFE AMERICAN STYLE. "It's a play on *Love, American Style,* the seventies television show," admits Porcelli—a nod to the brand's retro allure. "But more important," he adds, "since Halston was the first American designer to be recognized worldwide, we want to stress *America.* Not the America of Ralph Lauren and Tommy Hilfiger but *Middle* America." Only after the ad campaign was firmly in place did Porcelli go looking for a designer to "drive the name home."

After sifting through dozens of high-profile candidates, he received a letter from Randolph Duke, a 38-year-old designer and creative director for Henri Bendel who actively lobbied for the position. Duke, who began his career designing swimsuits in California for Anne Cole and briefly presided over his own line, is described on Seventh Avenue as "hardworking and versatile," a onetime fashion star who has lost some of his luster in recent years. Porcelli met with Duke several times before deciding that "his American attitude and diverse background made him the perfect fit." He was hired in September.

JOINING PORCELLI IN HIS SPACIOUS OFFICE, dressed in a navy-blue suit and tie, Randolph Duke seems serious and slightly stiff, an odd choice to take up Halston's glittery mantle. The late designer, after all, was relished for his excesses as much

**Duke in his domain: Can designer Randolph Duke (at right in photo) and managing director Carmine Porcelli revive a dead label?**

as his designs: The ubiquitous turtleneck and mirrored shades, the ever-present entourage of high-fashion "Halstonettes," the prodigal fashion progress across Red China—all contributed to the designer's lore and bolstered his business. (In fact, the legend is so large, says Graham, the publicist, that "people sometimes forget he's dead. We were meeting with the president of a chain of department stores, and he said, 'Will Halston be making any *personal* appearances?' And Randy said, 'Gosh, I *hope* not.' " Though articulate and unfailingly polite, Duke has little of Halston's manic charisma. "Randy's a nice guy," sniffs one fashion editor. "But Halston he's not."

Duke is the first to agree. "I'm *not* Halston," he says. "I'd never pretend to be. We're resurrecting the brand, not the man." In any case, it is Halston's ethos, rather than his aura, that Duke says he wants to replicate. "Despite its present popularity, we're *not* deifying the Halston look," he says. "We won't be copying any archival dresses or patterns." Halston championed both luxury and practicality—his pricey Ultrasuede shirtdress was specially designed to be tossed in the wash—a dichotomy Duke hopes to incorporate in his collection. "We're going to blur the boundaries of the price points," he explains, "whether it's a couture dress of four-ply cashmere or a $98 cotton-silk-twill jacket."

In addition to designing in-house collections, Duke will be responsible for overseeing all the licensees (a chore at which the easily bored Halston failed miserably) and will have total control of marketing, packaging, distribution, and design. He admits the job will be something of a learning experience. "I'll have to be taught what works in markets (like bedding and belts) that I don't know a lot about," says Duke, "while pushing the fashion envelope at the same time."

Last November, two months after he joined the company, Duke completed his first ready-to-wear spring line. Clean and well constructed, it's a mass-market variation on Halston's elegant vision: sleek silk tunics, twill suits with long jackets, shirtdresses and camp shirts in pistachio and slate, and versatile Lycra-jersey underpinnings and pants. Priced at $98 to $250, it costs considerably less than designer "bridge" lines like DKNY.

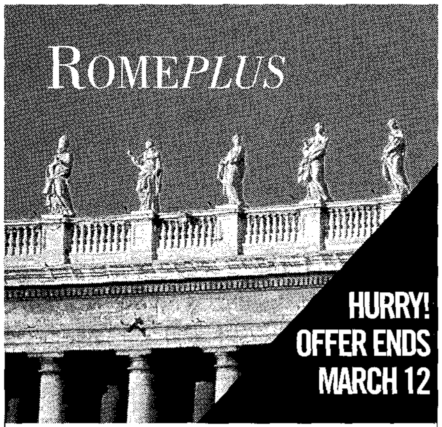
The couture line, 40 to 60 pieces of high-end eveningwear that Duke will unveil next fall, promises to be more problematic. Can a label once owned by Penney's ever make the transition to Neiman Marcus? Duke, who once designed a line for QVC, frostily dismisses the question: "I won't answer that as if J.C. Penney were a bad thing. That's not nice."

Ultimately, whether Porcelli and Duke can breathe life back into Halston remains to be seen. Alan Millstein, the usually prescient editor of the Fashion Network Report, believes the time is right for a relaunch. "Why not?" he says. "We haven't had any *young* fashion faces off Seventh Avenue who've been successful lately, so why shouldn't we take a face from 25 years ago and resuscitate it?"

TTI's Mark Setton, who has spent an estimated $30 million on the venture, is confident as well. Consumers, he says, are looking for "perceived value. . . . Just like a Lexus looks like a $100,000 car but sells for $55,000, a Halston jacket will look like $200 but sell for $100. That's the wave of the future."

AS RETAIL MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT ARnold Aronson, a former chairman of Saks Fifth Avenue, points out, "Halston is not breaking new ground here. They're simply following the lead of many designer lines that translate brand equity into affordable clothes for real people." But while Donna Karan's DKNY, Isaac Mizrahi's Is**C, and Ralph Lauren's Polo Sport are less pricey offshoots of thriving designer labels, the Halston line will have to live or die on its own. And though the name Halston still has iconic appeal, aside from the fragrance it has had little commercial success in more than a decade.

Shortly after buying Halston, TTI hired the Monitor Group, a fashion-polling firm, to test its latest acquisition. The company reported that a majority of consumers they surveyed were willing to pay a premium for the Halston label, though many only vaguely knew who he was. And while fashion purists may scoff at the notion of cut-rate couture, Halston himself would probably have approved. When he agreed to design exclusively for J.C. Penney in 1982, the fashion world was aghast. For many, the idea of Halston designing for Penney's was, in the words of his biographer Steven Gaines, "like Maria Callas doing a striptease at a stag party." By then, however, the man John Fairchild called "*the* snob American designer" had come to see things differently. "I'm American as apple pie. . . . J.C. Penney is part of the American fabric, and now *I'm* part of the American fabric," he said, warming up to the idea of dressing Middle America. Seven years after his death from AIDS, Halston is poised to do it again. And if Duke and Porcelli have their way, he will. ■



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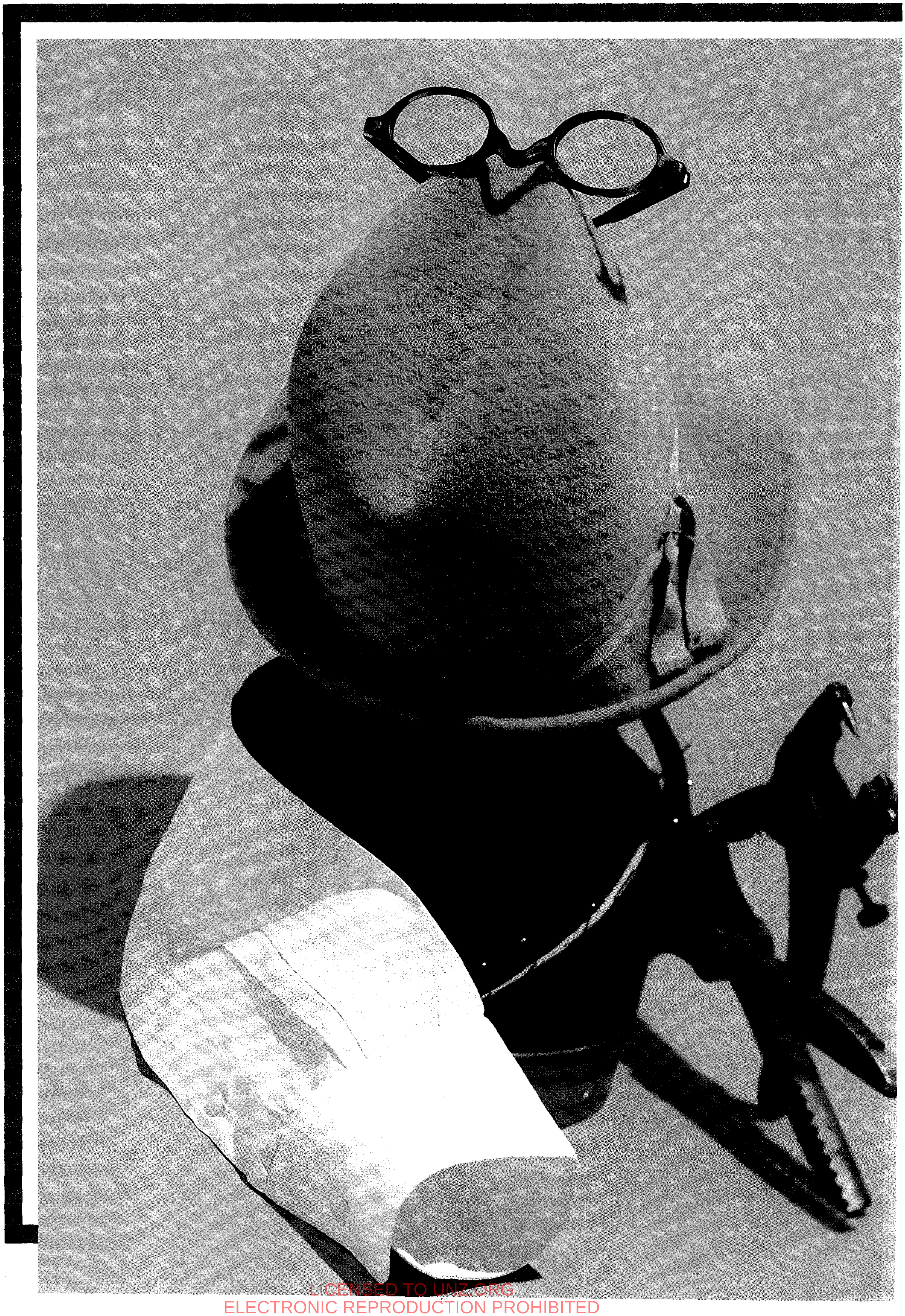


# HANDMADE TALES

DO YOUR LEATHER LOW-RIDERS RIDE A LITTLE TOO LOW? ANGELA BLOIS CAN MAKE YOU A PAIR THAT HUG TO PERFECTION. NEED A BUTCHER BLOCK ANSWER FOR THAT AWKWARD KITCHEN NOOK? GET ONE CUSTOM-CUT, COMPLETE WITH DRAWERS, AT EMPIRE RESTAURANT SUPPLY. HOW ABOUT SOMETHING NATTY FOR TOTING THOSE ROSSIGNOLS? LOUIS VUITTON MAKES SOFT LEATHER SKI CASES TO ORDER—WITH OR WITHOUT THE FAMOUS LOGO. • LIVING IN NEW YORK MEANS YOU CAN GET STUFF PEOPLE IN DES MOINES ONLY DREAM ABOUT. THE ARTISANS WHO CRAFT THESE HIGHLY PERSONAL OBJECTS OF DESIRE MAY NOT BE AS EASY TO FIND AS YOUR LOCAL STARBUCKS, BUT THEY'RE HERE, PLYING THEIR TRADES WITH AN OBSESSIVE, NINETEENTH-CENTURY ATTENTION TO DETAIL. THIS IS WHAT CRAFTSMANSHIP WAS LIKE BEFORE MEGASTORES BLEW INTO TOWN WITH THEIR SAMEY MERCHANDISE.

**BY RENE CHUN**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WORRELL
FOR *NEW YORK*

# OFF THE HANGER

Boardroom swells prefer Arthur Gluck's French cuffs.

## MEN'S SHIRTS

Lew Wasserman and Henry Kissinger wear Arthur Gluck shirts, a Gatsby-like affectation shared by many a boardroom big shot. For 30 years, **Arthur Gluck** (47 West 57th Street; 755-8165) was reputed to make the best shirts in the city. Since Gluck's semi-retirement in 1992, his apprentice, Michael Spitzer, has been keeping the boys in serge happily rolling in French cuffs and tab collars. Many customers have also referred their wives to Spitzer. Prices range from $190 for a basic Sea Island–cotton shirt to $250 for Zendeline cotton (six-shirt minimum). Two Gluck trademarks are the mother-of-pearl buttons and hand-sewn monograms. The fitting consists of 30 individual measurements. It takes a day of labor to produce one shirt.

Arthur Gluck also offers a special laundry service ($8 per) designed to prolong the life of a custom shirt. Forget starch: According to Spitzer, a decent collar lining and proper pressing will more than ensure a sharp crease. Spitzer insists that if a Gluck shirt is treated properly, the body should last up to fifteen years (cuffs and collars are replaced as needed). Why a custom-made shirt, if you fit into off-the-rack perfectly well? Because you need an extra quarter-inch on your left cuff to accommodate that chunky Rolex. Expect delivery to take up to one month.

Tom Wolfe recently identified **Alexander Kabbaz** (903 Madison Avenue, near 72nd Street; 861-7700) as the perpetrator of those decidedly eccentric high collars. "I got tired of people pestering me about who made my shirts," he says. Kabbaz uses Swiss fabrics exclusively and MOP buttons. His shirts boast 18 to 22 stitches per square inch of fabric. A Swiss-cotton shirt can range from $300 to $475. Six-shirt minimum; delivery takes six weeks.

Not everyone can fit into a **Brooks Brothers** (346 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street; 682-8800) shirt. Of course, that doesn't prevent people from trying. Walk down Wall Street after the Exchange has closed, and you'll see more than a few ill-fitting button-downs, wattles jiggling over collars. What most of these men (and some women) don't realize is that they can get a made-to-measure version of the Brooks button-down that will fit them to a T. Sartorial snobs may turn up their noses, insisting that made-to-measure is a far cry from custom. But for $85, it's close enough (a standard Brooks short is $48). The yoke may be adjusted in half-inch increments, collars and sleeves by the quarter-inch, the waist and length by one inch, and the chest by two inches. The factory that produces these shirts in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, does such a stellar job that even fastidious Europeans have been won over. According to David Khouri, a Brooks Brothers special-order-shirt sales associate, some Brits are not only being fitted for the classic Brooks button-down but bringing in their Turnbull & Asser shirts to be knocked off. Prices range from $85 for a standard pima-cotton oxford to $170 for Italian or Swiss cotton. Monograms are $10 extra. Four-shirt minimum; allow four to six weeks for delivery.

## MEN'S SUITS

**Vincent Nicolosi** (510 Madison Avenue, at 53rd Street; 486-6214), the tailor to such toffs as authors Tom Wolfe and Peter Mayle, painter Richard Merkin, and couturier Peter Noviello, has earned a reputation for being as ingeniously artistic as his loyal following. He knows his stuff, but he's not one to revel in the pomposity of the profession. It's unlikely that you could hand another tailor of Nicolosi's rank a bag of towels for him to enthusiastically fashion into a double-breasted terry-cloth beach jacket (as Nicolosi did recently). Works in progress around the shop include a thirties-inspired white wool-crêpe double-breasted suit and a short navy cashmere military-inspired coat with epaulets, a pattern he was turning out when Tom Ford and Miuccia Prada were in Dr. Dentons. Since Nicolosi hand-stitches each garment, delivery can take up to four months. Prices vary according to fabric, style, and the amount of work required.

ROB PATRONITE

**Leonard Logsdail** (510 Madison Avenue, at 53rd Street; 752-5030) is a

Photographs: this page, Erik Rank; opposite page, top, Erik Rank; bottom, Minh+Wass.

Savile Row refugee who picked up the trade as an apprentice at Bernard Weatherill. In 1977, he started doing trunk shows stateside for his own firm, Burstow & Logsdail. But six years ago, Logsdail decided to remain here permanently. Now he supplies his customers—mostly Wall Streeters, diplomats, and well-heeled lawyers—with conservative suits of unquestionable pedigree, starting at $2,500. Logsdail takes measurements and cuts his paper patterns here, then ships the order to London for hand-stitching. About a month later, a basted suit is sent back to New York, where Logsdail fits the customer before it sails back to Blighty to be finished. Logsdail also works with two of Henry Stewart's former jacket-makers in New York (see "The Suitor," page 24) to make a pricier suit—$3,500. Both methods take approximately two months (two and a half for first-time customers). R.P.

## WOMEN'S TAILORS

The Chanel suit in the magazine spread is you—only the $4,250 price tag isn't. Short of filching it, what to do? Call **Willie Molina of Guillermo Couture** (West Orange, New Jersey; 201-736-9191). Molina has been sewing and designing for twenty-some years and can whip up just about anything. Although his workroom is in West Orange, Molina sweeps through the city several times a week making house calls. (He also does trunk shows around the country.) Chanels and Armanis are replicated down to the last dart, or interpreted loosely if you have particular fitting and styling requirements. He'll show you swatches, return for fittings, and deliver a garment that looks shockingly authentic: a snazzy Armani-esque silk-chiffon dress and jacket is $1,500 (trousers start at $350); several versions of Chanel-ish day suits are between $1,100 and $2,000; all gowns start at $1,500. By appointment only. (All prices are for basic fabrics; specialty fabrics are more expensive. With all custom-made clothing, always ask whether prices include fabric, pattern-making fees, and fittings. Delivery times vary; allow several months for bridal.) RUTH J. KATZ

Ersatz haute couture: Jennifer Dule's bridal dress.

At **Couture by Jennifer Dule** (133 Fifth Avenue, near 20th Street, third floor; 777-2100), few jobs are refused. But owner-designer Jennifer Dule really specializes in what's known in the biz as "after five," and special-occasion attire (particularly bridalwear). During Dule's busiest season—the holidays, of course—she has five seamstresses laboring to fill orders. She has no problem collaborating with customers who walk in with photographs or even wistful descriptions. But she'll also copy your favorite threadbare trousers ($350). Suits start at $1,200. One pink princess-style silk-satin evening dress had a halter top, hand-embroidered bows, and black caviar beads ($3,800). An iced-pistachio silk-satin bridal gown constructed with a quilted *bustier* and a box-pleated skirt and topped with a delicate jacket studded with hand-crafted beaded gossamer flowers was $4,200. By appointment only. R.J.K.

**Rosette Couturiere** (160 West 71st Street, second floor; 877-3372) was owned by the delightful Rosette Harris, who died a few years ago. But Brenda Barmore, who worked with her for more than a dozen years, has taken over and continues to do stylish custom work and some copying and interpretation, as well as alterations: Basic nine-to-five suits start at $550 (prices do not include fabric); dinner suits, at $650; trousers, at $175. Barmore is also not afraid to renovate vintage clothing. By appointment only. R.J.K.

Stun the cheese-stick-nibbling worthies at a Temple of Dendur benefit. Or merely elevate the funk quotient at a baroque TriBeCa blowout. Former children's-book illustrator **Elizabeth Cannon** (460 West 24th Street, Suite 1B; 929-8552) conjures up truly novel finery: a fairy-tale-like, silk-charmeuse chemise ($1,200), a Degas-inspired black velvet ballerina dress ($675), silk-charmeuse tea-party frocks with hand-painted flowers cascading to the hem ($400 to $1,800). By appointment only. R.J.K.

Bespoke by computer: Levi's customized jeans.

## WOMEN'S BATHING SUITS

Keiko Fukuzaki got her first break when one of her suits appeared on the November 1979 cover of *Oui*. Since then, her suits have appeared in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, *Vanity Fair*, and countless fashion magazines. Supermodels Paulina, Elle, Claudia, and Niki all own Keiko suits. But now these custom creations are available to everybody through Fukuzaki's store **Keiko** (62 Greene Street, near Spring Street; 226-6051). Customers typically bring in a sketch or photograph from a magazine. After the initial fitting, Fukuzaki makes a prototype, which is then adjusted at the second, and third if necessary, fitting. Prices start at $300. Allow two to three weeks for delivery.

## WOMEN'S JEANS

A pair of blue jeans that fits just right is every woman's Holy Grail. That's why the world's largest clothing manufacturer, **Levi's**, introduced "Women's Personal Pair Jeans" in 1994 (to order at 3 East 57th Street, 838-2125; and 1492 Third Avenue, at 84th Street, 249-5045). Today, these jeans account for 25 percent of all women's-jeans sales across the country. At the store, four measurements are taken by female "personal-fit specialists": waist, hip, inseam, and rise (the distance from the front waistband between the legs and up to the back waistband). These data are then fed into a computer, which suggests a pair of prototype jeans in the store. A customer typically tries on three prototypes before finding a close fit. Modifications to those original measurements are based on customer preference (tighter, looser, shorter, longer). The final measurements are relayed by modem to the Levi Strauss & Co. factory in Mountain City, Tennessee, where a computer-operated laser cuts a pattern and the jeans are sewn. Women may chose either the classic 512 style or a hip-hugger model with a tapered or boot-cut leg. The price is a very sweet $65 (a standard non-custom pair of women's Levi's is $50), and delivery takes ten to fifteen days.

## LEATHER

In business seven years, **New York City Custom Leather** (156 Ludlow Street; 539-3010) is already an institution. Agatha Blois, the woman who many believe to make the best custom leather pants in the country, closed down her popular East Village shop recently and re-opened on Ludlow Street. The president of the Hell's Angels used to shop at her old space. So did rock stars (Sheryl Crow, Melissa Etheridge, Ron Wood) and supermodels (Christy Turlington, Shalom Harlow, Kristy Hume, Nadja Auermann). Blois's signature pant is a sixties-inspired hip-hugger with a lace-up fly and flared leg, but she'll cut any pattern. Leather trou range from $700 to $1,000. Vests start at $200. Bras and hats are in the $250 neighborhood. It takes approximately four weeks from initial fitting to delivery. "The secret of my pants is the leather," Blois says. "I use the best

Pretty in pink (and green): Miss Pym's party frocks.

# THE SUITOR

## FRANK SHATTUCK, TAILOR

Frank Shattuck is sitting in front of a television, transfixed by the movie *GoodFellas.* In this scene, Robert De Niro, arms flailing mercilessly, kicks a man's head to a bloody pulp. "Look at De Niro's suit!" says Shattuck, in genuine awe. "He's jumping around like a maniac, but the back of his suit collar doesn't move an inch." ■ An unorthodox example of expert tailoring, perhaps, but a valid one: Any Gekko with Bulgari cuff links will confirm it. Only the finest suits have collars that hug the neck so unflinchingly, and this one came out of Henry Stewart's elegant West 57th Street shop. How good was he? Paul Newman so admired a coat the Savile Row transplant made for him to wear in *The Color of Money* that he tipped him $2,000. Many made the pilgrimage to Stewart for fittings, gladly paying $4,500 for the privilege. But on March 4, 1993, at 89, Stewart died. Fortunately, he had an heir apparent: Frank Shattuck (17 East 45th Street, room 906; 681-6694). At the improbable age of 36, Shattuck has taken over where his mentor left off. "I can't tell the difference between one of Henry's jackets and one of Frank's," confesses Scott McPhee, a fourteen-year client of Stewart's. McPhee windmills his arms; the collar of the cashmere-and-silk jacket doesn't budge.

Unlike many other tailors who say they "hand-make" suits, Shattuck makes good on the claim. Every stitch in his $3,500 suits is sewn by hand (except in the straight seams, for which he uses an 1890 Gritzner treadle sewing machine). And each phase of construction, from drafting the pattern to the final five-hour pressing, is also executed by hand. Whereas most tailors buy a $10 precut hymo canvas (the material that forms the suit's foundation), Shattuck insists on cutting each canvas individually and stitching it by hand—an absurdly laborious task.

Frank Shattuck presses the PAUSE button on his VCR, freezing De Niro in all his sartorial savagery. He retrieves a book from a footlocker: *The Blue Book of Men's Tailoring* (1905). The decrepit text is just one of the manuals he inherited from Stewart's library. He points to a sentence highlighted with yellow marker: *All good tailors sew the shoulder seam by hand.*

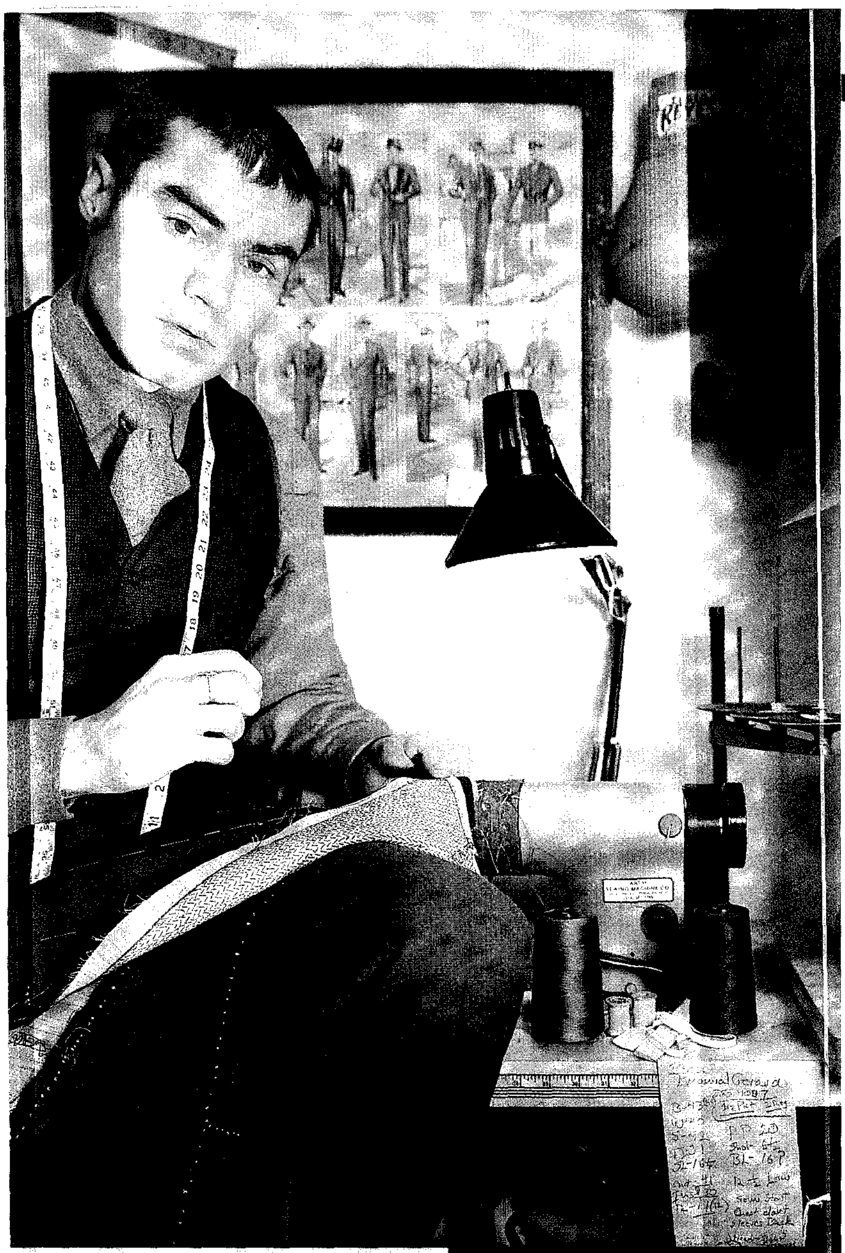
"Before I went out on my own, I thought everybody followed this rule, but I quickly found out that not even the most famous tailors do it. They may baste the seam in by hand, but they finish it by machine. Of course, most men don't care about this kind of thing anymore. Most men wear Armani suits and Bally shoes."

Despite the proliferation of the designer uniform, there are still those who insist on wearing a Savile Row suit, the iconic garment to which Shattuck's handiwork is frequently compared. Seventh Avenue Brahmins like Bill Blass have been known to renounce their own product in favor of London's H. Huntsman. But Savile Row isn't what it used to be. Before the ready-made revolution that hit London in the late fifties, there were close to a hundred Savile Row firms. Today, maybe 30 custom shops survive, the majority of which are operated by a sole proprietor who contracts out much of the work.

The decline has only made Shattuck's services more precious. Abbey Kotler, a Manhattan-based private investor and longtime Henry Stewart client, maintains that Shattuck's craftsmanship is superior to anything found on Savile Row. "I've had suits made by all the best tailors on the row, and nobody comes close to Frank," says Kotler. "It's a classic thirties-style English cut."

Shattuck had already completed an unpaid eight-year apprenticeship with two old-world tailors in his hometown

Photographs by Andrew Garn.



Shattuck does it all by hand.

of Syracuse, New York, when he arrived at Stewart's atelier in 1989. "Henry had heard that I was an accomplished tailor," says Shattuck. "But when he actually saw me, this 29-year-old kid, he went into shock. It's almost unheard of to find a real tailor today who's under 60."

Seven days a week, Shattuck trekked from his Hoboken studio to Stewart's Manhattan tailor shop. Starting at 7:30 A.M., Shattuck would do everything from stitching buttonholes to delivering finished suits to Martin Scorsese's penthouse. When he left in 1992, he'd learned how to make a strong shoulder and a flattering waist. "But the key was that I mastered Henry's secret cutting technique," says Shattuck.

After training under Stewart, Shattuck worked two and a half years for designer Garrick Anderson, making $3,500 custom-made suits. A five-month stint at Dunhill, where he squandered his talent hemming trousers, convinced him that he should go out on his own.

Let's say you cut your teeth on Armani Black Label in the eighties, and you're ready to trade up. What will you get for your money? A consultation and several fittings; four square yards of H. Lesser fabric, horn buttons, and yards of hand stitchery (allow eight to ten weeks for delivery).

"It's the hand-stitching that gives a suit life," says Shattuck, fingering the lapel of a work-in-progress. "It will take over 1,200 stitches to make this lapel roll properly. If I used less, it wouldn't hold its shape forever." He puts the jacket down and adds, "I could cut fifteen hours off the suit, but my conscience won't allow it."

cowhide—soft but not wimpy. These are the kinds of pants Jim Morrison would wear." By appointment only.

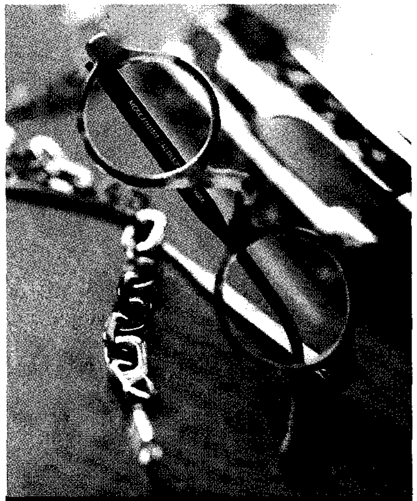
# WEE ARE THE WORLD

## CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

"This is children's couture," says Julia Roshkow, a former radiologist, who, along with her partner, Lisa Hammerquist, a Rhode Island School of Design grad, founded **Miss Pym** (1025 Fifth Avenue, near 83rd Street; 879-9530) two years ago. Only primo natural fabrics are used. Rashkow is adamant about what the pair will and won't do: "We don't do bright colors, lace, Peter Pan collars, puffy sleeves, or smocking. This is for someone who wants very sophisticated children's-wear." Why choose kid couture over Gap Kids? Looped buttonholes, signature handmade silk roses (a status symbol for Upper East Side *kinder*), covered buttons, double-sided ruffles. And an adult color palette: e.g., taupe with teal-blue trim. "Yes, it's decadent," concedes Roshkow. "But when you consider these dresses can be passed down several times, it's a bargain." A fully lined velvet coat is $355; wool-twill coats run between $535 and $635; dresses start at $165 and go up to $465 for Duppione silk. Customers range in age from 3 to 12, but the 6-to-12 party circuit is Miss Pym's core demographic. By appointment only; allow eight weeks for delivery.

## FURNITURE FOR TOTS

**Portico Kids** (1167 Madison Avenue, at 86th Street; 717-1963) is ambitiously billed as a "Design Center for Kids." Aside from the expected upscale merch, Portico sells Will Brooks custom baby and juvenile furniture. Pieces are constructed of select hardwoods (maple, cherry, and pine; no veneers). A single bed runs $1,000; an armoire, $2,500 and up; changing tables, $1,500 and up; desks, $1,400 and up; toy



Eye for detail: Morgenthal-Frederics.

chests, $240 to $800. Portico also has local artists on the payroll who will hand-paint trompe l'oeil scenes on the furniture. And to go with that bespoke bed, Portico offers custom bedding. Bumpers and dust ruffles are $150 and up; fitted sheets are $50; duvet covers are $165 and up; pillow shams are $50.

## COBBLED TOGETHER

### SHOES

The shoes Roman Vaingauz makes at **Vincent And Edgar** (972 Lexington Avenue, near 71st Street; 753-3461) are said to be just as good as, if not better than, the ones churned out at those London establishments with royal warrants hanging on the wall. What sets Vaingauz's bespoke footwear apart is that he handmakes his shoe lasts, carving them from a solid piece of Canadian maple (many bespoke services today use standard lasts). It takes 40 working hours to produce a pair of Vincent And Edgars. Asked who produces the best shoe in the world, Vaingauz says flatly, "There is Lobb, there is Cleverley, and there is me." A three-way tie? He frowns. "There may be three in this club, but I'm the president." Prices for men start at $1,350, for women at $975, not including the initial $475 cost for shoe lasts; allow fourteen to sixteen weeks for delivery.

Those beaded see-through vinyl pumps that Liza wears onstage in *Victor/Victoria* didn't come from Bergdorf Goodman. In addition to offering conventional bespoke oxfords and loafers, **T. O. Dey** (9 East 38th Street, second floor; 683-6300) specializes in fab theatrical footwear and athletic shoes like Mike Tyson's boxing booties. The 70-year-old establishment is also known for crafting the world's most stylish orthopedic shoes—an oxymoron no longer. Unlike most custom cobblers, who make their lasts according to detailed tape measurements, T. O. Dey makes plaster casts of clients' feet that are used as references when carving the wooden lasts. T. O. Dey is also New York's ultimate repair shop: shoes can be made larger (relasting is $39.95 to $69.95); slingbacks can be transformed into pumps or vice versa ($39.95 to $69.95); boots may be custom-fitted to calves ($39.95 to $80); and footwear can be re-covered to match a dress ($125). Prices for custom shoes start at $500 ($650 for first-time customers) and go up to $2,500; allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

### BOOTS

Boots by **E. Vogel** (19 Howard Street; 925-2460) have been standard equipage for many an Olympic equestrian (not to mention Hollywood actors, like Sylvester Stallone, who think they should look smashing during a chukka of polo). E. VOGEL, CUSTOM BOOTS TO MEASURE, SINCE 1879 reads the sign outside a townhouse on Howard Street, which would be a quaint stretch of London's West End if it weren't just around the corner from Chinatown's Holiday Inn. Deep in the bowels of the building is the "last library," a cavernous space containing some 1,600 foot facsimiles of such serious boot people as General Pershing, James Cagney, and Charles Lindbergh. Today, Vogels have been taken up by horsey Hamptonites like Kelly Klein and Peter Brant. Order the field boot in black French calf with rib soles, the very same footwear many riders cantered in this summer in Atlanta ($690 the pair). Allow fourteen weeks for delivery.

### SANDALS

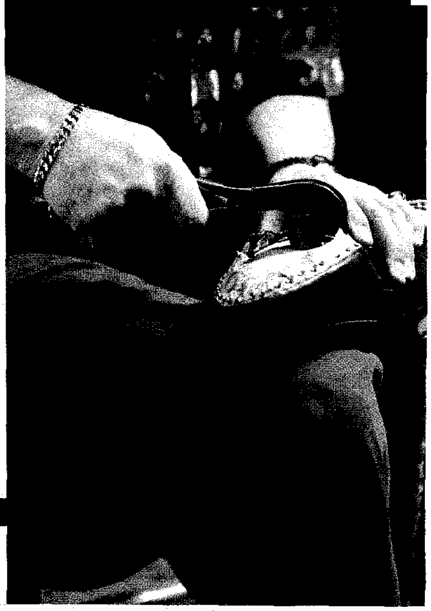
In the sixties, every self-respecting love child had to have a pair of sandals—if they were handmade, all the crunchier. But these were crude affairs, not what you'll run across at **Barbara Shaum** (60 East 4th Street; 254-4250). Although she has been designing sandals since 1954, it's only within the past several years that her workmanship has gone high-profile. Attribute Shaum's newfound status to stylist Scott Newkirk, who turned Calvin Klein on to Shaum. Klein was so impressed, he paired Shaum's sandals with his men's-clothing line in a 1993 show. Richard Tyler also has a Shaum fetish. He used her belts in his spring '96 men's show. Iman wears Shaums, as does Ralph Lauren's family and Steven Meisel. Sandals range from $145 to $400; belts are $45 to $350, depending on the leather and buckle (many are designed by Thomas Raredon, a craftsman Shaum describes as a "metallurgical engineer.") Mail order, too. Two-to-four-week delivery.

## ACCESSORIES ETCETERA

### EYEGLASSES

If you've got wide-set eyes and Clark Gable ears, you owe it to yourself to splurge on custom spectacles. Go directly to **Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians** (685 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street, 838-3090; and 944 Madison Avenue, near 75th Street, 744-9444). Jackie O. swore by Mor-

Kelly Klein's cobbler: E. Vogel.



Better Birkenstocks at Barbara Shaum.

genthals. I. M. Pei and Eric Clapton are also satisfied customers. "Every person's anatomy is different," explains Richard Morgenthal. "A pair of customized eyeglasses can mean the difference between your glasses' hugging your face comfortably or leaving divots in the bridge of your nose." Options include various eye and bridge sizes, custom colors, and different temple lengths. Customized specs run approximately $150 above the cost of the frame, which can range from $150 to $1,000. Delivery time is about four weeks.

## NECKTIES

Modernists argue that the tie is completely superfluous. An absurd notion. For those of us who lead lives of quiet desperation, a tie can be the only way to express our individuality. This being the case, it hardly makes sense to wear the latest designer offerings. Instead, stop by **Rosa Custom Ties** (30 West 57th Street; 245-2191). Rosa used to make ties for Henry Stewart's clientele (See "The Suitor," page 24). Nobody knew Rosa's last name. And nobody bothered to ask. The men who visited Rosa were more concerned with her luxe cravats. Rosa retired six years ago, selling the business to her former employee Kantha Reddy. Regulars insist that, last name aside, there is no detectable difference in quality. At $85 to $120, a hand-stitched Rosa tie is still perversely cheaper than most of its designer counterparts. A paper pattern is cut and kept on file for each customer. The selection is vast—5,000-plus Italian silks that make an Armani tie feel like sandpaper. Who shops here? About 100 to 150 power-dressers from around the world, many of them CEOs who fly into town and snap up 30 at a time. Heavy wool interlinings help these ties keep their shape longer and yield a superior knot. A store-bought tie just doesn't do justice to a full Windsor. No minimum order; one week to ten days for delivery.

## WOMEN'S HATS

Christian Lacroix and Karl Lagerfeld have brought bonnets back to their couture collections. Teenagers appear in all manner of headgear on TV shows like *Clueless*. But for all the hoo-ha about hats, there are only three establishments in the city that do authentic custom work. Suzanne Millinery is very costly and caters to women who refuse to venture south of 57th Street. Chapeaux Carine is more affordable but every bit as stodgy. That leaves **Lola Millinery** (2 East 17th Street; 366-5708). Walls are washed in bright fuchsias and blues, painted bows adorn the baseboards, and the furniture looks as if it were airlifted from Les Tuileries. Proprietor Lola Ehrlich, who studied millinery in London, has cultivated a client list she describes as the "Prada-Gucci crowd." Her hats have also bobbed up in the collections of Norma Kamali, Donna Karan, Byron Lars, and Anne Klein. Lola designs are typically whimsical takes on classics (straw boaters, riding hats, Breton bowlers). Inspiration is culled from European literature like Colette, Proust, and Balzac, writers who Ehrlich says "provide detailed descriptions about the rustling of fabric and the weight of tassels." The average price of a custom hat is $210 to $350; bridal headpieces start at $500. Allow two to three weeks' delivery time for hats, six for bridal pieces.

## GLOVES

Custom glovers are an endangered species. While you can still find such craftsmen in Europe, there are few in the States. **LaCrasia Gloves** (304 Fifth Avenue, near 31st Street; 594-2223) is the only shop left in the city where you can stroll in and get measured for a custom glove. "Up until the twenties, most people didn't need custom gloves because companies offered quarter-sizes," notes owner LaCrasia Duchien. LaCrasia has made gloves for everyone from the strippers at Scores (opera-length stretch satin trimmed in marabou) to the late Jackie O. (to-the-elbow white suede). The white kid gloves worn by the U.S. Marines presidential honor guard are LaCrasia. So are the fire-retardant gloves worn by SWAT teams in Los Angeles. Special orders have included black leather dominatrix gloves, seven-fingered models, and gloves for webbed hands. More conventionally, LaCrasia makes embroidered bridal gloves ($100) and offers custom-colored gloves for bridesmaids ($25 and up). Hand tracings are kept on file, and repairs are free of charge. Cotton or Lycra gloves are $35; leather gloves start at $75; custom-dyeing is $75 per

Photographs: opposite page top, Erik Rank; bottom, Minh+Wass; this page, Minh+Wass.

color, plus the cost of the glove. Allow two weeks for delivery.

## CORSETRY AND GIRDLES

When Barbra toured several years ago, she needed a custom-made foundation garment to wear under her custom-made Donna Karan gowns. La Donna dispatched her good pal to theatrical-costume designer **Barbara Matera Ltd.** (890 Broadway, at 19th Street, fifth floor; 475-5006). Liza Minnelli was fitted at Matera for the costumes she wears in *Victor/Victoria* and the heavy-duty undergarments beneath them. Why pony up $800 instead of looking to Lycra at a department store? Because the right foundation can shape your body better than an Alaïa dress. It's fitted, so it will never shift, and it's cut to be concealed under a specific garment. Matera makes myriad foundations, from corsets (from $500) to girdles (from $600) to bustles (from $800). If you need to be buttressed in a hurry, know that a corset can require as many as three fittings. Expect at least two weeks for delivery. "This is a far cry from Victoria's Secret," says Matera. "It's a lot of complicated engineering—sort of like building a bridge."

## LUGGAGE

Over the years, custom commissions at **Louis Vuitton** (49 East 57th Street; 371-6111) have gone from a special suitcase designed for Charles Lindbergh's historic flight across the At-

Home of Tobacco rolls its own.

# LUXE LUTHIER

## ROGER SADOWSKY, GUITAR-MAKER

When the hieroglyphic formerly known as Prince needed custom guitars for his *Purple Rain* tour in 1984, he contacted luthier Roger Sadowsky. The commission called for two electric guitars that could simulate ejaculation to be delivered to his royal badness. It was like asking Baryshnikov to do the Macarena. Still, Sadowsky took the job. ■ The New York native cringes at the recollection: "I made a guitar with tubes running inside the neck that shot Ivory Liquid in the air when it was hooked up to a compressor. A lot of work went into making sure the guitar sounded good. But Prince didn't care how it sounded. He only cared that the soap went 100 feet in the air. After that, I promised myself I wouldn't do any more silly custom work."

Such outlandish requests are becoming increasingly rare. The word is out: Roger Sadowsky makes only serious custom guitars for serious musicians. His client list reads like a Grammy roll call: Sting, Bruce Springsteen, Adam Clayton, David Byrne, Lee Ritenour, Paul Simon, Earl Klugh, Marcus Miller, Walter Becker, John Patitucci, Gilberto Gil, Pat Metheny. Even headbangers have discovered the subtle pleasures of bespoke: Jason Newsted, the bassist for Metallica, ordered eight Sadowskys for a recent tour.

These endorsements are all the more impressive when one realizes that unlike megamanufacturers such as Fender and Gibson, Sadowsky doesn't hand out freebies or have artists under contract. Business has gotten so brisk that he had the luxury of turning down Billy Idol's request for a guitar shaped like the Starship *Enterprise*. Musicians pay up to $3,500 for the privilege of owning one of these stringed sculptures. In Japan, authorized dealers can command prices nearly twice as high. To put this into perspective, a factory Stratocaster or Telecaster—the two classic stock Fender guitars whose silhouettes Sadowsky has appropriated—retail for as little as $650.

To understand the true essence of a Sadowsky, you must look beyond the exquisitely grained AAA rare-maple finish. "Roger crafts one of the best-sounding custom guitars in the country," says Lou Reed. "Sometimes when I'm playing, I think to myself, *This sounds too good to be true.*"

In a nondescript building ten floors above Times Square, Roger Sadowsky is inspecting a stack of maple boards. Dressed in jeans, a T-shirt, and an open flannel shirt, the 47-year-old could pass for an NYU grad student going through a Nirvana phase. He holds each board up to the light, checking the grain and tapping it, listening to the wood resonate. He rejects as many as three out of every ten. When it comes to building the guitar, he insists not only on the right wood but the right *combination* of woods. After years of experimentation, Sadowsky concluded that solid-body guitars made of alder or southern swamp ash with maple tops produce a superior tone. On a fretless bass, an ebony fingerboard matched with a maple neck makes for "a nice growl."

Roger Sadowsky was once enrolled at the Institute of Animal Behavior at Rutgers University, where he studied psychobiology. But halfway through his doctorate program, he realized he was spending more time dismantling guitars than cracking textbooks. So he dropped out and apprenticed with the luthier Augie LoPrinzi from 1972 to 1974. For the next five years, Sadowsky ran the service department at Medley Music Corp., a large music retailer in the Philadelphia area. But fed up with the shoddy quality of many mass-produced guitars, Sadowsky moved back to his hometown

Photographs by Andrew Garn.

Sadowsky frets about quality.

in 1980 and landed in Times Square.

"I remember the first time I did a fret job for Roger," recalls Mike Dilalla, a guitarist and former employee of Sadowsky's. "I sanded the same body twenty times before he accepted it. He would see imperfections and microscopic scratches that nobody else could." Kevin Augunas, a session bassist and Sadowsky devotee, concurs. "Roger will throw out five necks to get the right one," says Augunas. "He makes maybe 250 a year. Fender churns out hundreds a day."

Every Sadowsky custom guitar begins with a consultation. Then the client is taken to a soundproof room where he samples various models. After the body type and wood configuration are chosen, Sadowsky determines the appropriate neck shape, fret size, and electronic components (Sadowsky's custom pickups and preamps are known throughout the industry for their performance). Custom paint jobs are also available, including sunburst patterns, classic vintage colors, and clear and transparent finishes.

Sadowsky's early custom guitars (which bear the slightly cheesy nameplate DR. FRETS and are nearly impossible to buy secondhand) have doubled in price. But for musicians, the potential capital gains are beside the point. "You shouldn't buy a Sadowsky because you think it's going to be worth a million bucks someday," says Will Lee, who plays a Sadowsky bass every night on *David Letterman*. "You should buy it because you enjoy playing it." And what's it like to play a custom Sadowsky? "Are you *kidding*?" says Lee. "My ax rocks!"

lantic to Willie DeVille's guitar case. Ski cases, trunks for bicycles, a steamer trunk designed to hold a portable bed—"We will make any type of luggage the customer desires," says Patricia Champier, manager of Louis Vuitton's New York store. Soft-sided pieces start at $2,500 and hard pieces at $5,500 (although some pieces can cost tens of thousands of dollars). Even at such prices, custom orders currently account for up to 10 percent of all Louis Vuitton sales. Bespoke luggage is crafted in the Louis Vuitton atelier in Asnières, ten minutes outside of Paris. The ubiquitous LV monogram print is one option. But so is green Taiga leather (named after the sub-Arctic forest), the colorful Epi line, crocodile, or the classic Damier checkerboard. Delivery takes a minimum of six months.

**Down East** (50 Spring Street; 925-2632) offers inconspicuous, inexpensive bespoke bags for the kind of person who's allergic to Prada knapsacks. The company uses thirteen colors of Dupont Cordura nylon, that indestructible material used in Jansport backpacks and lightweight luggage. Also: bags with false bottoms for jewelers, portfolio bags for fashion photographers; backpacks for mountain climbers; and bags for Rollerblades ($150), laptops ($75), and camcorders ($50). Paragon, Eddie Bauer, and Eastern Mountain Sports all farm out work to Down East. Allow two weeks for custom orders.

# HOME MAKERS

## DESIGNER METALWORK

**Sabina and Alex Streeter** (152 Prince Street; 254-7436 for Sabina, 925-6496 for Alex) operate out of a shared SoHo studio. Alex Streeter has a franchise on outré jewelry for rock stars and fashion vixens, but he can do conservative, too, from cuff links and stud sets to I.D. bracelets. His favorite commission: wedding toe-bands for husband-and-wife sushi chefs. Prices start at $250 to $400 for a ring (materials not included); delivery takes two to four weeks.

Under the label of Streeter & Streeter, wife Sabina designs the sort of handcrafted minutiae that architects and interior designers hyperventilate over: cabinet knobs, curtain rings, finials, tiebacks, door pulls, and handles. Mary McFadden, Peter Hathaway (head of Sotheby's New York French-furniture division), and Alanna Heiss (director of P.S. 1) have all commissioned her sculptural pieces, which start at $400 and are typically executed in either aluminum or bronze. Her favorite job: For the handles on Keith Richards's nightstand and bureau, Sabina replicated the pulls found on a British telephone booth. Allow three to five weeks for delivery.

## BEDS

Say you want a heart-shaped bed with a combination of horsehair, coils, and wool (but no foam) in the mattress and the ticking made from a vintage fabric discovered at the 26th Street flea market. No problem. It's been done, at **Frederick Bed Central** (107 East 31st Street; 683-8322). Founded in 1928, FBC is the only custom bedmaker left in New York. Prices range from $600 to $3,000 for a custom mattress and box spring. The "short king"—76 inches by 75 inches—is a big seller (a standard king is 76 inches by 80 inches) because it fits into the average cramped New York bedroom more easily than a standard size. FBC also specializes in custom water beds ($200 to $600 for the mattress, $300 to $3,000 for the base) and new mattresses and box springs for antique and European bed frames. Allow two to eight weeks for delivery.

## QUILTS

Julie Overskei's custom work used to be sold at Barneys and the Guggenheim gift shop. But lately, she's been distributing her handmade quilts herself, through her company **JO Productions** (594 Broadway, near Houston Street, suite 904; 965-0240). A painter and multimedia designer, Overskei regards the quilt as the ideal functional canvas. Her aesthetic leans toward Mondrian-esque riffs, block patterns, and flag motifs. Baby comforters—or "swaddling clothes," as Overskei calls them—are $70 to $100 and can be made with any number of options, including hoods and pockets (for pacifiers). Overskei typically uses Polarfleece or cotton animal prints, but there are other fabrics to choose from. Right now, adults are liking her large velvet quilts ($150 to $300). All quilts are reversible, most machine-washable. By appointment only. Delivery takes about two weeks.

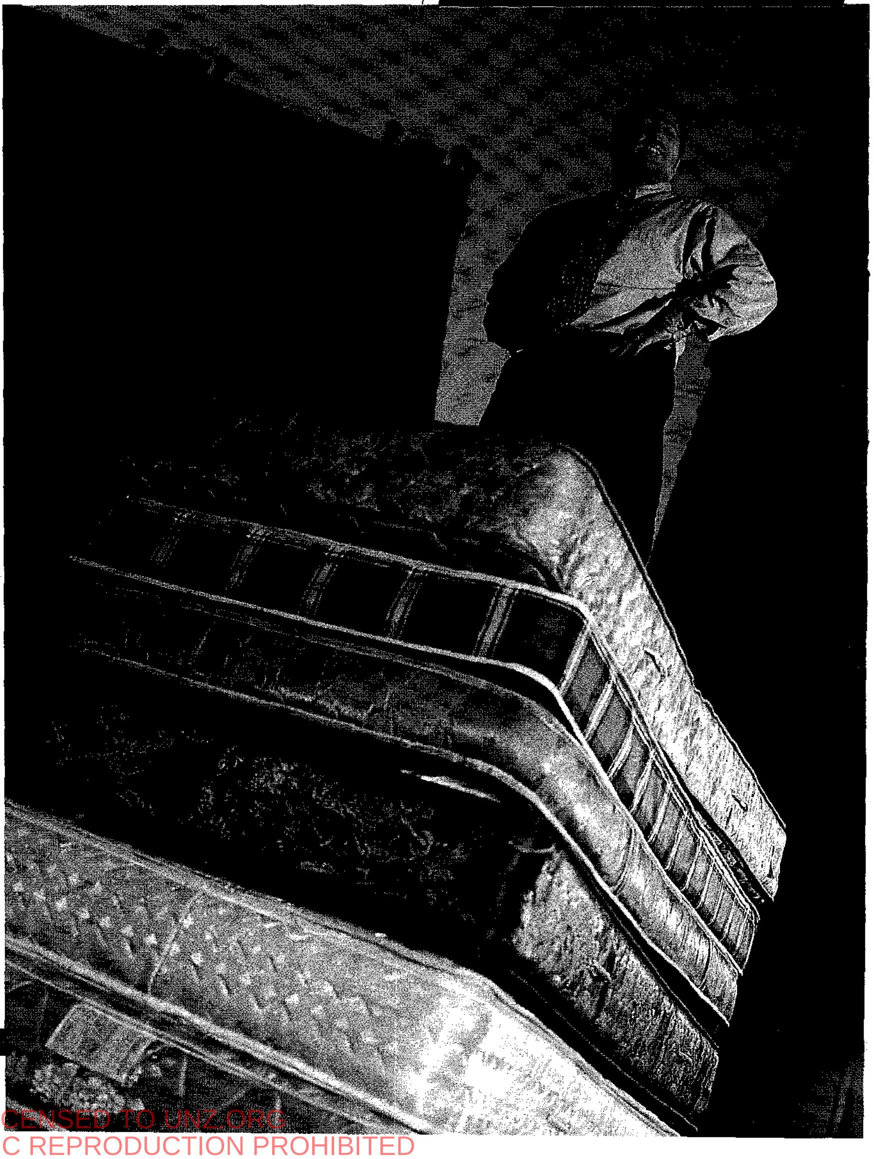
## WALLPAPER

Anything can be had in New York for a price: vicuña, ivory, even custom wallpaper. Depending on how complex your design is, the tariff can range from expensive to criminally insane. It's a matter of how many printing screens are required. Each screen costs $700 at **Richard's Interior Design** (1390 Lexington Avenue, between 91st and 92nd Streets; 831-9000). A wallpaper design with eight colors requires eight separate screens. That's $5,600 just to tool up the printing machinery. The first strike-off costs $150. If the sample is satisfactory, production begins. There is a twenty-roll minimum, priced between $75 and $200 per roll. Expect six to eight weeks for delivery of the first strike-off, and an additional four weeks for delivery of the rolls. To the trade only.

## CARPETS

**Scalamandre** (942 Third Avenue, near 57th Street; 980-3888) has conceived custom carpets for more than 1,000 historic homes, accepting orders from every White House administration since Herbert Hoover's. The Clinton administration, for instance, insisted that the blue field surrounding the Presidential Seal in the Oval Office be made a richer blue and the border slightly adjusted. Prices range from

**Beds and beyond at Frederick Bed Central in midtown.**



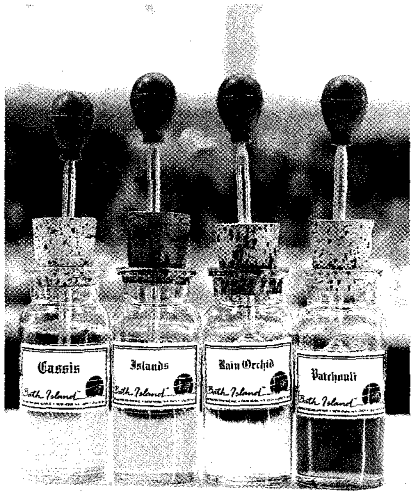
$10,000 per room to $110,000. Those who can't afford custom carpets may want to consider custom trimming (gimps, braids, galloons, cords, frogs, tiebacks). Starting at $20 per piece, it can be an affordable way to enhance less-expensive fabrics. The company's computer-aided-design system speeds up the custom process appreciably. To the trade only.

## KITCHEN SHELVING

**Empire Restaurant Supply** (114 Bowery, near Grand Street; 226-4447) makes custom shelving and tables for many of the city's top restaurants. But between New Yorkers' becoming more savvy about commercial kitchen equipment and designers going one-track with stainless steel, Empire is finding that its clientele is increasingly residential. The biggest sellers are custom Metro Wire units with butcher-block counters. The units can be precut to fit even the most irregular kitchen space. A unit measuring 18 inches deep, 36 inches wide, and 34 inches tall, with two shelves, is $225. Empire quotes wholesale prices to anyone who walks in off the street. So whatever you buy here will be cheaper than its counterpart at Hold Everything or Williams-Sonoma.

## CLOSETS

A closet by **Poliform U.S.A., Inc.** (150 East 58th Street; 421-1220) has some things in common with the Giorgio Armani boutique. Both spaces have spare, elegant lines. Both go to great lengths to display garments as icons. And both are big on blond wood and translucent scrims. For the past 50 years, Poliform has been making the best high-end closets in Italy. Though the company has some 1,000 showrooms in Europe and the Far East, it's just begun to crack the American market (a new showroom has recently opened in Manhasset). But now that *Architectural Digest* alumni like Peter Marino and Mark Hampton are incorporating Poliform closets into their designs, the company is on the verge of breaking out. Doors are available, but Italian style dictates that these spaces be left open so the viewer can inhale their architectonic prettiness. Prices start at $5,000 and go up to $30,000 for a large walk-in closet.



Mixology at Bath Island.

**The Closet Factory** (60 South Avenue, Fanwood, New Jersey; 908-322-8270) is the place Patrick Ewing called to have a closet built that would accommodate his 46-inch inseams. It's an affordable alternative to Poliform; there is no charge for an in-home consultation, and prices start as low as $350. Allow one to three weeks for delivery and installation.

# CREATURE COMFORTS

## COSMETICS

Inveterate shoppers will recall that **Luminique Cosmetics**, a fancy line of custom foundations, powders, lipsticks, and shadows, used to be carried by Henri Bendel and Bloomingdale's. Now it's sold exclusively at Vidal Sassoon salons (767 Fifth Avenue, at 59th Street; 535-9200). After studying your hair, eye, and skin colors, Luminique makeup artists will recommend the right shades for you. Cosmetics are formulated on the spot in minutes. Foundations ($40) and powders ($34) are available in more than 180 shades—sunscreen, talc, vitamin E, and safflower oil can all be added to the mix. But it's the custom-blended lipstick ($16–$18) that is the real draw here. Lipsticks—there are 1,400 shades to choose from—are heated and mixed in a machine that looks like a high-tech Play-Doh Fun Factory. Minutes later, a lipstick emerges in a mold. Luminique can also re-create lipsticks discontinued by other cosmetics companies ($25).

## FRAGRANCE

Those who are nauseated by the fog of designer scent hovering over this city should check out **Bath Island** (469 Amsterdam Avenue, at 82nd Street; 787-9415). Customers may choose from 80 pre-formulated scents or custom-blend their own mixes, which are then added to whatever products they choose—shampoos, lotions, soaps, shaving products, cleansers, and massage oils—for a $1-per-scent surcharge. So a four-ounce container of body lotion that costs $5, for example, is a reasonable $6 with a water-lily scent added. Billy Baldwin, Courteney Cox, and the members of Counting Crows are all customers. This is also the place to go if your favorite perfume has been discontinued. Co-owners Sebastian Rafala and Janet Loeffler will analyze any scent and re-create its structure. In the Bath Island lab is a notebook containing the formulas for many popular fragrances, from Shalimar to Armani to Halston for men. "A quarter-ounce of top designer perfume can cost up to $100," says Loeffler. "We can duplicate it for about $7. You'd be surprised who comes in here to refill their empty Chanel bottles."

## CIGARS

With a name like **Home of Tobacco Products** (133 Eighth Avenue, near 16th Street; 989-3900), the place has got to be more no-frills than Davidoff and Nat Sherman. Crave something bigger than a standard Churchill? HTP makes an eleven-inch monster for a film producer in Los Angeles. The shop also rolls cigars that look like cigarettes and candy canes. A big seller is the "women's cigar," a sweet-tasting cigarillo laced with pipe tobacco. A grizzled Dominican roller is on the premises at all times to fulfill your wildest cigar fantasies. Unlike many low-rent storefronts in New York, HTP uses only high-quality tobacco leaves. Wrappers are either Connecticut or Maduro. The long filler selection includes tobacco from Ecuador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Mexico, Africa, Brazil, and the Dominican Republic. The best part, though, is the Wal-Mart prices—from $1.50 to $14 each.

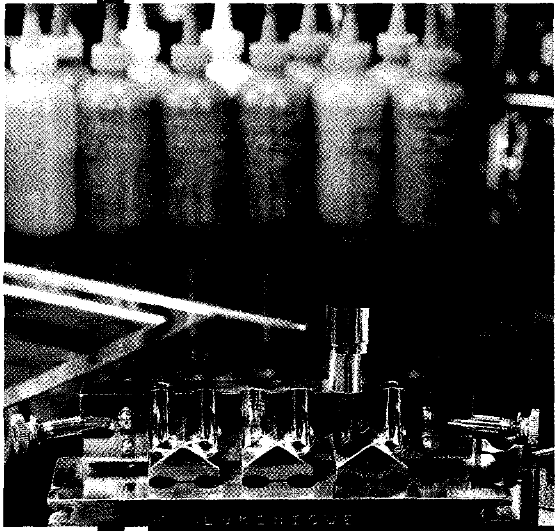
Photographs: this page, Minh+Wass; opposite page, Andrew Garn.

## HUMIDORS

Now that you have a fistful of outsize cigars, where do you store them? In a custom-made humidor, naturally. **Jay Kos** (986 Lexington Avenue, near 71st Street; 327-2382), an Upper East Side haberdashery specializing in luxury goods, thinks beyond the standard climate-controlled rectangular box. A Jay Kos humidor may be ordered in any conceivable shape or size. Many Kos humidors are ordered with hand-painted insignias or trompe l'oeil tableaux. Kos's humidors range in price from $1,000 for a modest box that holds 75 cigars to $5,000 for a freestanding floor model with a 500-cigar capacity. All humidors are constructed out of select hardwoods (mahogany, black walnut, oak, cherry, and birch) and lined with non-aromatic Spanish cedar. Exotic woods like African cocobolo, purpleheart, and black walnut are also available. Allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

## CAKES

Anthony Hadaway and David Kelly's custom cakes are often mistaken for sculpture. Which isn't surprising. After all, the founders of **Hadaway Kelly** (63 Perry Street, near Bleecker Street; 239-9897) went through Parsons's architecture program. Their current "site-specific project" is a cake large enough to serve 500 people that will be suspended from the ceiling as a Calderesque mobile. These are impossibly elaborate confections. Imagine a huge urn of crystallized sugar encrusted with $280 worth of 23-karat gold leaf (yes, it's edible) and filled with a bouquet of crystallized-sug-



Color me *whatever* at Luminique.

# AQUA MAN

## CRAIG BEITAL, AQUARIUM-MAKER

You can tell that Harry, Billy, and Mike Kulchak of the new sitcom *Chicago Sons* are real men *not* because they wear jeans and sweatshirts, *not* because a deli-style hot-dog cooker dominates their kitchen counter, *not* because their apartment lacks the fussy French theater posters that poncify the sets of *Friends* and *The Single Guy* but because they have that seventies-guy accessory that speaks more volumes about masculinity than a sub-mattress stash of *Playboys*: an aquarium. It may be the lava lamp of the animal kingdom, but the fish tank is definitely cool again. When it comes to trend pets, fish have rare advantages over, say, high-strung Dalmatians and Vietnamese potbellied pigs: You don't have to walk them; if you own a big enough tank, you'll never need to hook up a humidifier; and, in a doomsday scenario, you could eat them without many qualms.

But none of these excellent reasons has anything to do with the voguish fixation on having a few stingrays or electric catfish make your living room theirs, insists Craig Beital, owner of Beital's Aquarium Sales and Service (13B Dexter Plaza, Pearl River, N.Y.; 914-735-2300). Beital helps New Yorkers with fish envy build the waterworlds of their dreams. "A person can have a $100,000 painting in his office and a $3,000 aquarium and everyone who walks in will focus on the aquarium because it's moving, living artwork," says Beital. "Besides, fish are calming. All the doctors say so. That's why they're putting them in bars now. They make customers relax."

The current craze has Beital and his fourteen minions running themselves ragged. Beital services more than 150 tanks a month in the New York metropolitan area, changing gravel and tank décor "so the clients don't get bored." He also makes house calls with sample baggies of rare fish for clients to choose from. "No one else does that," says Beital. "We can bring them over because we always have 4,000 gallons of salt water and over 300 fish on hand. We are Fish-on-Wheels."

Beital has built tanks for Jan Wenner, Lorne Michaels, and Steven Greenberg. He rents high-maintenance fish to high-maintenance people summering in the Hamptons, and he even rents rooms to at-risk fish—that is, fish whose tanks have suffered a power outage or weather-related fluctuation in water temperature. Beital's will dispatch a team to the scene who will transfer the imperiled *fruits de mer* into one of his holding tanks for safekeeping. Twenty years ago, any fish that found itself in such a crisis was doomed. But then again, twenty years ago, aquariums stood on clumsy iron pedestals, and fish received oxygen from deafening machinery that drowned out conversation, fuzzed TV screens, and trailed arteries of sci-fi tubing. Today, the metal rack has given way to recessed cabinetry, oxygen burbles gently from hidden ducts, and the trip-over tubes have disappeared. Beital's clients spend anywhere from $300 to $30,000 on their fresh- and saltwater aquariums. Tanks can be refrigerator-size or lap-pool-size and come in octagons, hexagons, rectangles, and rhombuses. Beital eschews ceramic fripperies like glowing skulls, diving plastic scuba dogs, and the famously tacky "toxic waste" barrel that leaks a colorful purple spill. The idea behind his ersatz reefs is that if you were small enough, you might want to snorkel there.

Recently, a man Beital cautiously refers to as "a very large radio personality" got 25 phone calls from various aquarium services after he discussed his desire to own a fish tank on the air. But the Radio Personality ignored

Photograph by Minh+Wass.

Beital feels for his fish.

the calls and had his architect phone Beital instead, who built him a 640-gallon tank with two leopard sharks. He gets a lot of unusual requests. High-handed interior decorators will propose aquariums that don't take the well-being of the fish into account: "We had one who wanted us the build an aquarium into a backboard of a bed. We wouldn't do it." Then there are some of his Asian customers, who fancy koi ponds in their apartments. "Creating a small fiberglass pond twelve inches off the floor, with small Japanese evergreens around it, is a magnificent effect," says Beital.

But Beital may be best known for the two opulent aquariums he installed at the Madison Avenue Barneys in concert with that architect much beloved by big fish with good taste, Peter Marino. Barneys once beeped him because some employees believed a tiger shark in one of the aquariums was pregnant. Beital was mystified: "It was kind of hard to understand, because there was only one shark in the aquarium, and it had been in the tank for six months."

The standard cost for house calls is $125 in Manhattan, $85 in the suburbs. So far, Beital's operation has yet to fall victim to the sort of Poseidon adventures that plague his competitors. But accidents do happen. A colossal 800-gallon aquarium he installed in a Connecticut off-track-betting parlor burst into smithereens, killing the fish and ruining the decor. Then there was the client who acquired a nurse shark, which proceeded to devour everything in the tank in 48 hours. "I guess she was hungry," Beital laughs. LIESL SCHILLINGER

ar violets. Or complex and expansive mosaics of candied star fruit. If baking is a science, this is plasma physics. (Calculations concerning tensile strength are routine.) Prices range from $600 to $1,000 per cake, not *so* out of line if one considers that a single champagne glass blown from sugar requires 40 man-hours to make. By appointment only.

## SPORTING GOODS

**Bicycle Renaissance** (430 Columbus Avenue, at 81st Street; 724-2350) is the Upper West Side's hippest bike shop: Jerry Seinfeld, Bruce Willis, and Robert Rauschenberg all buy here. The theft-prone John Kennedy Jr. has purchased no fewer than eight bikes at Bicycle Renaissance. There are approximately 100 companies that produce 100 to 150 custom bike frames a year, and Bicycle Renaissance carries most of them: Ibis, Bontrager, Marinoni U.S.A., Serotta, Steelman (to name a few). A custom frame starts at $900 for steel and goes as high as $3,000 for titanium. Why shell out for custom? Performance. "It's like getting a race car built to your specifications," says Sukeun Chun, a Bicycle Renaissance manager. "You can get extra water-bottle cages, unusual paint jobs, and top-of-the-line Shimano and Campagnolo components." For an extra $200 to $500, fanatics can actually redesign the frame's geometry. Allow two to four months for delivery of domestic custom frames, or six for European frames.

## FISHING RODS

**Manhattan Custom Tackle** (913 Broadway, near 20th Street; 505-6690) is strictly for the angler who needs a custom rod to feel compleat. Every instrument on display is one-of-a-kind. Wall Streeters surf in on their year-end bonuses to prepare for deep-sea marlin fishing in the Gulf. So do artists who head off to the Hamptons for bluefish. MCT will build any rod you want, but 75 percent of the business is custom fly rods. A rod is built from the ground up: Different color combinations and wrappings are available; grips come in different materials and diameters; the owner's name may be inscribed on the shaft; and an array of premium components can be incorporated, like Sage graphite blanks ($120 to $250), titanium line guides ($6.75 to $35), and Charlton reels ($300 to $12,000). The average rod will run you $500 to $600. Allow three to six weeks for delivery. ■

Photograph by Andrew Garn.

# The Sex Doctor and the Toy Tycoon

## Why did Helen Singer Kaplan divorce her husband on her deathbed? To her children, that's a $20 million question.

IN MAY 1995, DR. HELEN SINGER KAPLAN, THE RESPECTED SEX therapist, appeared on *Getting Healthy,* a call-in television show on the Food Network cable channel. Vivacious and polished, the 66-year-old Dr. Kaplan wore a black pantsuit, red lipstick, and oversize red-framed glasses, and, as viewers sought her advice about their sexual problems—lack of desire, performance failure—she delivered a lay version of the message she had been developing for more than 25 years. "Years of therapy or marital therapy will help patients in many, many ways," she told her viewers, "but they won't help them have orgasms."

Kaplan, who had been trained as a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, had dedicated her professional life to the conviction that exploring the depths of the psyche was more or less a waste of time when it came to treating much sexual dysfunction. "Premature ejaculation used to be thought of as meaning this young man was very sick and he hated his mother, or he hated women—and this is nonsense," Kaplan said on the program, breezy and encouraging. Instead, she said, "it's almost like a sexual learning disability." It wasn't necessary to trawl through a patient's past, investigate the dynamics of his family relationships, or find out how he got to be the complicated person he was. The way Kaplan told it, fixing premature ejaculation was a matter of mechanics, not much harder than flipping a switch.

### By Rebecca Mead

The couple in happier times, posing for a 1989 *Fortune* article on the second wives of CEOs.

Kaplan had translated such beliefs into a thriving sex-therapy practice on East 76th Street and a reputation that extended internationally: The founder and head of the Human Sexuality Program at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, she was considered one of the most perspicacious critics and developers of the ideas of the more famous Masters and Johnson, and her books were acknowledged authorities in the field. But though her practice was flourishing at the time of the television program, Kaplan herself was not. For all her apparent vitality, Kaplan had been struck by a recurrence of the breast cancer that had led her to have a mastectomy in the late eighties; she died only three months later.

On her deathbed, though, Kaplan did something extraordinary. She and her multi-millionaire husband, Charles Lazarus, the chairman of Toys 'R' Us—they had been married for fifteen years and both had children from previous marriages—had an unusual postnuptial agreement. One of its provisions said that if either of them sent the other a form letter stating an intention to divorce, Lazarus was to pay Kaplan a settlement of $20 million.

> THE POINT IS THAT THE ACT OF BETRAYAL CAME WITH HER DEATH," SAYS RUTH LAZARUS. "HAD SHE LIVED, IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED."

On August 16, 1995, Kaplan flipped the switch. By now confined to bed on the top floor of their duplex apartment, she had the divorce form letter delivered to Lazarus, who was recuperating from heart surgery downstairs. Along with it she enclosed a handwritten note. "Dear Charles," she wrote. "I excersised [*sic*] the agreement—Nothing personal—I do *not* intend for you to leave the premises—It was only for the $ for the kids (and the art) love always—Helen." She died the following day, presumably believing that she had, in her personal life as in her professional work, found a mechanical solution to the problem at hand—in this instance, how to provide the biggest possible inheritance for her three children.

But this was a case in which the family dynamics—the complex entanglements of one person with another—could not merely be ignored. In the eighteen months since her death, Kaplan's children have been locked in an ugly legal battle with Lazarus, the latest round of which will come to the Surrogate's Court next week. Helen Singer Kaplan spent her life trying to find quick-fix ways to better people's lives without having to explore their depths. In the wake of her death, the depths have been churned up and have risen, overwhelmingly, into view.

THE MARRIAGE OF HELEN SINGER KAPLAN AND CHARLES LAZARUS was charged with the energy that is generated when two highly intelligent, ambitious, successful, mutually admiring, and equally self-regarding people connect. Kaplan admired her husband's business acumen—"She considered him to be a genius," says her friend Howard Fast, the writer. Lazarus, who was five years older than Kaplan, was by some accounts thrilled by her drive and glamour and captivated by her sexual allure. "I think they derived a lot of enjoyment and excitement from each other," says Ruth Lazarus, one of his two daughters from a previous marriage. "There were ideas constantly flowing between them."

The couple lived with an opulence well beyond the reach of even the best-paid doctors in the city. Kaplan filled their grand Fifth Avenue apartment with art—Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rembrandt—and Art Nouveau furniture. (Kaplan's oldest child, Phillip, a 41-year-old pathologist, says she had promised her children several paintings—the art alluded to in the handwritten note, presumably—which they have not received; Lazarus says there was no such understanding.) They loved to entertain, either in New York or at their large Victorian house in Quogue. There, a croquet lawn had been laid out in front of the house, and the land gave on to the bay behind; Kaplan would invite friends to barbecues or lobster cookouts. They also had a house in Lyford Key in the Bahamas, which Kaplan, herself a talented artist, filled with the work of Bahamian painters.

Kaplan didn't just decorate and socialize as do the wives of some rich men. She worked tirelessly on her medical research at New York Hospital and on developing her private practice, and published often. "Charles told me that Helen was the most brilliant person he had ever met," says Kaplan's mother, Sofie Kane. "She was fun to be around," says Kaplan's 33-year-old daughter, Jennifer, who works in marketing. "Did I think she was like everybody else's mother? No, of course not. But she was still my mother, and I was very proud of her and her accomplishments."

But Kaplan, so skilled at helping people find satisfaction when she was alive, has in death created a situation in which virtually no one she loved can be happy. Lazarus has refused to pay the $20 million to Kaplan's estate, arguing that the postnuptial agreement required a genuine intention to divorce, and that Kaplan intended no such thing.

Phillip Kaplan and his brother Peter, a 37-year-old psychiatrist, see the matter differently; their lawyers are fighting in court to make Lazarus pay up. Also embroiled in the dispute is the estate's executor, real-estate attorney Stanley Diamond, who, along with his wife, the prominent psychoanalyst Ethel Spector Person, was a close friend of Kaplan and Lazarus's. The sons maintain that Diamond (who took over from Lazarus, the original executor, a year ago) has in effect taken Lazarus's side and is trying to force them into accepting an unsatisfactory settlement.

Whether Lazarus does, in fact, owe the $20 million to the children is, according to legal scholars, the kind of question that can keep their corporate brethren in business for years. According to Bill LaPiana, who teaches trusts-and-estates law at New York Law School, "It seems pretty clear that technically she complied with [the terms of the postnup]. It also seems that he has got a good case that her letter doesn't mean what it says." The case is, says John Langbein of Yale Law School, "a litigator's dream."

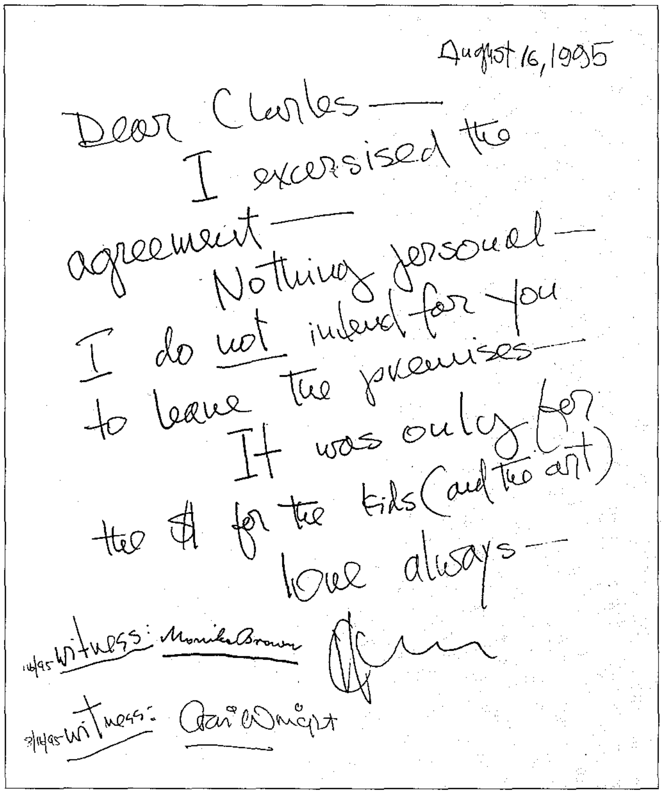
Photograph: previous page by Theo Westenberger/Gamma-Liaison.

WHILE HELEN KAPLAN WAS ALIVE, THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN Lazarus and his stepchildren was a relatively good one, but all that has now turned very bitter. Though the sons argue that their stepfather has simply failed to live up to a contract, they also maintain that their mother actually had reason to want a divorce. Phillip Kaplan alleges that his mother was physically abused by Lazarus, as does Kaplan's own mother; Lazarus denies the charge. Kaplan's children have been at odds among themselves about dealing with Lazarus; Jennifer maintains that she loves Lazarus, and that she has not taken a position on any of the issues. She attended his wedding to his new wife, an interior decorator named Joan Regenbogen whom he married only four months after Kaplan's death.

Phillip, the pathologist son, argues that he is pursuing the case with such vehemence because he feels his mother's name has been debased. "You ask why we do autopsies on homicides? Well, we are the only ones who can speak for these people. When someone is dead, they are silenced. And I feel my mother did pioneering work and has been horribly defamed." Meanwhile, Lazarus's daughter Ruth says her father's sense of honor has been violated by Kaplan's attempt to force him into paying her estate $20 million, and that is why he is putting up a legal fight. "The last thing she left him with was this episode from *Dynasty,*" says Ruth, explaining that what her father now feels for his late wife is "a combination of love and betrayal—and the point is that the act of betrayal came with her death. Had she lived, it wouldn't have happened."

Indeed, the motivations for Kaplan's last-ditch sending of the divorce notice, and for Lazarus's vigorous defense against the sons' claims, may have to do with more than money. The couple's relationship was, say people close to them, a sometimes stormy one, and arguments about money were a recurrent theme. By sending the divorce letter at a time when she must have known she was close to death, Kaplan attempted to control her husband and continue the argument (and, she hoped, win it) even after she was no longer living. As for Lazarus, his involvement in the legal fight is a way of continuing the argument with his late wife, with the children as proxies for their mother. The fight over Helen Singer Kaplan's death, as it turns out, is a way of keeping her alive.

WHILE SHE WAS ALIVE, SHE was very much alive, say friends, relatives, and former colleagues of Kaplan. They describe her as a brilliant and intuitive clinician and a generous friend. "Living vibrantly was her credo," says Dr. Richard Kogan, one of the doctors who worked in her East Side practice and a protégé of hers from New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center. Kaplan wrote largely for a medical audience in books such as *The New Sex Therapy* (1974) and *The Evaluation of Sexual Disorders* (1983); she was best known for combining the insights of psychoanalysis with the methods of behavioral therapy, and emphasized swiftness over depth. "She would say that she wanted to find a way in which in one session you could cure people," says Dr. Clifford Sager, a close friend and former colleague. She was an innovator in treatment, particularly when it came to women's health and sexual pleasure. She developed, for example, the practice of administering testosterone, the hormone responsible for sexual desire in women as well as men, to women who had undergone chemotherapy for breast cancer that had blasted their own hormonal production. "The testosterone work was very controversial," says Dr. Barbara Bartlik, who also worked in Kaplan's practice. "There is a prejudice against giving a hormone that gives women male personality and physical traits. There is a lot of resistance to that, but she did what she thought was right."



August 16, 1995

Dear Charles—
I exercised the agreement—
Nothing personal—
I do not intend for you to leave the premises—
It was only for the $ for the kids (and the art)
love always—

16/95 witness: Monika Brown

8/16/95 witness: Clair Wright

Kaplan had this note delivered from her bedroom to her husband, who was downstairs.

She was equally energetic in her friendships. She particularly enjoyed the company of writers and artists, though she also counted New York social powerhouses such as Barbara Walters among her friends. Those who knew her stress her giving nature and say that she was iconoclastic and unafraid of saying things from which others might flinch. Speaking at a memorial service for Kaplan, the writer Bel Kaufman recalled being at a bar mitzvah where she and Kaplan were plied with hors d'oeuvre: "As we were gulping them down, Helen glanced at the dining room and said: 'If this is foreplay, the hell with the fucking.' "

The roots of her interest in sex therapy lay in part, colleagues suggest, in this combination of iconoclasm—bursting into medical school at a time when few women became doctors and claiming a somewhat shocking specialty—and her generosity of spirit, which took the form of a belief that just as she was entitled to the good life, so was everyone else. "She got an enormous amount of gratification in making things wonderful," says Kogan. "And what could be more wonderful than giving individuals and couples permission to have a wonderful sex life? She truly believed that everyone deserved to have intense sexual pleasure."

Her motivation may also derive from her personal history, where the pursuit of freedom was encoded early. Kaplan was born in Vienna, where her well-to-do parents had a jewelry business; in 1939, soon after Kristallnacht, the family, including 9-year-old Helen and her younger brother, Frank, fled to Budapest and then to America, buying passage on the last peacetime sailing of the *Queen Mary.* Barbara Bartlik suggests that the family's financial losses in the war profoundly affected Kaplan. "She was very fast about everything; she would just cut right to the chase," says Bartlik. "I wondered whether [being a refugee] had something to do with it, coming close to death in that way. Whether life becomes more precious to you, and you therefore move very swiftly without a lot of deliberation; you just follow your heart."

Kaplan's heart seems to have told her to become an artist: She studied painting as an undergraduate at Syracuse University. But when she met her first husband, a psychiatrist named Harold Kaplan, she became interested in his field. She took her Ph.D. in psychology at Columbia, then went to medical school and qualified as a psychiatrist; while at medical school, she bore Phillip, and later Peter and Jennifer. (The marriage came apart when Phillip was in eighth grade.)

Her practice was lucrative, and friends say that money was terribly important to her. "She once said to me that she could never marry a man who wasn't very rich, and I am sure that is so," says Howard Fast. "Her failing, and it was not a failing that ever bothered us, was that everything was measured by money. She had to have money, and she had the same attitude that Jacqueline Kennedy had: It is nice to love a man, but it is nicer if he is a billionaire. And if he is a billionaire, you can even stretch it."

"SHE ONCE TOLD ME THAT SHE COULD NEVER MARRY A MAN WHO WASN'T VERY RICH," SAYS HOWARD FAST, A LONGTIME FRIEND OF KAPLAN.

Kaplan was very matter-of-fact about sexuality, say friends. "Because she was European, there was a free-and-easy quality about sexuality that Americans don't necessarily have," says Bartlik. She was confident of her own sexual allure, and assiduous in maintaining it. In her eulogy, Bel Kaufman told of Kaplan, very sick in the emergency room, applying lipstick when an old beau appeared. Kaplan came from a line of much-married women: Her maternal grandmother married four times, and her mother has survived three husbands and has lived with a fourth man for 24 years. Kaplan herself was attracted to very powerful, successful men. "Helen was strong-willed," says her brother, Frank, who runs a venture-capital company in California, "but the men that attracted her had to be even stronger." After her divorce, she was involved with Sidney Harman, the head of an electronics company, who was then deputy secretary of Commerce. When asked what Kaplan was looking for in a man, Harman draws breath.

"Oh, boy," he says. "Obviously, the unavailable, that which almost doesn't exist in men. A combination of competence, achievement, success, charm, and, understandably, affection. There are a rare few men that combine all of that."

WHEN CHARLES LAZARUS MARRIED HELEN SINGER KAPLAN, HE WAS not yet one of America's best-remunerated CEOs; back then, it seems, she was worth at least as much as he was. In 1966, Interstate Stores had paid Lazarus $7.5 million for Toys 'R' Us, the business that had grown out of the children's-furniture shop he had started in 1948 in his father's bicycle-repair store. In the seventies, though, Interstate went bankrupt, and Lazarus, who had stayed on as a consultant, led the company back to health. By 1978, Toys 'R' Us had taken over the parent company, with Lazarus at its head. In 1987 Lazarus was the nation's highest paid executive, earning $60 million.

How Kaplan first came across Lazarus is a matter of some dispute. Ruth Lazarus says that her father's first wife, Udyss, from whom he was divorced in 1979, was a therapy patient of Kaplan's in the early seventies, but Phillip Kaplan insists that he asked his mother whether Udyss had been a patient and she denied it. (To complicate matters, Howard Fast says that Kaplan told him *Lazarus* had been her patient. Lazarus confirms that Kaplan treated Udyss, but says he wasn't her patient himself.)

Phillip and Ruth both say that Kaplan and Lazarus met at a social event, perhaps a barbecue on Long Island; Sofie Kane says that her daughter knew Lazarus for two years before they were wed. "At times, it seemed to be a wonderful relationship," says Fast. "They appeared totally compatible, and she had this enormous respect for Charles." But the relationship was volatile. "They were both personalities to contend with, and I think that makes for very exciting highs and very intense lows," says Ruth Lazarus. Says Fast: "A number of times, she would come weeping that she and Charles had split up, but they had not split up. They always got back together again."

In 1990, the couple revised the prenuptial agreement they had negotiated, replacing it with the agreement now in dispute. This complex document determined, among other things, what Kaplan would inherit if Lazarus died first, and what Phillip, Peter, and Jennifer would get if she died first—$3 million each, to be left in Lazarus's will, considerably less than they would stand to inherit from her if she survived Lazarus.

It also included the divorce provision whereby Kaplan could leave the marriage with $20 million; under the terms of this provision, Lazarus would get to keep the couple's houses and their contents. (Lazarus's net worth at the time was in excess of $100 million, according to the postnup.) Phillip Kaplan says his mother wanted the postnup because she was afraid of losing her appeal for her husband after she came down with breast cancer, and wanted to be able to walk away from the marriage if necessary; Udyss, Lazarus's first wife, had suffered from breast cancer for almost twenty years before her death in 1984. Udyss, says Ruth Lazarus, lived her final years on alimony payments from Lazarus and had practically nothing to leave her children; during and after the marriage, "everything she had was his," Ruth says.

"My mother kind of worried: What happens to me if the tumor comes back?" says Phillip. "She knew she might end up like Udyss." Ruth agrees that her stepmother, with whom she was never close, very much wanted the revised postnup. "I think that for her, my father's willingness to do that in that particular fashion was proving his love for her," she says.

And as the nineties wore on, the arguments, particularly over money, did not abate. It appears that Kaplan became more and more dissatisfied with the postnuptial agreement. When she became ill with cancer again in the summer of 1994, she urged Lazarus to increase the amount of money due from him to her children, and asked him to make a contractual commitment to them. Lazarus did, he says through his attorneys, alter his will to include

$20 million to go to her children upon *his* death but was apparently unwilling this time to prove his love with a binding contract.

But it appears that Kaplan remained dissatisfied with his promises to her about his will. In her own will, she left him all her personal property, jewelry, and art, and included a "Statement of Expectation" that he would leave her children $20 million in exchange, but her agitation for a binding contract does not seem to have gone away. When, on the day before she died, Kaplan sent Lazarus the letter informing him of her intention to divorce, it was only the latest, if the most devastating, sally in a battle that had been waged for months and years.

So far, the only money that has changed hands is hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees, as Peter and Phillip have filed sheaves of legal papers against their stepfather—demanding an accounting of their mother's estate and accusing him of letting its assets dwindle—and now against their executor, Stanley Diamond, too, whose settlement proposal of $14 million, is, they say, so hedged and complicated that after paying taxes, penalties, and lawyers' fees, they would come away with nothing and might even be left in debt.

Diamond's lawyer, Joshua Rubenstein, agrees that if the children accept the settlement, they will come away with less than they might have hoped for, but says that for tax reasons, they will get more by accepting the settlement than they would receive even if they won the case. Diamond says that $14 million is the best he can do. "I think [Kaplan] would have liked her children to get $20 million, but I think she would not want her children to get nothing," he says. "Under these circumstances, I think I am doing exactly what she would have wanted me to do."

WHATEVER THE LEGAL OUTcome, what Helen Singer Kaplan meant by what she did will remain a matter of ineluctable obscurity. Frustration at not being able to bring her back and call her to account runs through the participants' accounts of events. And those accounts are often entirely contradictory, depending on the loyalties of the speaker, and what the speaker wishes to believe about Kaplan. According to Lazarus's daughter Ruth, for instance, the letter Kaplan sent to Lazarus on the day before she died was a final act of betrayal. "From the letter she sent to him, she didn't want to leave it to trust," says Ruth. "I think that was the most devastating thing for him. I guess she showed that she didn't trust him to stand by his word."

But Kaplan's mother believes that her daughter's sending of the handwritten note along with the divorce form letter was a sign of her real love for her husband and the trust she placed in him to do the right thing by her children. "She had so much trust in him, and she really loved him," says Kane, in whose Upper West Side apartment hangs a painting by Kaplan of Phillip and Peter as boys, dressed up, for Halloween, in devil costumes. "She sent him the letter: 'I know you will not leave the premises, I love you, Helen.' She loved him till the last minute, and she had many reasons not to love him, because he was a rough character."

What is consistent in every interpretation, and what swirls around this case like a miasma, is an overweening sense of betrayal. Everyone feels let down by someone, cheated out of something, be it money or peace of mind. "I guess what has really gotten me is I don't like people to steal my money," says Phillip Kaplan. "It could be $1.50, it wouldn't be enough—you have to do exactly what you promised. I can't see why [Lazarus] should be allowed to not pay his bill because he is so rich, and that is basically what we have been told. And that is wrong—it is morally wrong."

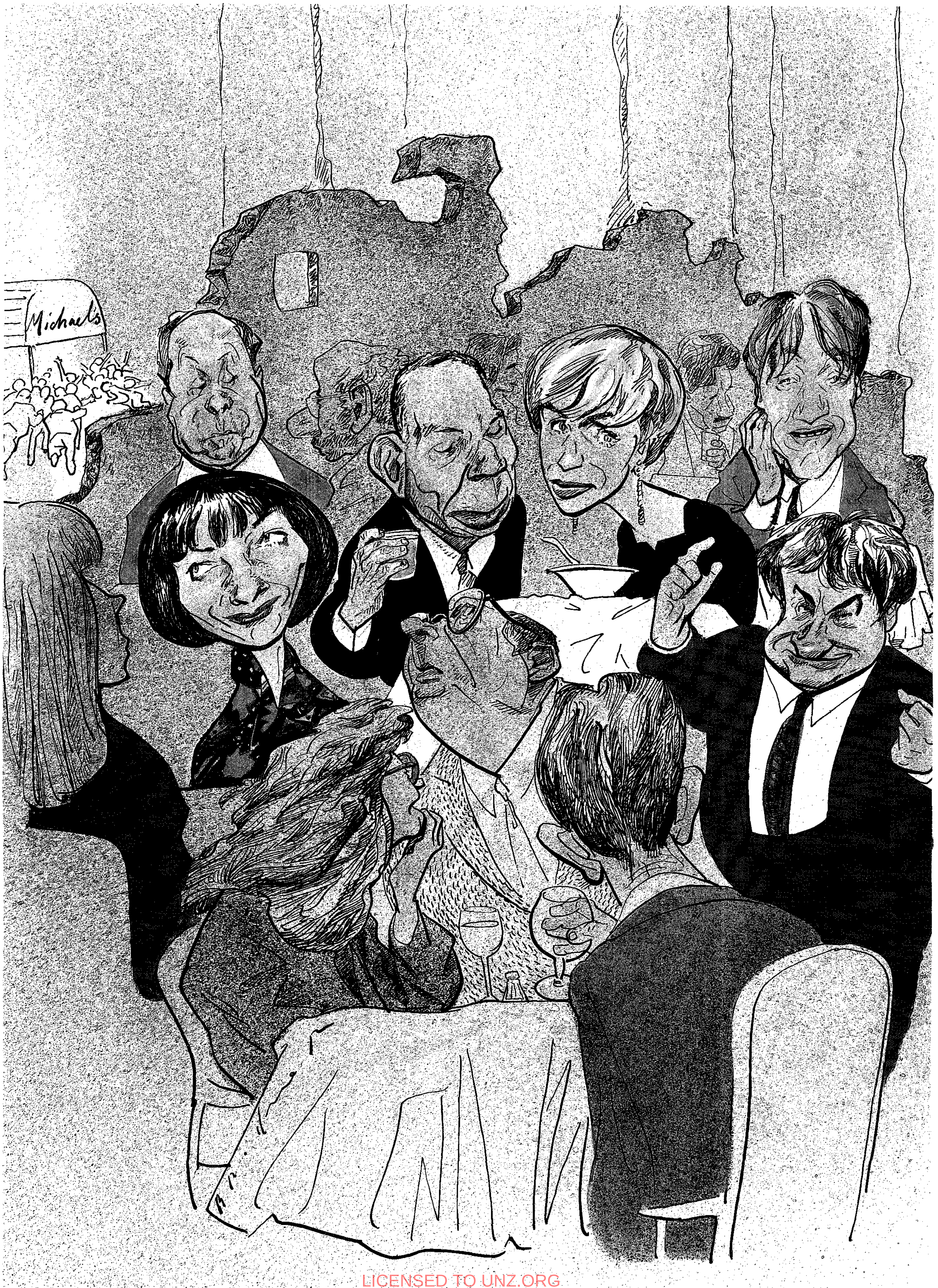
Portrait of the psychiatrist as a fiftyish woman: Kaplan in 1979.

But though their ostensible fight is with Lazarus and Diamond, Kaplan's children are, in some indirect, unstated sense, embattled against their mother. Peter Kaplan is struggling with his stepfather over his mother's medical practice, which it appears he had been led by his mother to believe he would take over but which Lazarus closed down not long after Kaplan's death. Dr. Bartlik, who now shares a practice with Peter, says that "everything Helen did shows that she was grooming him to take over." But his mother failed to provide explicit legal evidence of her wish that Peter take over the practice, if indeed she held the wish. (Peter declined to comment for this article.)

It seems that while Kaplan was famously frank about sex, she was less frank about that other etiquette-crasher, money—at least when it came to talking with her children. Jennifer says that her mother didn't ever discuss with her what she might expect to receive in her will, and Phillip says he didn't know of the postnup's existence or what the details of her will were. Phillip had expectations that an inheritance from his mother would help to support him while he did low-paying medical research, and says that his mother always wanted him to follow a research career. Phillip, whose nervous and voluble demeanor suggests that of an already high-strung man whose strings are being tuned into an ever-escalating sharpness, speaks with utter fury about Diamond's depriving him of the chance to follow that desire of his mother's, and he also blames Diamond for preventing him and his wife from fulfilling another of his mother's wishes.

"My mother's last wish," he says, "is my wife would have—I am the firstborn son—have a child, a male child, and name it after me, or a female child and name it *(continued on page 83)*

Photograph Sara Krulwich/*NYT* Pictures.


Michael's

# The Media Movable Feast

Mellower, sunnier, and *slightly* less elitist, Michael's is surpassing the Royalton as the power-lunch spot of the moment—and just when Brian McNally started giving you decent tables.

By Ariel Kaminer

IT'S ONE O'CLOCK. DO YOU KNOW WHERE your editors and writers and agents and publishers and minor celebrities and assorted hangers-on are? For the past few years, in the world of glossy magazines, the answer to that question has almost invariably been "44," the restaurant at the Royalton. Sure, the people who run the planet might favor the Four Seasons, but among style arbiters and media vultures—most notably, the top editors of Condé Nast—the Royalton's lime-green banquettes were the most important place to see and be seen. Recently, though, they've been losing their luster, both literally and figuratively. ■ It was an inspired pairing: Philippe Starck's eerily motionless interior, the

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER FOR NEW YORK

somber gray of the cathedral-height space, the larger-than-life scale of it all, fit perfectly with the era of Condé Nast supremacy, when that one huge corporation seemed, through self-generated buzz and sheer market presence, to control the action in New York's media business and hold the franchise on high-end cool. The two institutions flattered each other's image so well that they occasionally blurred, in the public perception at least, into one entity: a not-so-secret society of the ultrahip, replete with restrictive membership policy and elaborate protocol. The alliance sprang almost fully formed from the mind of Brian McNally, the soft-spoken, highly literate force behind 150 Wooster and the Odeon. The restaurant had been open four years, without much success. McNally saw the importance of its proximity to HBO, Viacom, and Condé Nast, and when, with the help of his extensive media connections, he relaunched it, it quickly turned into what *The New Yorker*'s David Kuhn calls "the Studio 54 of magazinedom."

Lynn Hirschberg, who ate there when she worked at *Vanity Fair* ("Lynn's Pasta," an off-the-menu special), describes the effect in terms of the "oom-pah-pah" feel of the big Condé Nast magazines: "The time fit the place, and the magazine, and everything sort of fell into sync. For those of us who were in love with the idea of the Algonquin, it had some small scintilla of that. You could sort of dream that you were part of something even though it was some minor, xeroxed version."

A strict etiquette evolved, with one golden rule: The seating chart reigned supreme. The four banquettes against the wall, typically consecrated to Condé Nast's biggest names, stood tantamount to godliness; after that, the point was to get as close to the banquettes as possible. Those who cleared the first hurdle—getting a reservation—were assigned seats in accordance with their importance to the management, with results that were starkly obvious and widely discussed.

Beyond that, the etiquette was: Show no fear as you walk in, past the sunken pit with the vaguely Dr. Seussish lounging material, past the concierge desk that, like the hotel staff, has been rendered almost invisible against the backdrop of slate gray. Scan the room, but don't be obvious about it. And when you see people you know, act as though you haven't.

Characteristically understated, McNally insists there was never anything more at play than mere pragmatics. "If one person comes every day, and one person comes every month, and they both want the same table, what are you going to do?" he asks. "There'll always be an exit, there'll always be a kitchen, and tables that are closest to those things are, almost by definition, not as good as the ones that are not."

True but inapt; at the Royalton, according to a media critic who used to eat there frequently, "you would adhere to *their* sense of what was a good table." She found the better tables painfully public, but as she rose through the rows, she gladly accepted the compliment. "It's weird that a restaurant would ratify your sense of yourself that way," she says, "but it does."

THE ROYALTON'S RITUALS ARE STILL IN PLACE, AS ARE most of the high-profile patrons. But the room has lost its charge; eating there no longer delivers that thrill of hanging out with the most popular clique in school. "It's a regular mess hall for certain people," says Kuhn, "and it's been around long enough now that it has sort of settled in."

A number of the lesser players have given up the game, from simple exhaustion. "I'd hear people talking about the pieces I'd written and they wouldn't know who I was and I'd feel really embarrassed," says the abashed media critic. "And if you were an editor at *Vogue*, and you knew Anna Wintour was going to be there, and you knew if you went there you were going to get a really shitty table in the corner, you might not want to go."

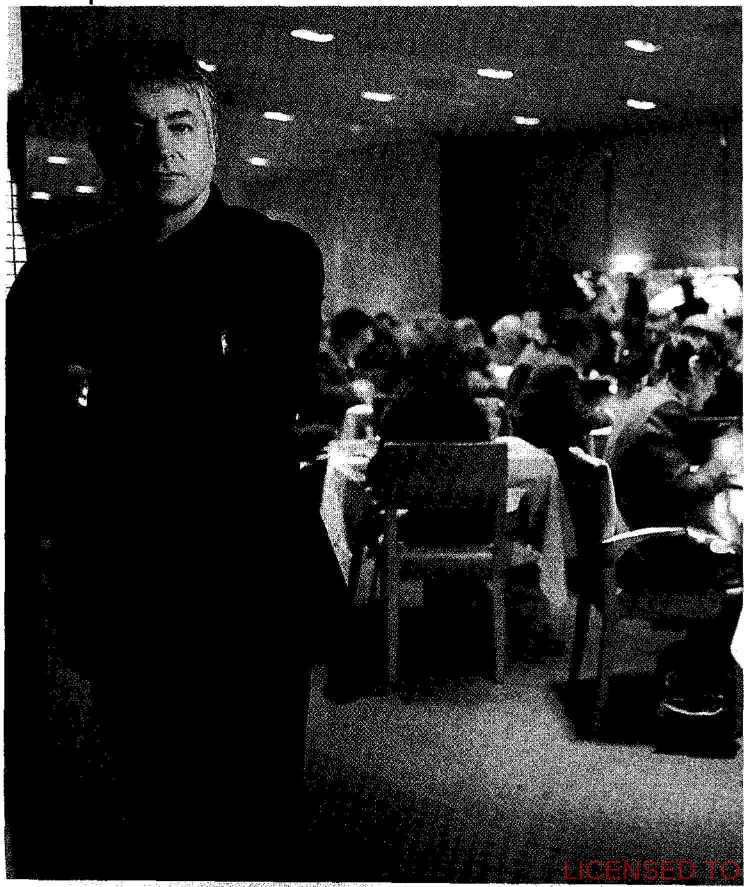
And Condé Nast itself has changed. In the early and mid-nineties, when Tina Brown was handed *The New Yorker* to reinvent, and James Truman, then editor of *Details*, got a chunk of the whole parent company to run, power seemed more up-for-grabs: It was prime time for networking, even "44" 's more restrained variant.

But the Condé Nast hierarchy has been uncharacteristically stable of late. The struggle to make *The New Yorker* profitable is inherently less dramatic than was the struggle to create it anew; *Vanity Fair* survived the transition from Brown to Graydon Carter without significant bloodshed. (Table talk *du jour* is the shaky first months of Dominique Browning's relaunched *HG.)* All of which contributes to a certain predictability at "44." "It's really the St. Bart's of restaurants, or the Hamptons of restaurants," says Truman. "It's where you go to see the same people you see all day anyway. It's a group of people who are glued together in these dysfunctional relationships; the Royalton is just the lunchtime venue for the dramas to be played."

On a broader scale, the topography of the media world as a whole has changed, pushing magazines—even the flashiest, most dynamic magazines—off to the side, consigning them to the category of "old media." These days, it's hard not to hear the word *still* creep into "Content is king," Condé Nast's unintentionally nostalgic corporate slogan.

WHATEVER EVENTUAL EFFECT THAT SHIFT MAY HAVE ON THE history of human communication, among certain inbred circles it means one thing above all: Time to find a new place to eat lunch. And right now, that place is Michael's. Michael McCarty, the supercharged owner of the West 55th Street establishment, describes its rise in somewhat more vivid terms: "It's a *lovefest!*"

A spin-off of McCarty's eponymous venture in Santa Monica,



**McNally at "44":** "There'll always be an exit, there'll always be a kitchen, and tables that are closest to those things are, almost by definition, not as good as those that are not."

Photograph by Barry Munger.

**McCarty at Michael's:** "All my L.A. cronies, when they come into town . . . , you toss 'em in the heap with the New York types and it's an absolute scream."

Michael's retains a seriously West Coast vibe: a bright and flower-filled interior, light California cuisine, tables that are comfortably far apart, and none of what McCarty refers to as "this sort of black-on-black cutting-edge attitude." Michael himself, hair slicked back, wearing a sharp suit (accessorized with O.J.-identified spread-collar shirt and snakeskin shoes, for added L.A. effect), bounces from table to table, room to room, stopping for a few words with everyone present. Greeting and glad-handing and saying good-bye all at once, he's like some terrifyingly successful experiment in bi-coastal hybrid vigor. "It's very much like doing a theatrical piece," he says. "It's not tragic, it's not comic, but it's life. Like when you see a movie—you know, a great one, an art film—and you go, *Hey, a winner.*"

The way he tells it, the New York restaurant, which opened in 1989, anticipated the media and entertainment industries' current configuration. "All of a sudden," he says, "all of the magazine editors and publishers became the new generation. And as we know, you write an article today for a newspaper or a magazine, it could potentially become a book or it could become a made-for-TV movie or a feature. The interrelationship of the so-called new-media generation, and our connection to Los Angeles—a vast majority of my clients in Los Angeles eat at the restaurant in New York—creates a sense of ease."

Michael's regulars perceive no fixed hierarchy in its seating plan—a remarkable fact because, of course, there is a hierarchy, and it's carefully attended to. McCarty may be friendly to everyone, but he reads five newspapers a day to track who's in and who's out, and it's not just idle curiosity.

Angelenos sit in the glass-walled garden room, preferably around the perimeter. New Yorkers sit in the art-filled front room. About twenty regulars get their own table, starting with ICM's standing-reservation holders Sam Cohn (oysters of the day, sliced-tomato plate) and Boaty Boatwright (Cobb salad, no ham, no bacon), and including Robert Gottlieb, Ron Galotti, Esther Newburg, David Hirshey, and Alice Mayhew. After that, the rooms get hard to read. Kathy Black's recent lunch with Steve Florio was positioned at a top-visibility table in the middle of the room, whereas Chris Whittle was seated at the first table by the exit.

McCarty and Peter Cocuzzo, the maître d', go over the seating plan each morning, confirming reservations and shuffling the deck a few times just for fun, to see what amusing combinations they can dream up. "All my L.A. cronies, when they come into town, whether they're studio executives or they're agents or they're movie stars, you toss 'em in the heap with the New York types and its an absolute scream! It's—again, I keep going back to the word *lovefest*—it's a riot," McCarty crows.

Whereas McNally discreetly declines to mention even the most famously regular regulars, McCarty starts rattling off names and can hardly stop: "You come in and there's a Doug Cramer from L.A., and he's sitting next to a Charlie Rose, sitting next to a Tom Brokaw, who's sitting across from a Sam Cohn, who's inevitably got, you know, one of any kind of individual from a staff person to a movie star, and you'll have Norm Pearlstine . . ." He goes on in this vein for some time.

The restaurant's reputation as power lunch of the moment has started to take a toll on the ambience. "I always ask people, 'Does it bother you to have lunch there?' " says *Newsweek* editor Maynard Parker. "It used to be that you could eat there if you were interviewing someone for a job or just having a job romance and nobody would know. Now I think everyone does notice." (Though it still isn't as big a stage as the Four Seasons: "I have yet to see Henry Kissinger at Michael's," says Parker.)

Michael's has started to pull other restaurants' patrons out of their usual orbit (the closing of the Russian Tea Room also provided an influx). It's even drawn some of the luminaries from a certain hotel on 44th Street, a development that registers, among some observers, with the force of a tectonic collision. "I've seen Anna Wintour there; there have been sightings of Tina Brown," *Esquire*'s David Hirshey (oysters of the day and greens with seafood) confides. "She was sitting once at the next table to me. I thought maybe the Royalton had burned down."

Far from it. According to McNally, business is better than ever. The Royalton has just been replaced, for the moment, as the see-and-be-seen capital of New York. Of course, the life span of these trends gets smaller every cycle: Binky Urban, a member of the Michael's inner circle, hasn't been there since August; some have started to buzz that Patroon, Ken Aretsky's cigar-friendly joint on East 46th Street, might be the *new* new hot lunch spot.

PERHAPS THE NEXT BIG THING IN POWER-LUNCH scenes will be to avoid them altogether. James Truman and his boss, Si Newhouse, now take their weekly meeting at a restaurant miles from these, the name of which Truman declines to say on the record lest it become the kind of place they're there to escape. And soon, these restaurants will have to factor in an unknown quantity: Come 1999, the Condé Nast mother ship is moving three blocks west, two blocks south, to its bigger, better twenty-first-century home in the new Times Square. Though the new building will be ever so slightly closer to "44" 's door—"We've had experts out there with tape measures. It's 50 paces closer," Truman jokes—it will also contain a cafeteria designed, so the official line goes, to be used by employees of every station. "Perhaps we'll start selling tickets to outsiders to see the grisly spectacle. There's going to be some private dining rooms for people who have confidential lunch meetings, but otherwise, we're all going to be carrying trays." ■

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

# BEST BETS

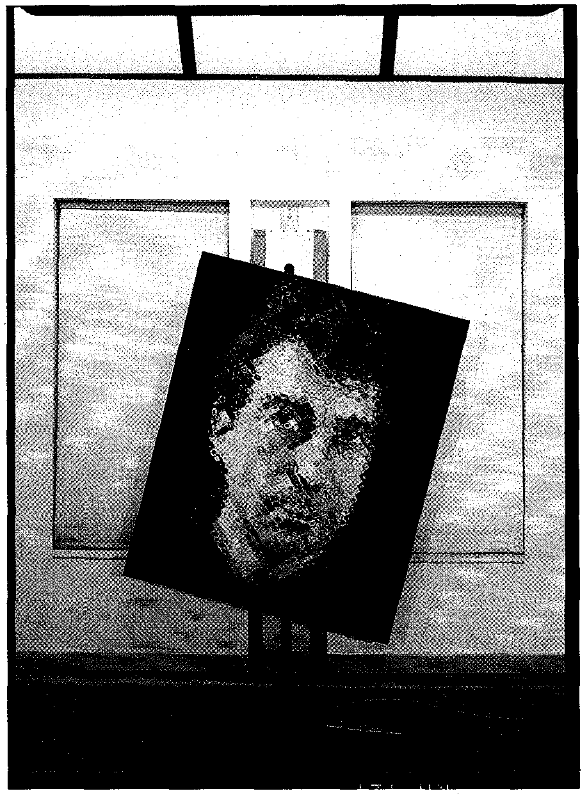
*The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities*

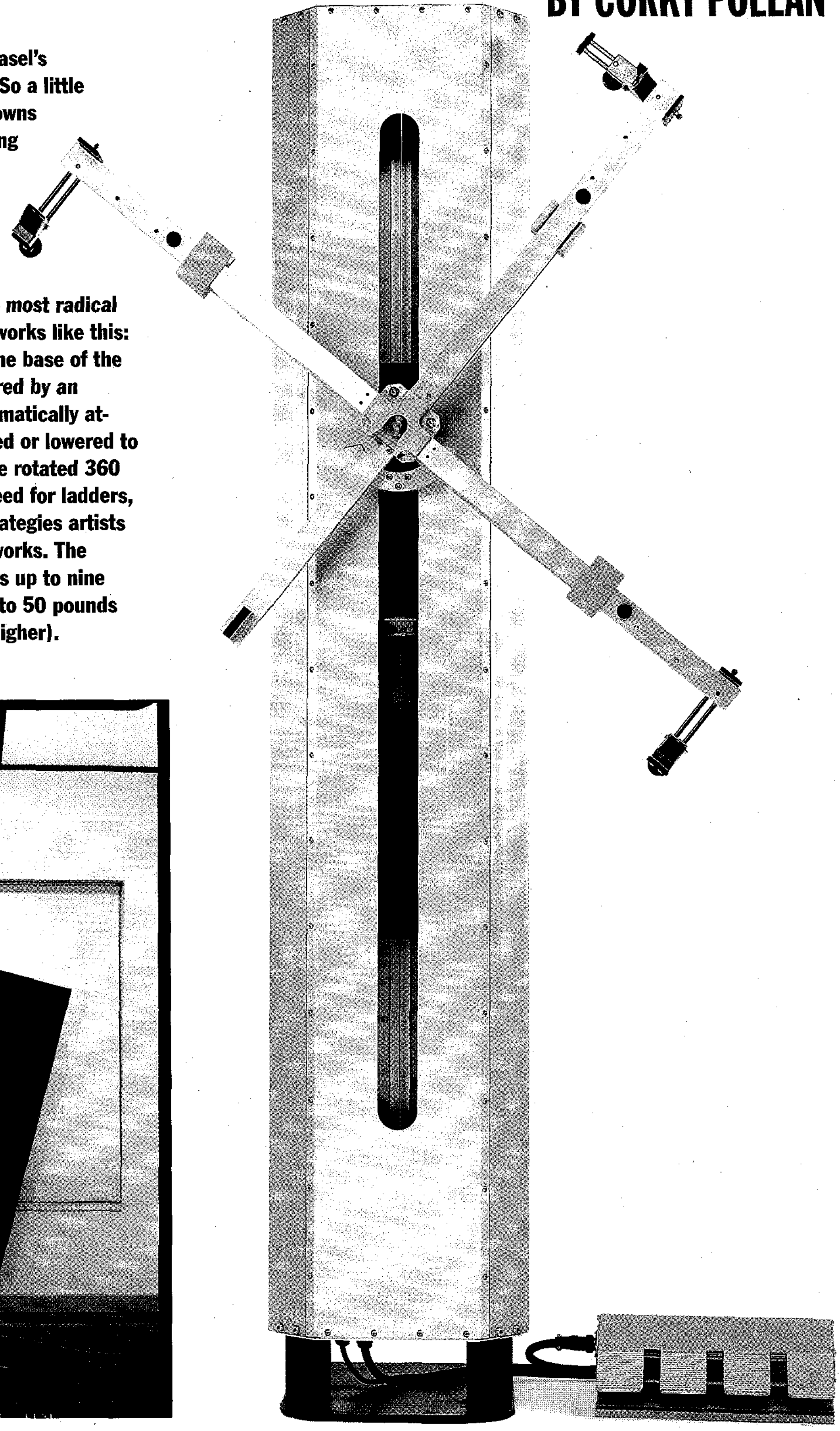
BY CORKY POLLAN

## Moving Pictures

**It's impossible to appreciate the Kasa Easel's possibilities without seeing it in action. So a little name-dropping may help: Chuck Close owns two (one shown here with Close's painting *Bill,* 1990), while Terry Winters, Manolo Valdes, Po Kim, and William Newman each own one. The easel was devised by Vladimir Kasa, a Yugoslavian-born, Munich-educated architect, artist, and engineering whiz, and it just may be the most radical innovation in easels since Leonardo. It works like this: The artist simply places the canvas at the base of the easel; then, thanks to foot pedals powered by an electric motor, the painting can be automatically attached, picked up, and effortlessly raised or lowered to a desired height. The canvas can also be rotated 360 degrees and fixed in any position. No need for ladders, dollies, kneeling, or any of the other strategies artists use when contending with humongous works. The anodized-aluminum Kasa holds canvases up to nine and a half feet square and weighing up to 50 pounds ($3,995; custom-made easels will run higher).**

KASA EASEL/*598-9118/By appointment*

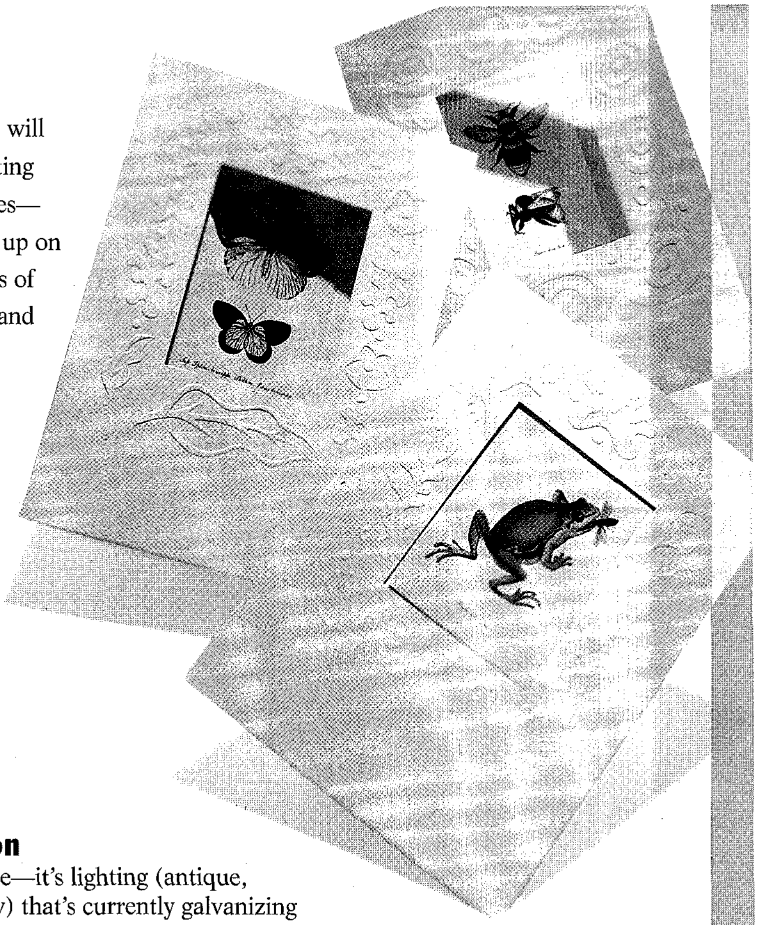


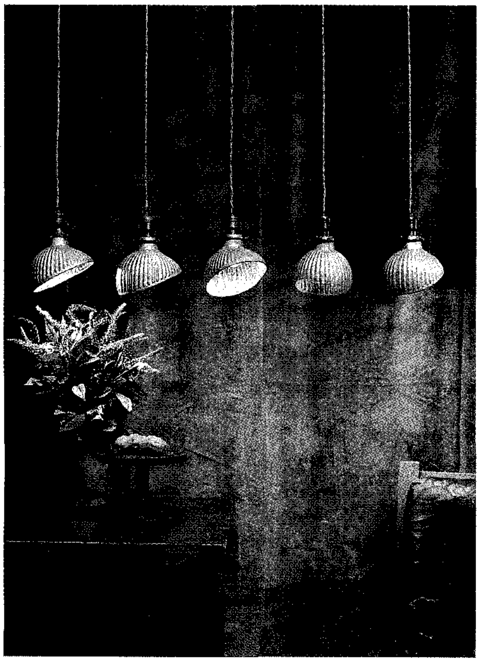


## Natural Selection

Aficionados of nineteenth-century engravings will want to indulge in Plum Graphics's new greeting cards. Forty-five vintage natural-history images—from flora to fauna, flamingos to frogs—turn up on the Varick Street company's new Mezzo series of blank cards. The recycled paper is embossed and die-cut, each card is assembled by hand, and regrettably—or perhaps thankfully—there's little room for lengthy missives ($2.50).

MEZZO CARDS/*CARD-O-MAT (2884 Broadway, near 112th Street, 663-2085); DELPHINIUM (358 West 47th Street, 333-7376); and STACEY'S (1515 York Avenue, near 80th Street, 249-6355)*

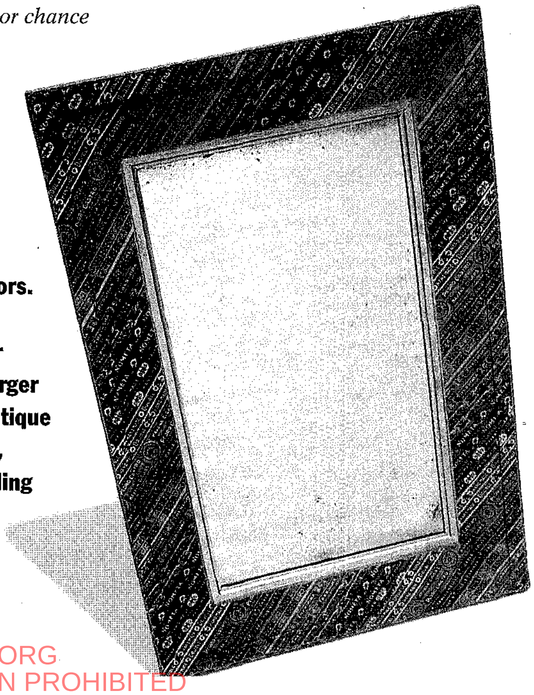




## X-Ray Vision

Forget furniture—it's lighting (antique, vintage, or new) that's currently galvanizing the interior-design world. One case in point is the awesome collection of industrial lighting from 1905 through 1920 at Michael T. Ward Antiques. (Ward also has a fine array of Stickley and other mission pieces.) Ward creates his hanging lights from asymmetrical, silvered-glass shades once used in storefront windows and made by the National X-Ray Reflector Company (they were angled so the light would shine on the displays, not on the shopper). He also has austere metal disk lights and tiny desk lights that fold for travel. Old hand tools are among Ward's other treats, as are multi-drawer metal cabinets and craftsmen's work tables (from $75 for a small metal cabinet to $225 for a silvered-glass hanging light to $2,800 for a Stickley Brothers settle).

MICHAEL T. WARD ANTIQUES/*10 Greene Street/966-5759/ Fourth floor/By appointment or chance*



## Smoke and Mirrors

**Laura Fisher (of antique-quilt fame) has come up with a new must for stogie obsessives that will appeal to nonsmokers too: cigar-band mirrors. They're handmade by a local folk artist (he begs anonymity) who has revived the cigar-band art of the late-nineteenth century. While earlier artisans used glass dishes and bowls, our New Jerseyite works on a larger scale and decoupages vintage cigar bands in a diagonal pattern on antique mirrors and frames. Some are golden yellow, others reddish, greenish, or bluish, and all, of course, are one-of-a-kind ($275 to $895, depending on size and intricacy of design).**

LAURA FISHER ANTIQUE QUILTS & AMERICANA/*Manhattan Art & Antiques Center/1050 Second Avenue, near 56th Street/838-2596/Gallery 84*

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

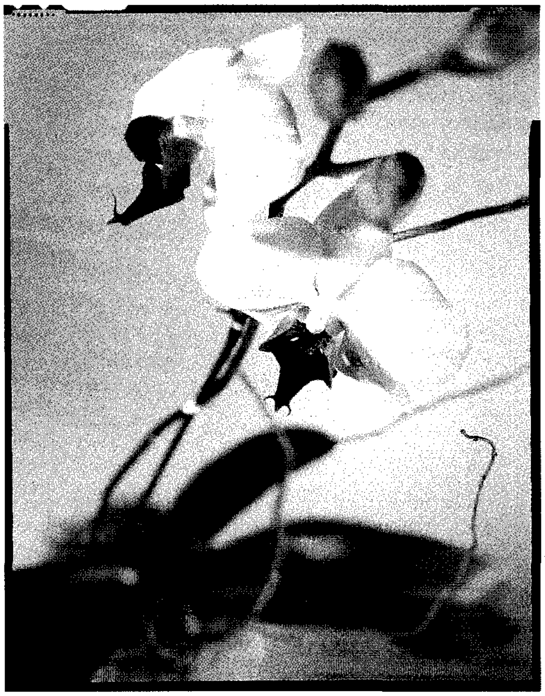
# Mini-marts

*This week, small's got sass, with big sales at* **pint-size shops** *like* **Meghan Kinney**, *Orio-Trio, and Scarlet & Sage.*

SCRAP YOUR PRECONCEIVED notions about East Village shops—Meghan Kinney's clothing store is about as uptown as downtown gets. For the month of February, her minishop becomes a mega–bargain outlet, with everything priced between $15 and $60. For example, wool herringbone skirt, was $130, now $20; matching jacket, was $175, now $50. *Meghan Kinney, 312 E. 9th St. (260-6329); M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 1–8, Sat.–Sun. 12–8; 2/1–2/28.*

## The Full Treatment

THE J. F. LAZARTIGUE APPROACH TO hair care may seem curiously clinical, but for some manes, serious attention is needed. For the month of February, the Parisian diagnostic and advisory hair-care center is discounting most of its products as well as its color services: pre-cream shampoo with shea butter, was $51, now $41.80; root volumizer, was $18, now $14.40; treatment oil for curly or frizzy hair, was $48, now $38.40; single-process color treatment, was $100, now $70. *J. F. Lazartigue, 764 Madison Ave., near 65th St. (288-2250); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 2/1–2/28.*



**Venamy Orchids in Brewster, New York, delivers orchids to Manhattan twice weekly—at prices that will make your local florist wilt: For example, a Phalaenopsis in a clay pot is $40.19 ($51.62 for delivery to N.Y.C.).** ***Venamy Orchids (914-278-7111).***

## The Home Stretch

YOGA INSTRUCTOR DONNA DAVIDGE—whose client list includes Marisa Tomei, Frédéric Fekkai, and Robert Benton—normally charges $70 per hour for a home visit, but through the end of February, the rate for her Kundalini yoga class is $65. *Donna Davidge (226-2673); by appointment; 1/27–2/28.*

## A Little Romance

MADISON AVENUE'S VERY OWN CAFE NOSIDAM is doling out a free bottle of Veuve Clicquot to couples dining à deux (that means you *both* have to eat; none of this sharing two dinky appetizers—the minimum is $30 per person) between 10 P.M. and midnight on Valentine's Day. *Cafe Nosidam, 768 Madison Ave., near 66th St. (717-5633); reservations required.*

**DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.**

## The Stores Next Door

THE APPEALING CURIOS AT ORIO-TRIO DATE from the turn of the century to the seventies, and a selected bunch are now on sale (some survived a fire at the shop last October; others are in mint condition): Lemon McCoy cookie jar, was $100, now $70; Chinese teapot holders, were $160, now $60. *Orio-Trio, 248 Elizabeth St. (219-1501); all major credit cards; Tues.–Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; 1/25–2/16.*

Around the corner, Scarlet & Sage, a tiny depot of decorative textiles, adornments, and collectibles from all over the globe, has such discounts as a raw-silk cushion, was $50, now $37.50; Turkish lantern, was $118, now $88.50; pewter pepper mill, was $62.70, now $47; rose oil, was $22, now $16.50. *Scarlet & Sage, 7 Prince St. (219-1290); all major credit cards; Wed.–Sun. 12–7; 1/25–1/31.*

## Neuter Territory

IN A WRY NOD TO VALENTINE'S DAY, the Fund for Animals is offering, by appointment, the neutering of male cats for one penny on February 14 (available for the pets of seniors, welfare recipients, the disabled, and animal-rescue workers). *The Fund for Animals, Have-A-Heart Spay & Neuter Clinic, 355 W. 52nd St. (977-6877).*

## On the Bridal Path

FROM HER PERCH TWO FLOORS ABOVE West Broadway, Cynthia C. turns out classically pretty bridalwear with elegant detailing. She's now clearing out samples, so dresses that were $1,800–$3,600 are $300–$2,000. *Cynthia C. & Co., 414 W. Broadway (966-2200); by appointment; 2/3–3/1.*

Up on the Upper West Side, bridal designer Bevin Dillon has a charming pied-à-terre from which she sells both bridalwear and eveningwear. She, too, is doing a bit of spring cleaning, so her dresses in fabrics like duchess satin, silk shantung, four-ply silk, and silk chiffon that were $2,000–$4,000 are now $1,000–$2,000. Alterations available at additional cost. *Bevin Dillon (865-1667); by appointment; 1/27–1/31.*

## Service Station

THIS MIDTOWN DAY SPA IS DISCOUNTING not just a few but *all* of its services for the month of February. For example: European facial, was $65, now $55; one-hour aromatherapy body massage, was $65, now $55. *Allure Day Spa & Hair Design, 139 E. 55th St. (644-5500); all major credit cards; Tues.–Sat. 10–8; 1/27–2/28.*

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

# Copping Out

*'The Steward of Christendom' is a frustratingly uneven play about an Irish ex-cop trying to make sense of his life; Liza Minnelli sparkles fitfully in 'Victor/Victoria.'*

A GREAT HIT IN ENGLAND AND IN ITS NATIVE IRELAND, Sebastian Barry's **The Steward of Christendom** strikes me as a decently mediocre play. It is part of a cycle of (thus far) five dramas, a family chronicle of Barry's own kinfolk, and immediately we think Eugene O'Neill. It is written in a sometimes poetic, sometimes pseudo-poetic, and intermittently flat prose, whose passages of *monologue intérieur* resonate with Joyce. The ambivalent feelings about a father figure recall Hugh Leonard's *Da,* and the funny-serious family flare-ups and pungent regional aroma suggest Brian Friel. Obvious allusions to *King Lear* have been widely noted.

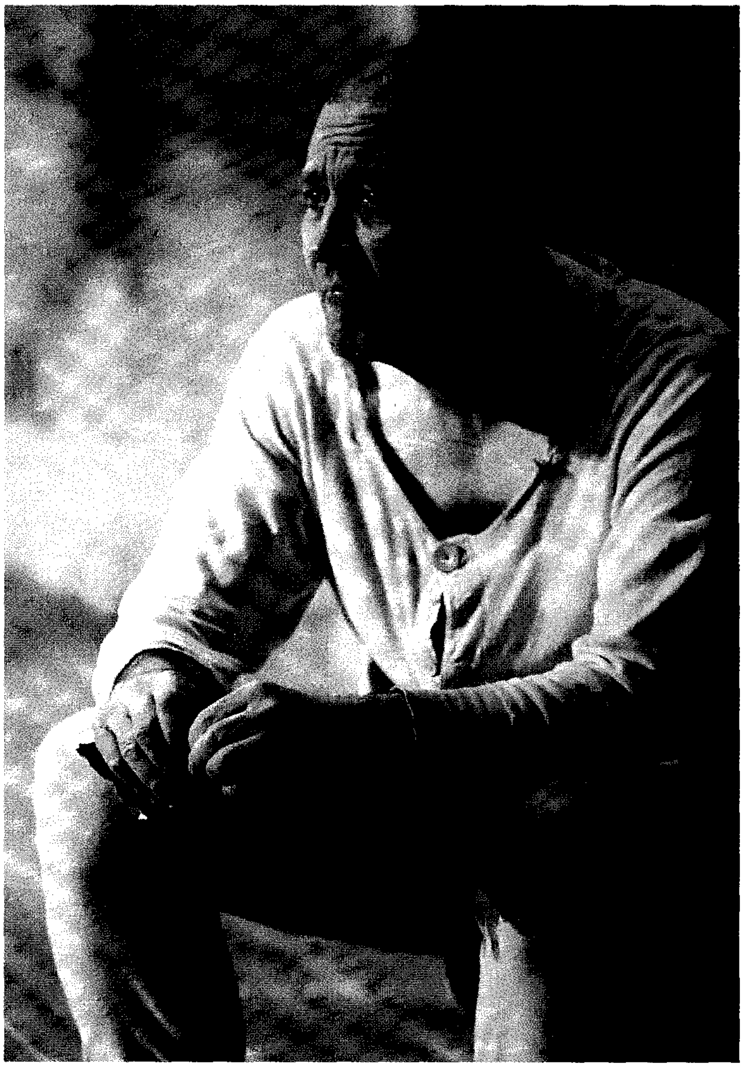
Yet eclecticism would not be a problem if Barry excelled at something—anything. But all we get is a varying degree of competence from scene to scene, theme to theme, and a final construct that, from straining to fuse national and personal tragedy (shades of O'Casey!), loses its sense of direction. *Steward of Christendom* is a congeries of tableaux that do not jell into a rounded whole, and though the protagonist, Thomas Dunne, looms large from the sheer size of his role, his internal conflicts are not thought out and felt through in shapely fashion. The author is lucky to have an actor of Donal McCann's stature playing Dunne: This is a case of the performer, not the playwright, wagging the dog.

Thomas, Sebastian's great-grandfather, was the last chief of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, disbanded in 1922. As a Catholic puppet of the queen in charge of containing his refractory compatriots, he became a hated figure in a liberated Ireland. Now in 1932, he is an abject widower in his mid-seventies, an inmate in a rural mental home. This is a dreary place where, by turns, he regresses into babyhood, relives crucial scenes from his childhood and adult life, and has moments of self-lacerating lucidity and outbursts of comic-frightening rebelliousness. He recapitulates incidents with his three daughters, two of whom are now far away, and his son, Willie, whom he nudged toward the Dublin Rifles, and so to a gratuitous death in World War I. He sees Willie as a 12-year-old in full military uniform, which, like so much else in the play, can be viewed as a canny coup de theatre or a facile trick.

The play blends comic scenes with the mental-home staff, bittersweet ones involving the three daughters (only Annie, whose spinal curvature keeps her a soured spinster, drops in occasionally), and heart-rending scenes involving Willie. Thus Thomas produces the boy's only letter from the trenches, his sole bequest to his father, and has Smith, the clumsy madhouse guard, read it out loud to him. It is a letter aria second only to Tatyana's in Tchaikovsky's *Onegin,* tearjerking on and on.

Except for Tina Kellegher, fine as Annie, the others have little to do. It is all McCann's play, and can he play! A quick-mood-change artist, he dons gestures, tempos, intonations, and expressions to put the most cunning kaleidoscope to shame. Such a star turn is well worth a trip to Brooklyn or even Timbuktu. And something more: The Irish are blessed with an infinitely listenable lilt, a speech melody to float on as on a summer raft wafted by frolicsome waves. It makes our uninflected American lingo a sorry thing by comparison, and Sebastian Barry deserves thanks, at any rate, for this auditory feast.

I HAVE FINALLY FIGURED OUT WHAT AILS LIZA MINNELLI, who this month is replacing Julie Andrews in **Victor/Victoria.** Her problem is a mismatched torso and head, the latter too big for the former, which must cause her a great deal of anxiety. If she were in proportion on the heroic scale,



**Saving grace: Donal McCann in *The Steward of Christendom.***

Photograph by Dan Rest.

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**Star turn:** Liza Minnelli drops in on *Victor/Victoria.*

she could be another Sophie Tucker; if she were a properly matched petite, she'd be another little sparrow à la Edith Piaf. Instead, there is this discomfiting discrepancy, unease with which forces Liza into a posture of overeagerness, hyperactivity, and an aching need to be adored.

To do her justice, her performance here, as a woman impersonating a man impersonating a woman, may be one of her very best, comparable to that in the movie *The Sterile Cuckoo.* More than the seemingly imperturbable Miss Andrews, Miss M. conveys the anguish of Victoria's dishonest enterprise, and, with her mezzo rather than Miss A.'s soprano, manages to sound more like a man. On the debit side, though, she lacks Miss A.'s handsome but slightly asexual face and taller, more masculine stature. Indeed, it is because of Miss A.'s height that the show was cast with tall performers, who now make Miss M. look almost dwarfish.

And apropos of height, it is Miss A.'s higher voice that allows for (albeit only in prerecording) that glass-shattering E-flat, from which the show derives much dubious fun, whereas Miss M. has only a B in her gullet. This does not break glass, so now it is her loud volume rather than high pitch that, in defiance of physics and some unchanged lines of dialogue, is supposed to do the trick. Also, because of Miss M.'s accent, the heroine's provenance has been switched to Saskatchewan, whose drone is less easy on the ear than Miss A.'s Mayfair lilt. But no matter; either way, the musical is a cartoon, exempt from Cartesian logic.

So, ultimately, Miss M.'s being such a valiant, wide-eyedly zealous trouper pays off: The pleading gaze and hungry mouth suck empathy out of us. Seeing the show again confirms me in my original judgment (unshared by my colleagues) that Blake Edwards's farcically gimmicky direction greatly helped it. It also proves how unfair the Tony committee was in passing it over in favor of some risible clinkers distinguished only by not having a book. The nominators, those old poops, were trying to show off their swinging modernity, and swing they should for it, too.

SHOULD WE ENVY THE LOST INNOCENCE OF Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman's 1929 **June Moon,** or gloat that, at whatever price, we have become more knowing, sophisticated, outspoken? This winsomely inconsequential comedy about a naïve young writer from Schenectady who comes to the rescue of a stagnating New York City tunesmith and wins success but almost loses his soul is still good for some chuckles. But 68 years later, it is hard to see how, in the *World*—and how in the world—Robert Littell could call this "a rich and merciless kidding" of Tin Pan Alley. In the year of *Dodsworth, The Sound and the Fury,* and *A Farewell to Arms,* Americans must have viewed this as a mosquito bite or less.

But, of course, there was no television, and *June Moon* was, I imagine, the equivalent of our better sitcoms. Fred Stevens, the Candide from Schenectady, meets his Cunegonde, sweet Edna Baker, in the parlor car en route to the Big Apple. Soon, however, he bites into one of its worms as he gets involved with Eileen, the sister-in-law of Paul Sears, the paltry composer who sets his "June Moon" lyric to music. Eileen has been dumped by her lover, Mr. Hart, the music publisher for whom our boys are toiling; she, in turn, encourages her sister, Lucille, to cheat on her husband, Paul. She spends Fred's newly earned money recklessly, and almost gets the dear yokel to marry her. Only through the good offices of Maxie, the wisecracking pianist with a heart of gold, are the innocents united, and it is Edna, not Eileen, who heads with Fred for a European honeymoon.

It is all harmless hokum, miles short of satire, and has been aptly and affably directed by Mark Nelson. Bill Clarke's scenery and Jonathan Bixby's costumes are sassily engaging, and the music and lyrics Lardner wrote for his show a prime pastiche. In this Drama Department production, the men do manfully: Geoffrey Nauffts balances Fred between sweetness and silliness, Robert Joy does not let Paul become too ridiculous for his own good, Albert Macklin makes Maxie caustic only to be kind, and Peter Jacobson turns a rival songwriter into someone compared to whom Fred and Paul are Rodgers and Hart.

The women do less well. The talented Cynthia Nixon has been allowed to make Eileen's scheming far too schematic; Becky Ann Baker's Lucille is unprepossessing enough to deserve neglect, and Stacy Highsmith, as Edna, mugs, gesticulates, and waggles her head mercilessly. She is enough to give amateurishness a bad name. ■

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

**ART MARK STEVENS**

# Golden Girls

*Obsessive watercolors of children in a treacherous, fantastical world*
*were the creepy life's work of Henry Darger, a master of outsider art.*

**Henry Darger** LIVED FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS IN a single room on the north side of Chicago. A recluse who would only talk about the weather, he was a menial worker at hospitals who attended Mass every day and scavenged for what most people would call junk. Around the time of his death in 1973 at the age of 81, his landlord, the photographer Nathan Lerner, found Darger's room crowded with "crucifixes, broken toys, old magazines, scores of used eyeglasses repaired with tape, dozens of empty bottles of Pepto-Bismol, hundreds of balls of twine that he made by tying small pieces together."

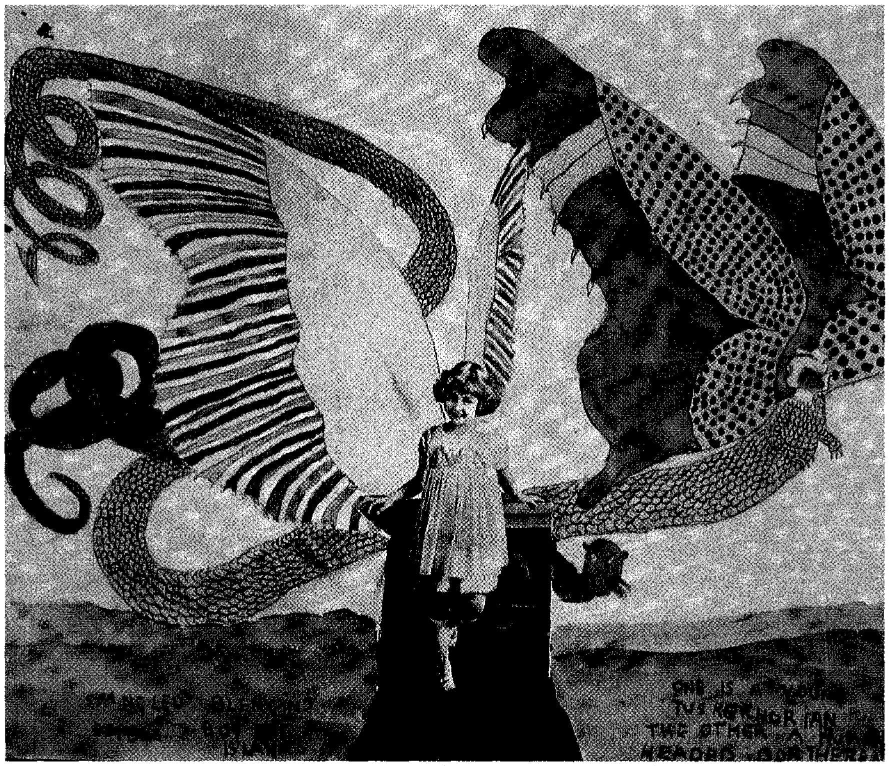
Lerner also uncovered something astonishing amid the debris of this life—the apocalyptic world of a visionary. Over the years, Darger had painted more than 300 densely detailed watercolors, many to illustrate an epic tale he invented and typed on 15,145 pages of legal-size paper, called *The Story of the Vivian Girls, in What Is Known As the Realms of the Unreal, of the Glandeco-Angelinnian War Storm, Caused by the Child Slave Rebellion.* About 65 of these pictures are now at the Museum of American Folk Art, in an expanded version of a show Stephen Prokopoff organized for the University of Iowa Museum of Art.

Darger's pictures—among the most extraordinary examples of what's now called outsider art, which is made by those with no connection to the conventional art world—are best known for their bizarre portrayal of girls. The images, some the size of murals, describe a frightening world in which children (almost always little girls, some of whom have penises or, stranger still, rams' horns) are enslaved by evil soldiers called Glandelinians. Led by the seven Vivian sisters, the children rebel. Dragonlike creatures called Blengins that come in many colorful varieties—there's also an admirable beast called a "Crimecian Gazoonian"—help them. So does a Catholic nation named Abbiennia. Good eventually triumphs over evil, though not without cost: Some children are strangled, crucified, and even eviscerated.

To depict his heroines, Darger made tracings of the sweetie-pie children in the cartoons, coloring books, and pop magazines of the time. Then he set them in elaborate compositions that resemble narrative scrolls. His coloring is lush, luminous, and richly dramatic; some images evoke the marshy color of the comics in the old Sunday supplements. The girls themselves, fleeing their enemies, run down train tracks, hide among great bulbous flowers and seed pods, and meet in mysterious mansions. Lightning storms rage around them. Little tweety-birds watch from the trees. Occasionally, the girls even play. One picture is called *They Admire the Beauty of Tropical Nimbus Clouds.*

Darger's fantastical creation is so redolent of obsession, so pungently suggestive of an imagined world, that it seems to have its own powerful musk. To some degree, it resembles the worlds of children's books, notably L. Frank Baum's Oz. But it is more dangerous, skewed, and powerful. One way to account for its power—the conventional way—is to emphasize the unbalanced psyche of the artist. Darger's mother died in childbirth when he was almost 4; his baby sister, presumably put up for adoption, was forever lost to him. Then, when Darger was 8, his father placed him in a Catholic home for boys. Later, he was moved to the Lincoln Asylum for Feeble-Minded Children. He ran away at the age of 17. He also happened to see, as a young man, a tornado entirely destroy an Illinois town. Under the circumstances, a measure of insanity seems sensible.

And without doubt, many passages in Darger's pictures are of a surpassing strangeness. In one, a little girl holding a doll looks down in surprise: A pair of armadillos are nuzzling her toes. Darger offers an irresistible opportunity, in other words, for psychological explanation



**Inside the outsider: Henry Darger's *Two Spangled Blengins.***

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Folk Art.

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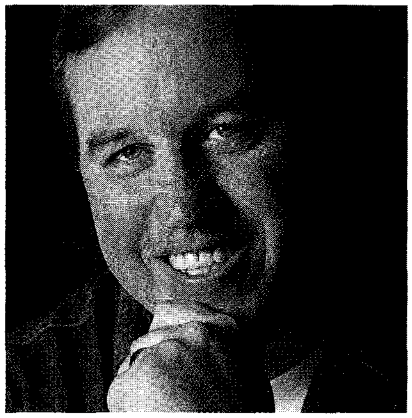

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*than what*
*I'm writing*
*a check for."*

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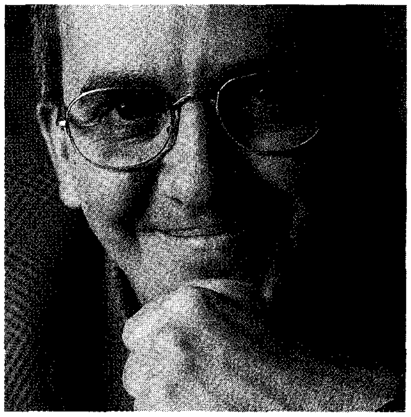

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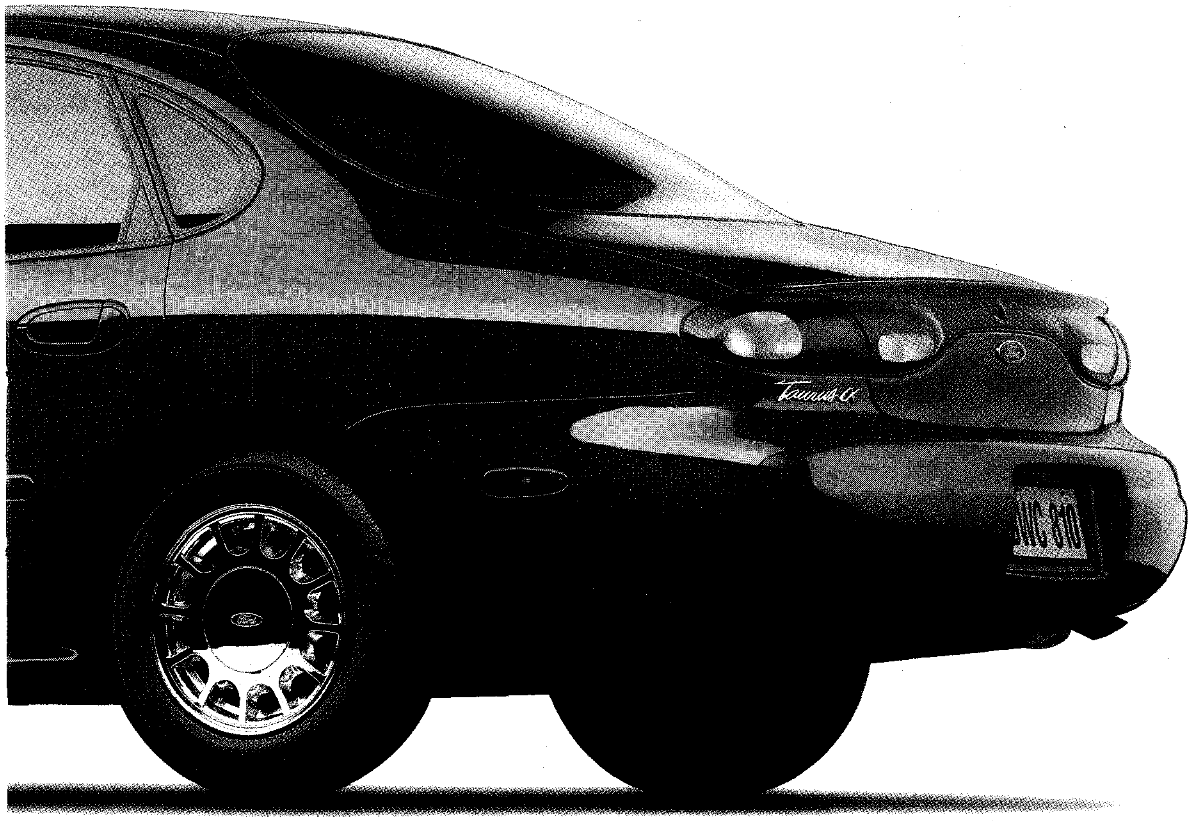

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and a sideshow delight in the weird; a prurient interest in his sexual makeup is inevitable. Unfortunately, this can provide another way to isolate him, obscuring the more interesting truth that his power is not merely eccentric. Darger's art affects us because it is an unusually pure evocation of the inner life of the isolated child—and, more generally, of the turbulent temper of childhood. It recalls what we forget.

In even the darkest children's books and pictures, grown-ups typically bring a measure of adult resolution and control to the interests of children. They are right to do so; this helps teach, prepare, and reassure children. Darger's world, by contrast, is more naked—more true to the passionate child. No one believes in a stormy clash between good and evil with greater faith than a child. No one better loves downy innocence or more fears adult cruelty. No one relishes imaginary battles and violence like a little boy or is more aroused and confused by erotic feelings. No one slips with greater conviction across the border of real and unreal, becomes so swept up in a nightmare, or vows such undying devotion to a sibling.

Darger, intending his pictures for his eyes only, presents these qualities as a child-man would—with adult power but not adult restraint. The watercolors naturally vary in quality, but they are always marvelously free in their obsessions, a rhythmic dance of form, color, and perspective. And the tracings of the girls have great conviction. At once abstract and personal, they are pop icons copied by a loving hand, paper-doll chains awakened by passionate fellow feeling. Children—like Darger—believe in dolls. They do not mind that in innocence, there is something abstract.

For the New York version of the show, Stacy C. Hollander, a curator at the museum, has included a number of the pictures of girls being killed. These images are often described as shocking. This is nonsense. They are disturbing, to be sure, but only someone who knows nothing of a Catholic boyhood—or, indeed, of boyhood in general—will be surprised at a slaughter of the innocents. Churches are filled with gruesome pictures of martyrdom that stimulate, terrify, and delight the imaginations of children. A Catholic's celebration of innocence counts for nothing without a sacrifice. Blood of the lamb.

Nathan Lerner called it "humbling" to discover after years of casual acquaintance that the "shuffling old man" named Henry Darger had an extraordinary private life. In that respect, an artist like Darger represents the many losses and missed connections of the modern world. He is not better than a trained or "insider" artist, but he taps sources of power now lost to sophisticated art. And he symbolizes how little we know—which can be a blessing, too—of childhood or of one another. ■

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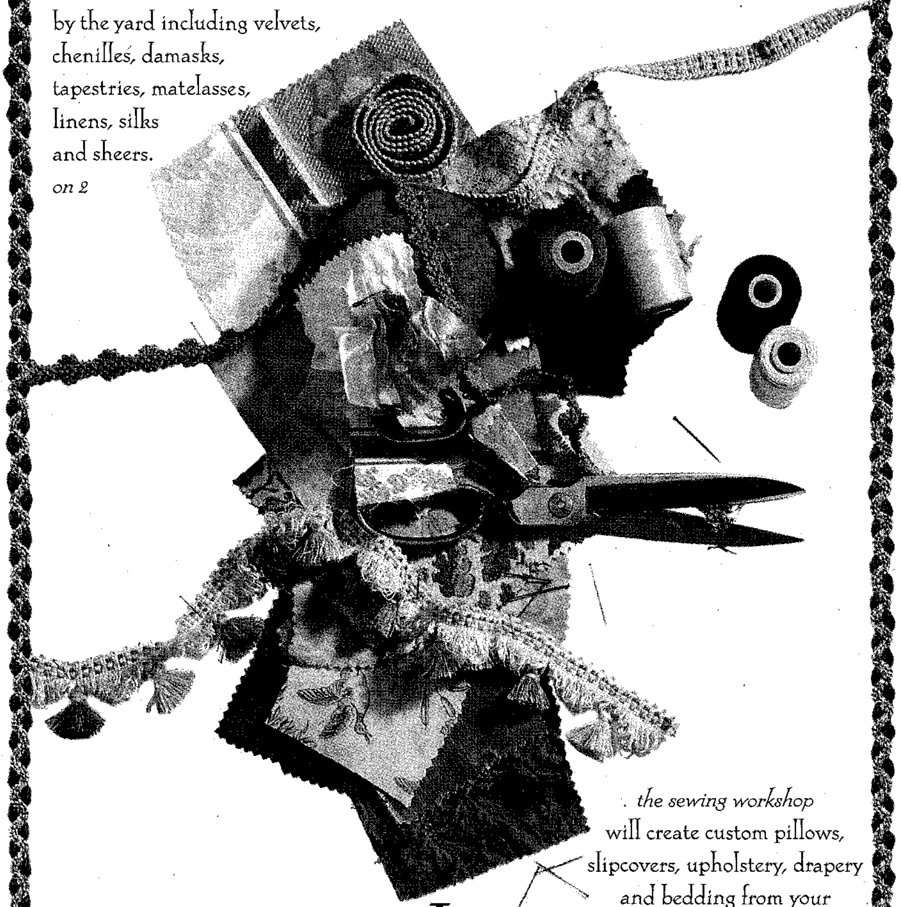

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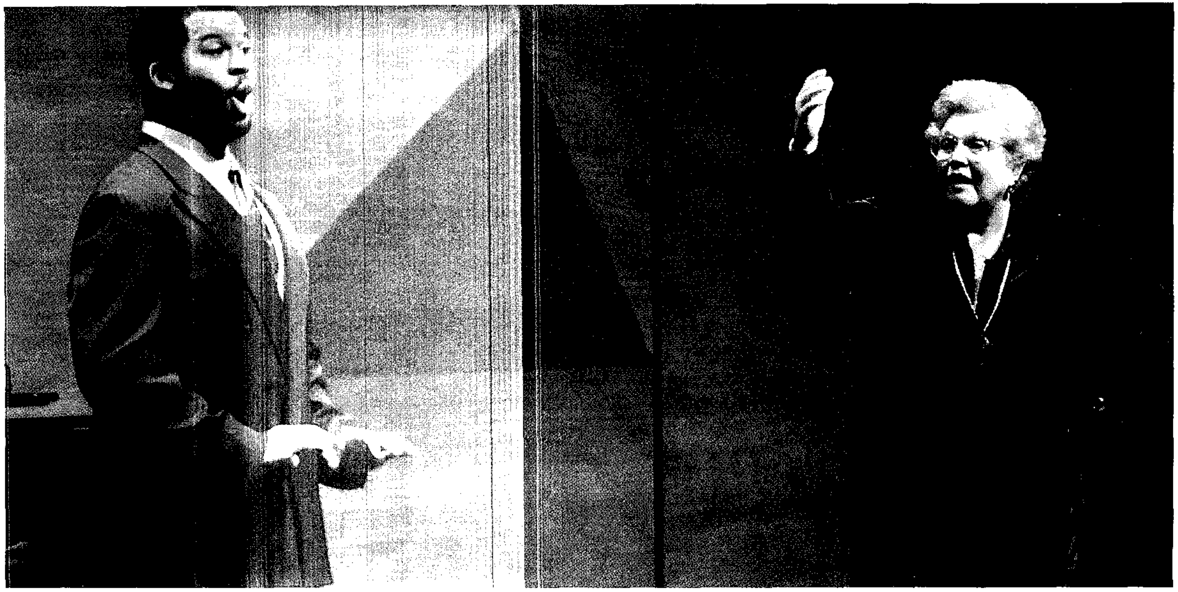

Breathing lessons: James Martin, a young baritone, being groomed by Marilyn Horne.

### PETER G. DAVIS

# Stage Coached

*The vocal recital is in trouble, but Marilyn Horne and her foundation recharge the singers and the song with two days of master classes and a concert at Juilliard.*

EVERYONE, IT SEEMS, LOVES A MASTER CLASS, EVEN those who don't especially care for *Master Class.* There was standing room only at the Juilliard Theater—the actual site of Terrence McNally's deplorable theatrical cartoon about Maria Callas—when the **Marilyn Horne Foundation** conducted a two-day residency not long ago to dramatize its mission to preserve that endangered species, the vocal recital. The main draw, of course, was Horne herself as she tutored a select coterie of voice students from Juilliard and other local music schools. Additional lures included a guest teacher, Christa Ludwig, whose distinguished singing career is still a vivid memory for most of us, and a lively symposium examining the plight of the vocal recital. Topping off the scholarly activities was a concert featuring several singers, up-and-coming as well as famous, who gave an eloquent demonstration of just why this intimate art form is so precious and worthy of being nurtured.

Ludwig led the morning class focusing on the Brahms and Mahler lieder that she sang so incomparably, and Horne took over for the afternoon session devoted to American songs, which she still sings with such enthusiasm. I might as well confess right now that I never much cared for Horne as a recitalist, even during her glory days—there was always a neutrality and hard-boiled efficiency about her approach that, for me at least, cast a chill over her songs. Surely this unique singer will be remembered best as a dazzling bel canto technician, particularly for her exhilarating traversals of Rossini's *travesti* warrior heroes. That said, Horne's concern for and devotion to the solo song literature—as well as young singers—is clearly very real.

Leading off with the sensible disclaimer that she only teaches what she knows, Horne concentrated mainly on technical and practical matters rather than the sort of interpretive subtleties stressed by more dictatorial master-class instructors—no one, in short, was relentlessly drilled to become a Marilyn Horne clone. Musical clarity, vocal precision, and dramatic pointing are important, but so is how to stand before an audience, what to do with your hands, and how to angle the body. Most crucial of all is the basic challenge of how to fit notes and words together in ways that will take us straight to the expressive core of a song. Young Americans seem to need extra encouragement in that direction, perhaps because they are taught to sing in virtually every language but their own; as a result, words too often become abstractions, syllables to vocalize on rather than to savor as the poetic impulse that fired a composer's musical imagination.

Ludwig also stressed verbal values, making a nice distinction between lieder singers and singers who sing lieder—the difference, as she indicated it, is more a matter of discovering the correct emotional scale and proportions of a song rather than worrying over microscopic details. Of course, plenty of fine points were examined as she guided a soprano through Mahler's "Frühlingsmorgen," especially the delicate art of altering nuances on repeated words without becoming arch or mannered, as happened so often with a famous colleague who did not remain nameless ("Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—she lived from these things!"). Mostly Ludwig gave the sort of tips that only a singer would know and pass on to another: how to play with vowel sounds, how to slip easily into head tones, how to focus the sound on the breath, how to sustain the mood of the song rather than the mood of the singer.

Photograph by Beth Bergman.

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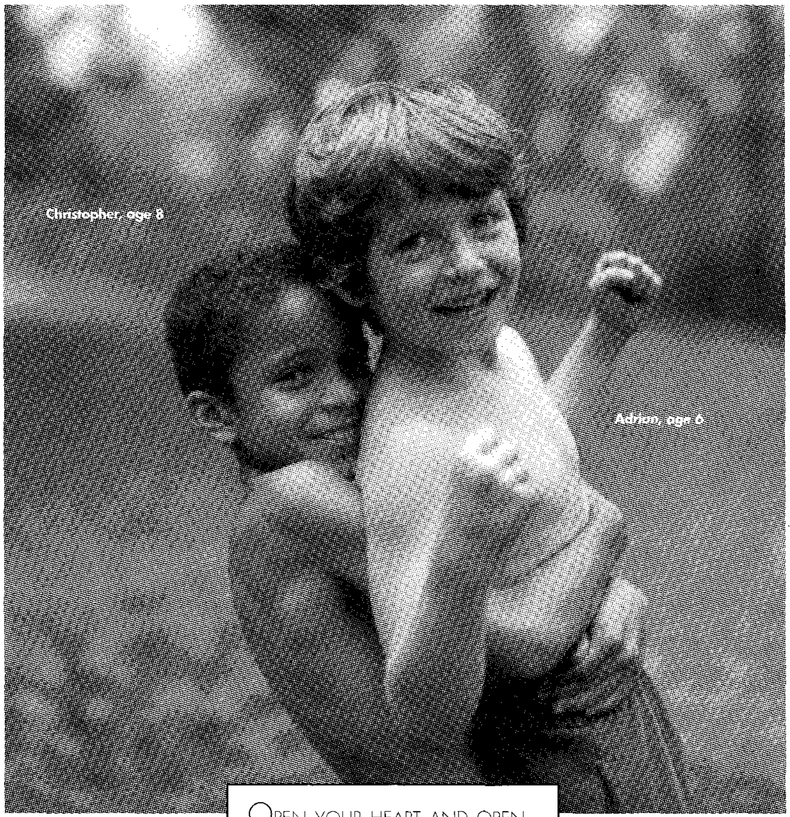

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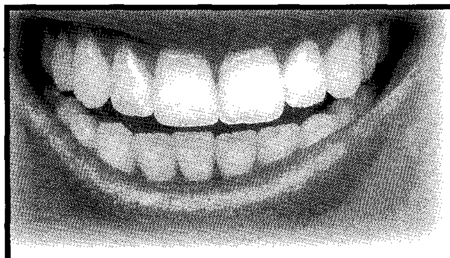

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In the symposium, both senior singers were joined by Martin Katz, Horne's longtime accompanist; Richard Harriman, director of the William Jewell College Fine Arts Program; and moderator Tim Page, music critic of the Washington *Post.* It was mostly two hours of doom and gloom, capped by Harriman's depressing report on the steady decline of attendance at campus vocal recitals over the past decade. Students avoid them for various reasons, in part because songs in foreign languages mean nothing to them and few have the patience to follow a translation. Some useful corrective measures were suggested and greeted with applause, but this is New York and the panel was preaching to the converted.

The climactic concert helped brighten the picture considerably, in part by addressing the language problem head-on—the whole program was sung in English, even songs by Schubert, Dvořák, Grieg, and Hahn. Superior people will no doubt sneer, but it revived a noble tradition that many of the country's greatest singers once gladly practiced. Some of the most engaging Schubert lieder singing I know can be heard on the ancient recordings of David Bispham, an American bass-baritone who flourished at the turn of the century and who was never too proud to address his audiences in, as he put it, "our good English language." Marcus DeLoach recaptured something of Bispham's communicative spirit by turning Schubert's "Die Forelle" into "The Trout." For the first time in my experience, outside Germany at least, the song generated an audible delighted response from an audience that immediately grasped the composer's pictorial ingenuity.

The songs that instructed and entertained most, though, were originally set in English, especially those by Samuel Barber. His *Hermit Songs,* a cycle on medieval poems by anonymous monks and anchorites, is now a classic, and Jane Jennings caught its feelings of intimacy and wonder perfectly. Thomas Hampson offered two additional Barber selections with his customary purling sophistication, Pamela Pantos sang Dvořák's *Gypsy Songs* with erotic abandon, and David Daniels spun out six lyrical beauties by Britten and Vaughan Williams gorgeously—this mesmerizing artist is the only countertenor I would gladly hear perform the standard song literature from beginning to end. Every singer needs a sensitive musician and flexible collaborator like Thomas Bagwell, whose bejeweled work at the piano gave ample proof that the art of the accompanist is also alive and well. Faced with all this largesse, we may as well rejoice and pray that the optimistic motto of Marilyn Horne's foundation will never be obsolete: "The Song Continues." ■

**DANCE** TOBI TOBIAS

# Same Difference

*At the "Altogether Different" series, hit-and-miss eclecticism from Shapiro & Smith, and watermelons signifying nothing from Poppo & The GoGo Boys.*

JANUARY IS TRADITIONALLY A SLACK PERIOD IN THE dance season, so the folks running the Joyce Theater decided it would be a swell time—offering minimal competition—to put on a show. In 1986, they inaugurated the "Altogether Different" series, now an annual fixture, in which a bunch of modern and postmodern companies (not so different as to be threatening to the theater's largely middle-class audience) show their wares. This year's series had seven entries. I chose the two reported on here the way occasional dancegoers do: I was curious; I thought I might have a good time.

**Shapiro & Smith Dance** is led by a husband-and-wife team of adept choreographers. More adept than impassioned, perhaps; it's hard to understand where their interests really lie. After seeing a few of their programs in recent years, and still open to watching them develop, I've come to suspect that their chief goal is variety.

In 1987, Danial Shapiro and Joanie Smith, having left the Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis clan, formed their own group and created *George and Betty's House,* a grotesque caricature of family life from which human empathy has been pitilessly expunged. Some classic American comic strips have treated dysfunctional domestic relationships and situations in just this way, but the strategy is funnier in the funnies. Played out with real, live bodies, its arbitrary cruelty seems shallow. Still, the mode proved popular with the audience, and Shapiro and Smith returned to it for their "Altogether Different" concert, reviving their 1992 *Never Enough.* Here, children, cheerfully savaged by a governess who recites Paul Selig's cautionary verses (a cross between Hilaire Belloc and A. A. Milne), become premature and desperately inadequate parents. This piece of pop sociology, advanced with cartoon-style flatness and garishness, is grossly nasty, with a few pathetic touches and spates of slick, gimmicky dancing that seem to belong to another piece. *Never Enough* has its clever aspects and its visually dazzling ones, but it can hardly be credited with enlarging one's understanding of—and compassion for—the human spirit.

And yet Shapiro and Smith choreograph with equal enthusiasm in the humanitarian vein. Witness the exquisitely structured and affecting *Fathers and Sons,* created for the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, and last year's *What Dark/Falling Into Light,* presented in somewhat revised form at the Joyce. Like most art works devised in response to the Holocaust, *Falling Into Light* is well intentioned but not up to its subject. It offers the predictable contingent of agonized bodies with stunned faces performing a feeble dance equivalent of experiences and feelings that refuse to lend themselves to such translation. David Greenspan's Gertrude Stein–ish text, which is spoken from the stage, hampers more than it helps. The dance is justified largely by a duet of tremendous hurtlings and falls for a big, muscular man (Shapiro) and a small, vulnerable-looking woman (the eloquent Midori Satoh) whom I read as father and daughter. Poignant dancing (or at least poignant theater) is made out of this good parent's effort to shield his offspring from harm, her instinct to fly to him for protection, and the awareness of both that they haven't got a chance.

The Joyce program was completed by *Piano,* a duet for the choreographers set to one of Erik Satie's 3 *Gymnopédies.* Shapiro and Smith find a quiet, sensuous meaning in the piano's musings, which are repeated three times. On the first go, the woman dances alone, seemingly meditating on her physical being, confident and relaxed, self-sufficient yet open to invitation. Predictably, she's joined by the man, who reverently

**The misleadingly named Poppo & The GoGo Boys.**

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

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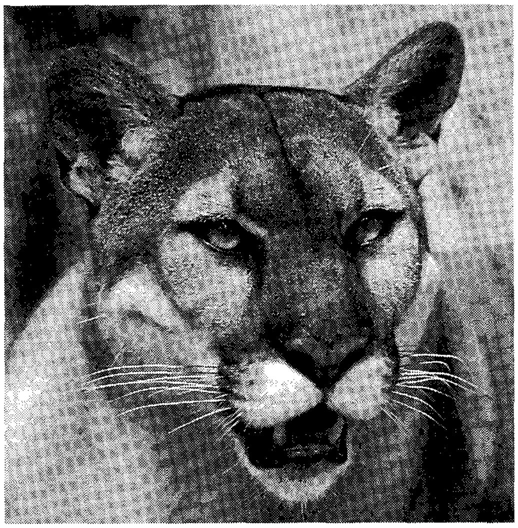

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outlines the shape of her body as it reiterates its earlier subtle articulations. Gradually, the impression of a line drawing changes to one of sculpture; the bodies take on a third dimension as they become suffused with feeling. For the final repeat, the pair ventures into new moves, growing less generic, more real—two specific people taking pleasure in a relationship that encompasses down-to-earth camaraderie as well as romantic desire. This is a small dance, but a worthy one. Given Shapiro and Smith's facilely varied repertory, though, I kept wondering whether this delicate lyricism wasn't just another way for them to appear different.

I HAD HEARD THEY WERE WILD, ORIGINAL, meaningful. I was misinformed. **Poppo & The GoGo Boys** (most of whom, perversely, are girls) is the brainchild of Poppo (né Hisatoshi) Shiraishi, who discovered butoh dance back home in Japan when he was an art student. Beginning as a solo performer in the late seventies, he trivialized the form with punk outrageousness—the going thing in the eighties (as in the raucous, gaudy work of Karole Armitage), now grievously passé.

**DANCE**

*Crazy Me, Crazy You,* the inscrutable piece the company brought to the Joyce, lacks the power of pure butoh because the dancers Poppo has collected around him possess neither the charismatic presence nor the authoritative concentration necessary to make stillness and cryptic moves profound. Most of the performers have an air of amateurishness. Granted, this general inadequacy does not extend to Poppo himself, who is riveting in a solo that presents him as a mad monarch in a ruthlessly uncomprehending court of ecclesiastics. He is not, perhaps, as physically and psychically centered as a first-class butoh dancer, but he has a unique way of moving and a conviction in his eccentric fantasies that draw you into his orbit.

Most of the time, though, you may well suspect you're being had. The props Poppo favors—watermelons (juicy pink insides revealed), messily dripping blocks of ice, and toilet bowls—echo the European neo-expressionists, Pina Bausch foremost among them, all too glibly. And when you look past all the "stuff," there's not much that *I'd* call choreography going on. The pictorial is what's featured. (Remember where Poppo started out.) The costumes are deliciously fanciful, especially the floaty unisex chartreuse-and-peach affair that suggests an intemperate butterfly. And there's the striking view of Poppo, solo again, rapt on a stage stripped to its brick back wall with a single lightbulb hung high, glowing like a tiny sun. Unfortunately, Poppo extends this affecting image into an obscure monodrama that you fear will never, ever end. ▬

**TELEVISION** **JOHN LEONARD**

# Grand Turing

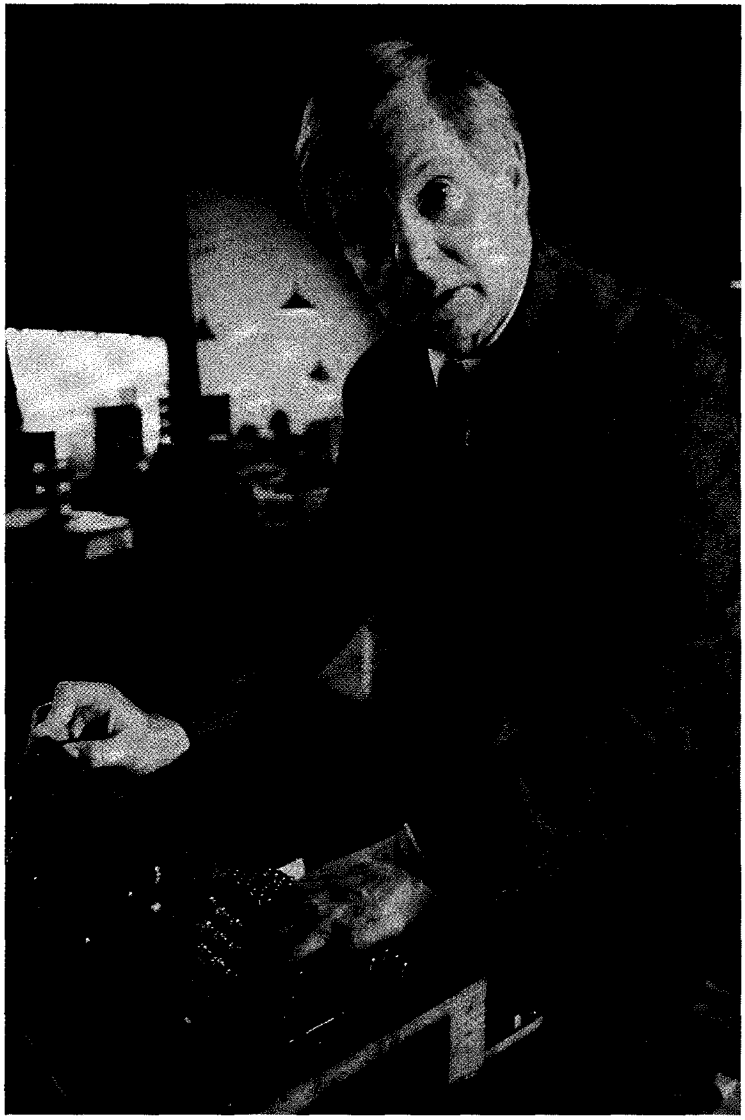
*Derek Jacobi's restive performance as Alan Turing, the gay mathematician who cracked the Nazis' Enigma code, bristles with its own cryptic logic.*

IF THE NEW “MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE” PRODUCtion of **Breaking the Code** (Sunday, February 2; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) seems a bit dated—and it does, like the slamming of a dollhouse door by an indignant Ibsen while everybody else is reading Marjorie Garber and watching RuPaul on cable—it is still a timely reminder of how far we haven't come in our fearful contemplation of other people's private parts. It's been ten years since Derek Jacobi impersonated Alan Turing on Broadway in Hugh Whitemore's play. That the British mathematician who built the prototype of the electronic computer to break the German “Enigma” code during World War II should have been hounded to his suicide because he was homosexual seems as Stone Age reactionary as clapping Oscar Wilde into Reading Gaol in 1895 for the same “gross indecency.”

But fear and loathing have made a comeback in the English-speaking world. The very notion of same-sex marriage in Hawaii is reviled as a subversion of the Republic. Panic about AIDS, a hatred of gays, and the usual Thatcherite contempt for civil liberties metastasized, in unmerry England in 1988, into a bill passed by both houses of Parliament forbidding the use of public funds “to promote homosexuality” in any way. So much, one might imagine, for borrowing a book by Jean Genet from the village library, looking at David Hockneys at the Tate, or even seeing a play like *Breaking the Code.* Turing, who studied with Wittgenstein at Cambridge in the thirties, is now apostrophized as a demideity in cyberpunk science-fiction novels. Jacobi, who starred as well in *I, Claudius* and can also be seen fending off Kenneth Branagh in the brand-new full-length *Hamlet,* is now Sir Derek and seems only slightly aged in this reprise, still quoting Bertie Russell with a stammer, still biting his fingernails, still the peculiar creature of a sort of absent-minded arrogance.

Winston Churchill, needing Turing's brain against the Nazis, protected him from the consequences of his cruising during the war. Dillwyn Knox (Richard Johnson), his cryptanalyst-superior at the secret facility in Bletchley Park, likewise winked, maybe because Knox himself had had youthful affairs with John Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey. Patricia Green (Amanda Root) loved him anyway—like his mother (Prunella Scales). But policemen (Alun Armstrong) and security agents (Harold Pinter!) were less forgiving in the early fifties. (So at home does Pinter seem, beavering for the Ministry of Security, that we may have to rethink both his own plays and the whole idea of “Official Secrets”; perhaps he's his own Enigma machine, writing in coded ellipses.) Besides, England will always be England, more caste-ridden than India. Turing's real crime may have been consorting with such working-class rough trade as Ron Miller (Julian Kerridge)—like the waitress, Mildred, who so afflicted Philip in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage.*

It's a pleasure to see such a talented cast run through its paces. Johnson's Knox manages to make his own repressions almost humorous. Root's Patricia is dignified in her hopelessness. The look on the face of Armstrong's Mick Ross when Sir Derek talks about “mutual masturbation” is a study in appalled aplomb. Pinter's John Smith reminds us that as odd as the British are about boudoir behavior, when you combine such hanky-panky with espionage, as in Burgess and Maclean, you get a nightmare kinkiness: Some kind of Homintern, plotting no doubt against the queen. Even



**Sir Derek Jacobi as Alan Turing, the enigma who solved the Germans' “unbreakable” Enigma code.**

Photograph by Sally Miles/WGBH.

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William Mannering, as the young Turing, and Blake Ritson, as his astronomy-minded classmate Christopher Morcom, who died young from tuberculosis and whom Turing as a public-school boy worshiped, are affectingly febrile and supremely confident. It is nice to know that in 1994 they got around to naming a ring road near Bletchley Park after Turing. I am not as pleased by the tinkling refrain of "Some Day My Prince Will Come," nor the syrupy coda over the credits of "(When I Told Them) They Didn't Believe Me," neither of which I remember from the stage but which, in any case, sentimentalize the sexual politics unto camp.

Nor has playwright Whitemore succeeded in connecting Turing's brilliant mathematics with his psychosexual tribulations. Perhaps there isn't any such connection. But without a stab at making one—he dreamed, after all, of machines that think, escaping the way of all flesh; he was himself enciphered; isn't cryptanalysis psychoanalytic?—*Breaking the Code* leaves us with a simple-minded fairy tale of victimhood. Compare Whitemore's imagining of Turing with Bruce Duffy's novel about Turing's mentor, Wittgenstein. In *The World As I Found It* (1987), Duffy didn't reduce and "explain" Ludwig. The "unsayable" didn't arrive like a telegram from God after a particular trauma. Rather, the novelist braided the philosopher out of his many fibers—clustered associations, "family resemblances," and animating metaphors; his denied Jewishness, his secret homosexuality, his death wish and survivor's guilt (those bullying dead brothers); his difficult father's big house with its seven pianos and 30 servants; the music he found purer than any philosophy; the golem ghosts of the Prater, the new "key" of mass politics in anti-Semitic Vienna, and Freud's forbidden fruit. The philosopher of the impasse and the cul-de-sac didn't just *happen* to be agoraphobic. "Of this I am certain," he said, "that we are not here to have a good time." And he certainly didn't. Language was the text, suggested Duffy, but pain was the subtext.

Looking for Turing in his computer as well as his bedroom would have been worth an ambitious playwright's while. Still, the "gross indecency" in *Breaking the Code* isn't Whitemore's—or Turing's.

ELSEWHERE: **Doctors With X-Ray Vision** (Wednesday, January 29; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) lets us Peeping Tom with Bill Kurtis in a "New Explorers" episode devoted to a day in the life of radiologists at the University of Illinois at Chicago Medical Center, where they X-ray, ultrasound, fluoroscope, mammogram, and magnetic resonate as if there were no laws at all respecting privacy. ■

Cue

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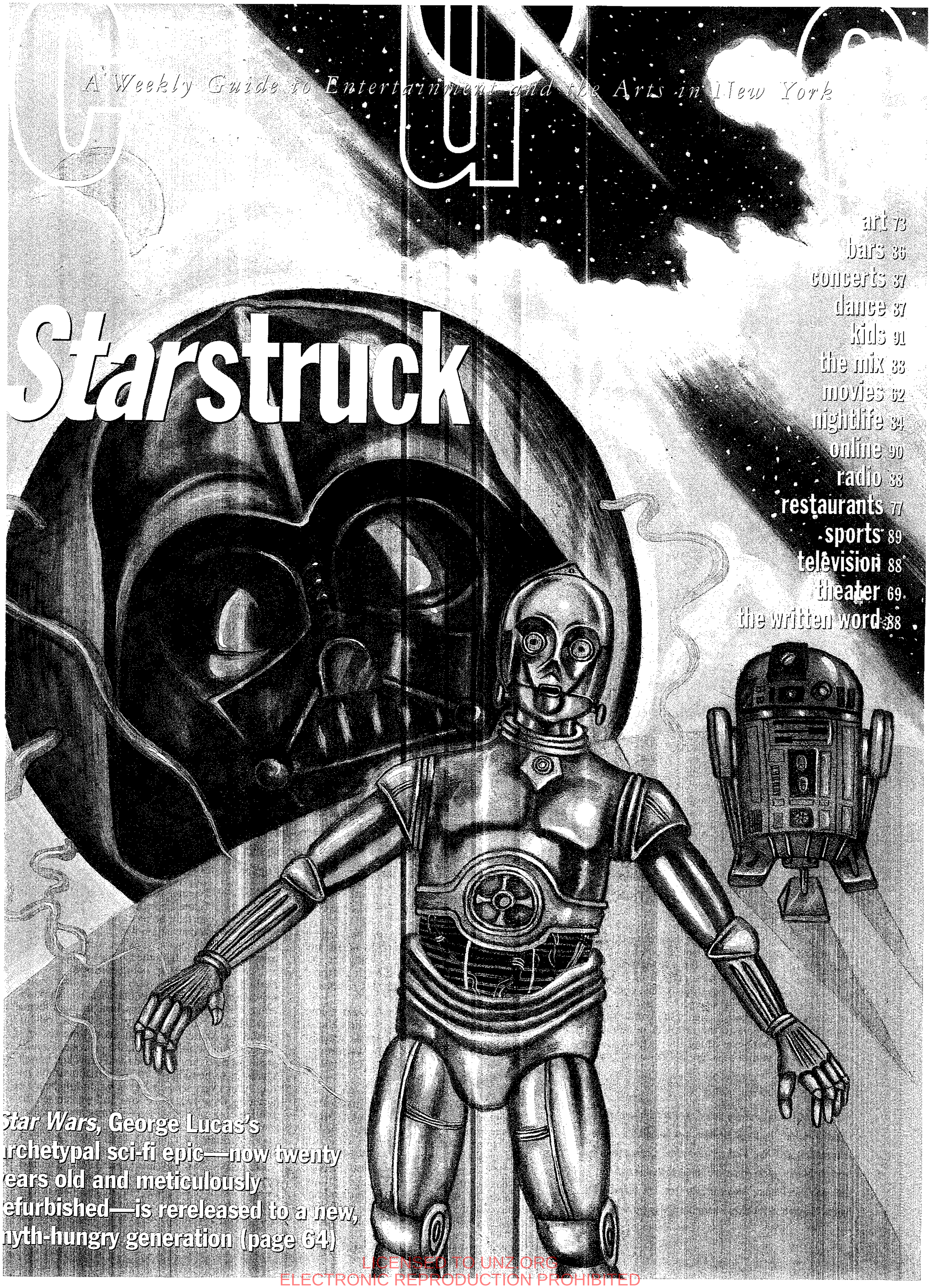
# *Star*struck



*Star Wars*, George Lucas's
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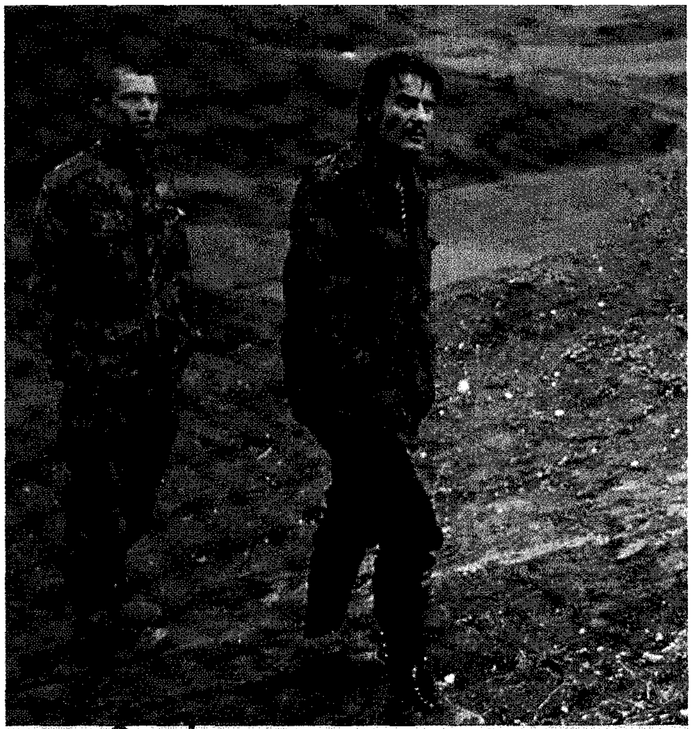
efurbished—is rereleased to a new,
nyth-hungry generation (page 64)

# movies

***Le Doulos...*****Charles Burnett...*****Gridlock'd***



## Opening
## Swap Meet

**In *Prisoner of the Mountains*—this year's Russian entry for the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film—Sergei Bodrov Jr. (left) and Oleg Menshikov (right) are two soldiers held hostage by a disconsolate Chechen who hopes to swap them for his own son, a prisoner of war across the border. The film, which is based on Tolstoy's novella "A Prisoner of the Caucasus," opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza.**

## New Films

**Albino Alligator**—Three small-time hoods, on the run from the law, take refuge in a local Prohibition-era bar—only to realize that there's just one way out. With Matt Dillon and Skeet Ulrich. Directed by Kevin Spacey. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

**Angel Baby**—Two troubled souls (John Lynch and Jacqueline McKenzie) fall passionately in love after meeting in group therapy. Written and directed by Michael Rymer. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

**Angel Dust**—A criminal psychologist tracks a serial killer who is stalking women on the subways of Japan. With English subtitles. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

**Beverly Hills Ninja**—Chris Farley stars as a would-be martial-arts master who attempts to save the life of a mysterious woman. Directed by Denis Dugan. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza.*

★**Big Night**—A lovely comedy directed by the actors Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott. Sometime in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older brother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. Tucci and his collaborators have given *Big Night* the shape of a classic fable. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. But rebirth awaits—and possibly the development of a major writing-directing career. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

### Ground Rules:

**These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.**

**Breaking the Waves**—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**La Cérémonie**—Claude Chabrol, 66, a star of the New Wave as early as 1958, has made many malicious thrillers in his long career, but he's never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, and persuades her to come work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband and two children. Sophie moves in with the family, and after a while, everything begins to go haywire. It's not that the people living in the big Brittany house are bad. They believe a housekeeper should be efficient, and Sophie is. But she is also insultingly silent and withdrawn. By not responding to their small acts of benevolence, she robs them of an element of their self-love (they need to think of themselves as kindly). Sophie, it turns out, attracts a woman friend—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. At first, Jeanne and Sophie, who form a secret friendship, might seem like slightly eccentric outsiders. But their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime, and their pranks seem meaner and meaner. In the end, the movie is only nominally about class warfare. It is really about the tiny cracks running through a perfectly formed bowl, the cloud passing across the sun on a perfect day—the moments of slippage and incomprehension, the faults of life itself. (Denby; 1/20/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Dine on Dine**—Three short films about the life and work of painter-sculptor-draftsman Jim Dine. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katherine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. After an embarrassingly masochistic performance in *Strange Days,* Ralph Fiennes has recovered his spirits; his count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katherine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. Directed by Anthony Minghella. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Everyone Says I Love You**—In movies, when ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become, like poetry, the strongest way of saying something. But in Woody Allen's new musical, the

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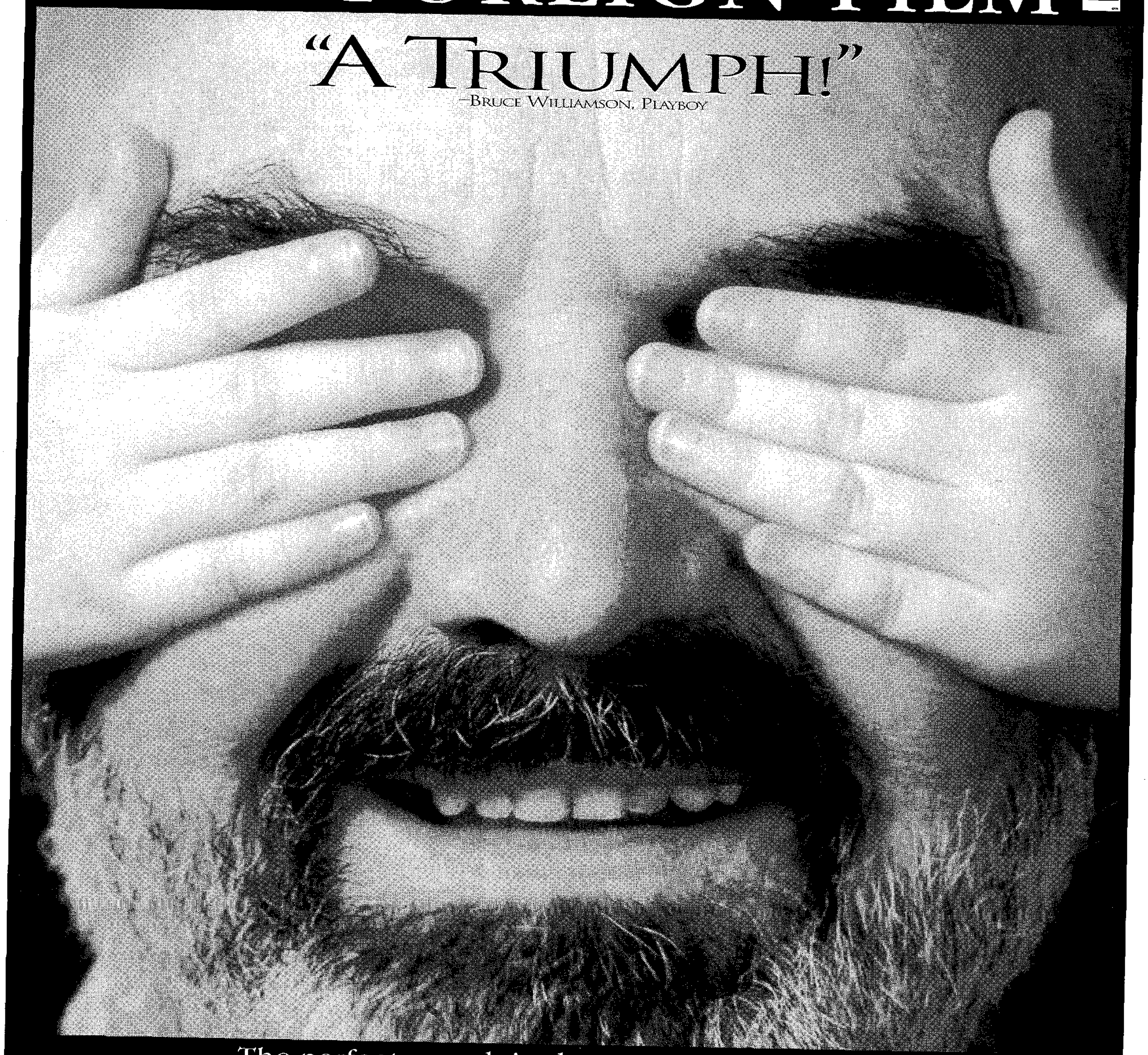
GOLDEN GLOBE WINNER

# BEST FOREIGN FILM



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–BRUCE WILLIAMSON, PLAYBOY

The perfect grouch is about to meet his match–
A five-year-old kid named...

# KOLYA

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DOLBY

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• DOLBY

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gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough. So he uses actors with no training as singers—Allen himself, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and there's no exhilaration, no release. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family (Alan Alda is the paterfamilias), with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. The movie is easy to sit through and hard to get excited about. None of the love affairs gets more than brief, anecdotal treatment; the characters wander around beautiful places, and they sing, always in the same tepid, colorless style. The dancers are pros, however, and Allen, working with choreographer Graciela Daniele, shows some talent for satirical dance routines. He should do another musical, and this time risk the danger of real emotion. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

**Evita**—Eva Perón (Madonna), born in 1919 in a small town, escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. Under his protection, she becomes a political figure in her own right, a benefactress of the poor, a savior, a saint, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keeps her husband in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. Or something like that. The life of the actual Eva Perón is a black comedy of major proportions; it is a life that can sanely be approached only with irony—or with an exuberant appreciation of the grotesque. *Evita* is grotesque, all right, but it lacks even a tinge of self-awareness or wit. Nor is Eva Peron a fully articulated person with individual emotions. Dialogue might have humanized her, but writer-director Alan Parker sticks to the strategy that worked in the theater: Andrew Lloyd Webber's music is sung and played throughout. Parker and his team re-create postwar Argentina, and some of the detail is impressive—but this is a weird, terribly distant piece of moviemaking. Holding pictures of Evita, crowds appear at political rallies; gather outside the palace as she is dying; attend her funeral; engage in vague insurrectionary activities. The crowd throws itself into whatever attitudes are necessary to further the ritual of her enshrinement. *Evita* is a kind of fascists' pseudo-opera: After a while, we realize that we're being pressed into that crowd of awestruck worshipers. The movie is about a myth and nothing else, and it is a uniquely nauseating spectacle. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

**Fierce Creatures**—The follow-up to 1988's *A Fish Called Wanda,* in which John Cleese, Kevin Kline, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Michael Palin cheerfully mismanage a failing zoo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

**First Strike**—Jackie Chan stars as a Hong Kong-based cop who must retrieve a missing nuclear warhead. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 84th Street Six.*

**Ghosts of Mississippi**—The point of Rob Reiner's new movie is that racism is still alive in the South. The film chronicles the efforts of Myrlie Evers (Whoopi Goldberg), widow of slain civil-rights leader Medgar Evers, to bring justice to Byron De La Beckwith (James Woods), who was tried twice for the murder of her husband in the sixties, both trials ending in a hung jury. In the late eighties, Myrlie finds an ardent young prosecutor, Bobby DeLaughter (Alec Baldwin), who fights to reopen the case. Despite the disapproval of all the white folks in Bobby's circle—the ghosts—he goes after the madly gleeful De La Beckwith. *Ghosts* is exceptionally well-meaning, but it's the kind of film that no one who is not actually a violent racist could argue with. Baldwin soberly explains the necessity of justice over and over, to his wife, to his boss, to his children, and after a while we begin to feel like children ourselves. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Ziegfeld.*

**Gridlock'd**—Tim Roth and the late Tupac Shakur star as two drug addicts whose attempts to go straight are thwarted by social services. Written and directed by Vondie Curtis-Hall. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

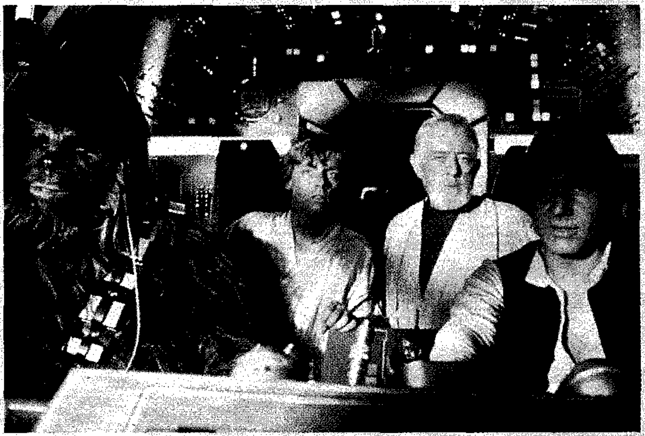
★**Hamlet**—In the new *Hamlet,* Kenneth Branagh is an extroverted prince, bold, brazen, often noisy, a man who dominates every conversation and enjoys putting people on. Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. Everything is overscaled, huge, and hideously exposed (there is no place to hide: People spy through one-way mirrors). As the principals plot and scheme and manipulate one another, we are never allowed to forget that the future of the state is at issue. Claudius has not just killed Hamlet's father; he has denied Hamlet the throne. This Hamlet very much wants to be king. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance. Yet there are many brilliant moments. Branagh straightens out the sexual life of the court: Hamlet and Ophelia (Kate Winslet) have been to bed (Branagh shows the lovemaking), and they have a palpable physical need for one another. When they are wrenched apart by the meddling grown-ups, and Hamlet then mistakenly kills Polonius, Ophelia's insanity is deeply moving—not the usual wan flutter of Elizabethan butterfly wings but grief-struck rage in a padded cell. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

**I'm Not Rappaport**—Walter Matthau and Ossie Davis play two grave-dodgers who meet each day in Central Park and philosophize. Written and directed by Herb Gardner, who adapted from his Broadway play. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) *Regency.*

**In Love and War**—The true story of the wartime romance between a young, injured Ernest Hemingway (Chris O'Donnell) and his nurse (Sandra Bullock). Directed by Richard Attenborough. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money the sports agents in this movie can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that they handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out in a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry too, and falls in love with him. Cruise, of course, has played different versions of this part in the past—the nice thing, however, is that now he's playing this role with greater physical freedom and richness than before. He shows us there's a terrifying abyss under the confidence—no ideas, no particular personality, nothing. Written and directed by

## Revival
## World of the *Wars*



**'Get a lawn chair, maybe a space heater, get liquored up, and wait outside the Ziegfeld, having sword fights with my light saber." That's how Jesse Berdinka, a 26-year-old Miramax employee, describes his plans for the night of January 30, the eve of the rerelease of *Star Wars*. "Most people my age that work in film today are in it because of *Star Wars*," says Berdinka, who bought 30 advance tickets for co-workers. On the Internet, the eager and the bored exchange *Star Wars* minutiae such as lists of international release dates (Kenyans get the new print January 25, while Iceland must wait until April) and of newly available action figures. In Hollywood, 75 fan-club members—all "appearing in authentic costumes of *Star Wars* characters and doing small character skits"—plan to meet at Mann's Chinese Theater for the 7:15 show, followed by a celebratory hamburger dinner. With *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi* scheduled for rerelease in February and March, respectively, some fans are thinking longer-term. The Star Ladyz—a fan club with 100 members across the country, and one in Guatemala—plan to convene at Las Vegas's Debbie Reynolds Hotel in early March for sci-fi-themed bonding activities ranging from the strange ("the *Star Wars* drinking game") to the very strange ("We're renting minivans and driving to Area 51"—supposedly the site of a UFO landing in the fifties). And, of course, they'll hit a megaplex to see the *Star Wars* trilogy in its entirety on the day of the third film's rerelease. "We're otherwise normal, sane adults," says an attorney-Star Lady who declined to be identified, "with this deeply concealed obsession with the galaxy far, far away."** ETHAN SMITH

Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. At the same time, he captures the discontent beneath the mania, and he shows a striking gift for intimacy. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

**Johns**—David Arquette and Lukas Haas play two young hustlers struggling to survive on the streets of L.A. Written and directed by Scott Silver. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

**Kolya**—Set in Prague on the eve of the 1989 Velvet revolution, a middle-aged bachelor—debt-ridden and despondent—enters into an arranged marriage, only to be deserted by his bride and left to care for her six-year-old son. Directed by Jan Sverak. (*Kolya* is this year's Czech entry for the Academy Award for best foreign language film.) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Marvin's Room**—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo DiCaprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.;) *Village East; 19th Street East.*

**Metro**—Eddie Murphy stars as a wise-cracking cop who must get serious when faced with a serial killer. With Michael Rappaport. Directed by Thomas Carter. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

**Michael**—Writer-director Nora Ephron's comedy about a seriously flawed angel (John Travolta) living in a small town. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *19th Street East; Criterion Center; Beekman.*

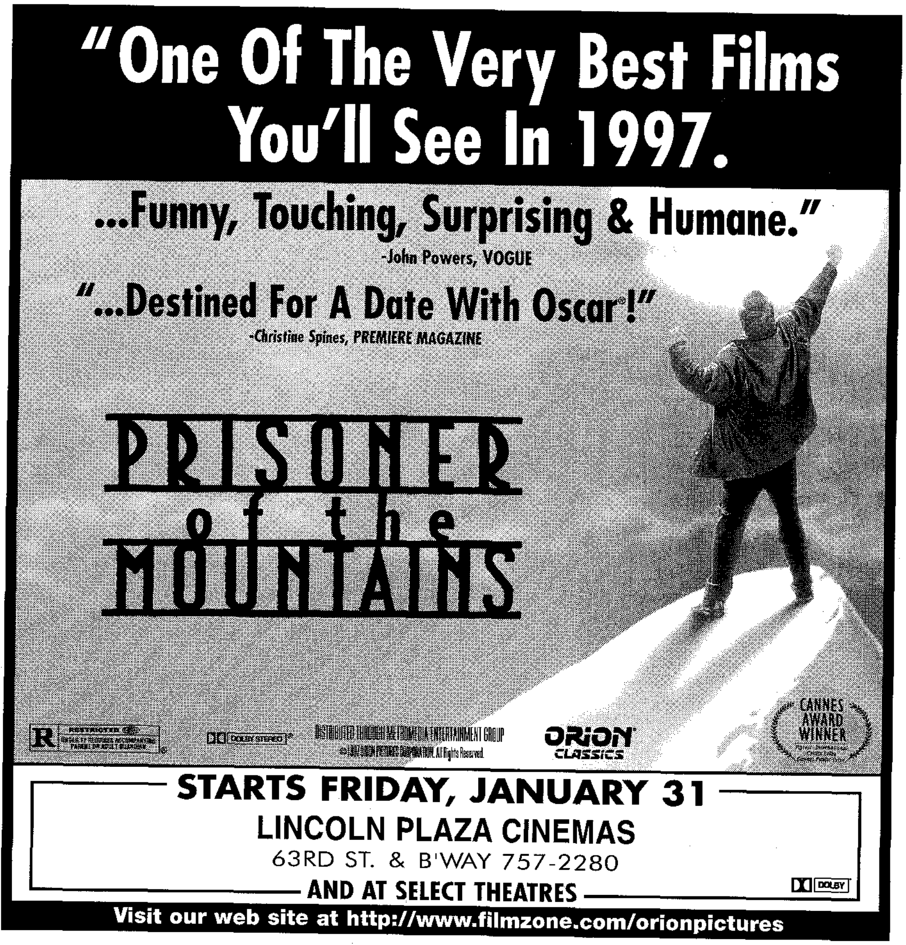
**Microcosmos**—A hyper-realistic and erotic look at the world of insects. Narrated by Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 15 mins.; G) *Film Forum; Angelika 57.*

**Mother**—Albert Brooks (who also wrote and directed) plays a mediocre novelist, twice divorced, who moves back in with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) to thrash out his Oedipal kinks. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

**One Fine Day**—Michelle Pfeiffer and George Clooney play two single, harried, working parents who meet cute, fight cute, and fall in love. Directed by Michael Hoffman. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Baronet/Coronet; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

**101 Dalmatians**—Disney's live-action remake of the animated feature, with Glenn Close as Cruella DeVil. Directed by Stephen Herek. (1 hr. 43 mins.; G) *86th Street East.*

★**The People vs. Larry Flynt**—The talented screenwriters Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski have framed their biopic as a ragtag American epic. In the fifties Larry Flynt and his brother, Jimmy, suffer through a dirt-poor, sub-Huck Finn boyhood in rural Kentucky. Twenty years later, Larry and Jimmy are running topless clubs in Ohio, satisfying customers and hurting no one. (That, at least, is the way the movie tells it.) Larry (Woody Harrelson), who sleeps with all the girls, is a free man, unburdened by refinement or civility. In brief, he's a sleazebag and an exploiter, but he has courage. He's willing to try anything. Why *not* put pictures of a naked Jackie O. in his new slick-paper mag, *Hustler*? The money is just lying on the ground. Even in his early Czech movies, Milos Forman demonstrated his pleasure in raffishness, and this time he's raised rotgut courage to the status of truth: The unguarded shall be holy. Larry and his tarnished inamorata, the dancer Althea Leasure (Courtney Love), deliver pornography without apology or disguise; their ambitions are so straightforward, and they exist on such easy terms with their flesh (their own and other people's), that they burn away the hypocrisy of anyone hung up on appearances. But the filmmakers make the mistake of turning Larry Flynt into a moral hero and martyr. As the movie presents his opponents, including Charles Keating (the future savings-and-loan swindler) and the Reverend Jerry Falwell, they are fools—the whited sepulchers of the eighties. Maybe they are, but the movie suggests no way of criticizing Larry Flynt that isn't hypocritical, and liberal sanctimoniousness begins to overwhelm this screenplay. In the past 30 years



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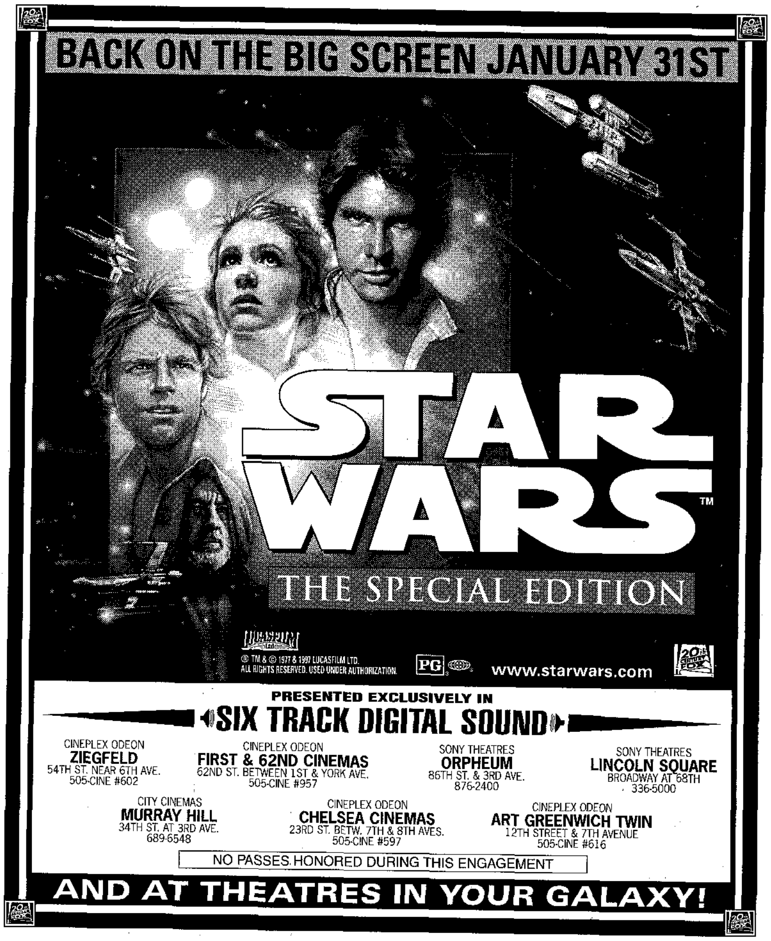

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or so, a crud-ball commercial nihilism has entered the culture, and this spirit, by an operation analogous to Gresham's Law, has driven out a lot of the highest as well as the merely good. Larry Flynt is a big part of that change: *Hustler,* after all, is much worse than tasteless; it's pretty damn depressing, and it has innumerable imitators. Flynt should certainly be free to publish, but his bad taste can no longer work as a harmless and liberating joke when taste itself has lost its force. (Denby; 12/23/96) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Gemini Twin.*

**The Portrait of a Lady**—This adaptation, directed by Jane Campion, sticks to Henry James's plot, yet it is essentially a solemn art exercise, not a work of art. The newly wealthy American, Isabel Archer (Nicole Kidman), exercising her freedom in defiance of all common sense, makes a disastrous marriage to a dilettante and a poseur—Gilbert Osmond (John Malkovich), an American expatriate living in Italy with no ambition beyond perfecting his taste. In short order, Osmond drains Isabel's pocket, and her spirit. There is some physical eloquence in the settings, but we are puzzled. How did Isabel get stuck with such a monster in the first place? What is she thinking? Why does she stay with him? She seems a mere victim, and readers of the book will miss the intellectual fire of James's heroine as well as the flowing commentary that makes Isabel's situation so moving. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

**Prefontaine**—Jared Leto stars as Steve Prefontaine, the highly charismatic track star who helped change the future of the sport. Directed by Steve James. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Sutton; Lincoln Square.*

**Prisoner of the Mountains**—A Chechen man, whose son is being held hostage by the Russian army, kidnaps two Russian soldiers in the hopes of making a trade. Inspired by the Tolstoy novella *A Prisoner of the Caucasus,* the film is also the Russian entry for the 1996 Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. Directed by Sergei Bodrov. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

**The Relic**—A thriller about a biologist (Penelope Ann Miller) investigating a series of bizarre deaths at the Chicago museum where she works. Directed by Peter Hyams. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**Ridicule**—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. What makes the situation even more frightening is that the king himself does not possess wit and sometimes has trouble recognizing it. "It's not a pun, is it?" he asks anxiously after hearing something that pleases him. (Puns are considered unworthy). Wit, as it is conceived here, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

**Saint Clara**—A clairvoyant teenager—who has just moved, with her family, from her native Russia to Israel—unleashes her powers to comic effect. Written and directed by Ari Folman and Ori Sivan. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

**Scream**—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, postmodern take on scary movies. With Drew Barrymore, Neve Campbell, and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Plaza Twin.*

**Screwed**—A documentary about the life and times of pornographer Al Goldstein. Directed by Alexander Crawford. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Shadow Conspiracy**—Charlie Sheen stars as a presidential adviser who uncovers a huge plot that threatens the very foundations of the U.S. government. Directed by George P. Cosmatos. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

**Shine**—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

**Sling Blade**—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

**Some Mother's Son**—Historical fiction about two women who are drawn into Ireland's political turmoil when their jailed sons go on a hunger strike. Directed by Terry George, who co-wrote with Jim Sheridan. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

★**Star Wars**—The twentieth-anniversary re-release of George Lucas's sci-fi classic. Starring Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, and Harrison Ford. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

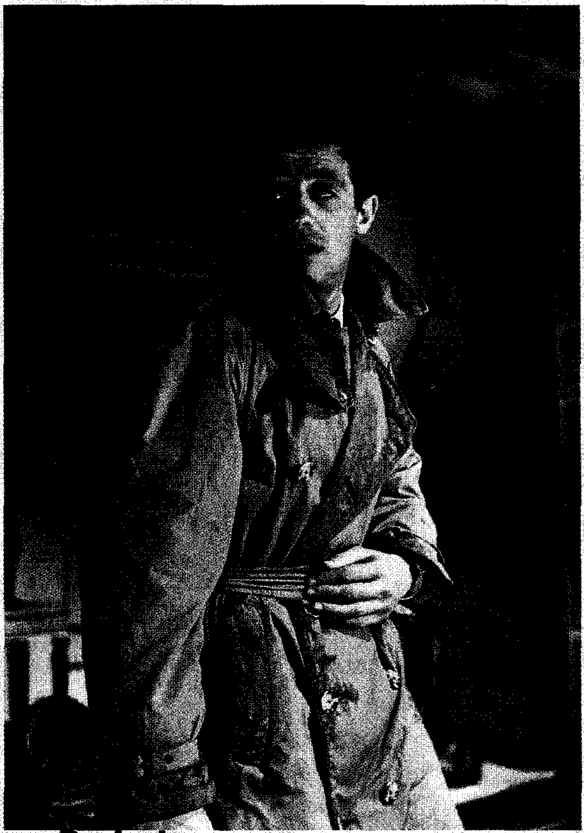
**Swingers**—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

**Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern**—An award-winning documentary about one family's struggle to save their farm and livelihood in the midst of local political and economic upheaval. Directed by Jeanne Jordan and Steve Ascher. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

**Turbulence**—A captured criminal (Ray Liotta) hijacks the plane transporting him to prison. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

**Les Voleurs**—A detective investigating his brother's death becomes ensnared in a web of familial sexual intrigue. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by André Téchiné. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Waiting for Guffman**—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. A mock-documentary in the *Spinal Tap* vein, although not as brilliant. With Catherine O'Hara, Fred Willard, and Eugene Levy. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*



**Revival**

## Pros and Cons

**Jean-Pierre Melville's wonderfully twisted 1962 noir *Le Doulos (The Finger Man)*—with the rakish Jean-Paul Belmondo (above) as an ex-con who straddles both sides of the law—gets a weeklong revival at Cinema Village beginning this Friday. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)**

**Zeus & Roxanne**—A marine biologist (Kathleen Quinlan) and a musician (Steve Guttenburg) fall in love with the help of their pets—a dog and a dolphin. Directed by George Miller. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

## Manhattan

### *Below 14th Street*

**Angelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Albino Alligator; Breaking the Waves; Secrets & Lies; Shine; Sling Blade; Some Mother's Son; Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern.*

**Art Greenwich Twin**—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures.*

**Cinema Village 12th St**—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Angel Dust; Screwed; Vertigo.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Dine on Dine; Microcosmos; Saint Clara; The Big Sleep; Walkabout.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Quad Cinema**—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Angel Baby; Caught; La Cérémonie; Les Voleurs.*

**Screening Room**—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Swingers.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Village East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Everyone Says I Love You; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; Metro; Prefontaine; The English Patient.*

**Village Theatre VII**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Evita; Ghosts of Mississippi; In Love and War; Mother; Portrait of a Lady; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Scream; The Relic.*

### *14th–41st Streets*

**19th Street East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Beverly Hills Ninja; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; Michael; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**34th Street East**—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Everyone Says I Love You.*

**34th Street Showplace**—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Fierce Creatures; Portrait of a Lady; The Relic.*

**Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Everyone Says I Love You; Fierce Creatures; Metro; Mother; Scream; Shine; The English Patient; The Relic.*

**Chelsea West**—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The People vs. Larry Flynt; Evita.*

**Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Evita; Shine; The English Patient; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

### *42nd–60th Streets*

**59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Looking for Richard.*

**Angelika 57**—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Microcosmos; Unhook the Stars.*

**Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Scream.*

**Baronet/Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Albino Alligator; One Fine Day.*

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Angel Baby; Ridicule.*

**Cinema 3**—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

**Cinema I, II, Third Ave.**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Evita; Shine.*

**Criterion Center**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Michael; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *In Love and War.*

**Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

**Embassy 1**—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Metro.*

**Embassy 2-4**—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Metro; Ransom; The English Patient.*

**Guild 50th Street**—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Evita.*

**Manhattan Twin**—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; The Relic.*

**National Twin**—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Daylight; Fierce Creatures.*

**Paris Theater**—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

**State**—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; First Strike; The Relic.*

**Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Metro; Prefontaine.*

**Worldwide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Jingle All the Way; Looking for Richard; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Trainspotting.*

**Ziegfeld**—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Ghosts of Mississippi.*

### *61st Street and Above, East Side*

**68th Street Playhouse**—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Marvin's Room.*

**86th Street**—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Scream; Fierce Creatures.*

**86th Street East**—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *101 Dalmatians; Evita.*

**Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael.*

**First & 62nd St. Cinema**—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Fierce Creatures; One Fine Day; Portrait of a Lady; Scream; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Gemini Twin**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

**New York Twin**—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You.*

**Orpheum**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Everyone Says I Love You; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Metro; The Relic; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Tower East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mother.*

**UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Mother.*

### *61st Street and Above, West Side*

**62nd and Broadway**—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Scream.*

**84th Street Six**—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; One Fine Day; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; Kolya; La Cérémonie; Les Voleurs; Secrets & Lies; The English Patient.*

**Lincoln Square**—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Albino Alligator; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Mother; Portrait of a Lady; Prefontaine; Shine; Some Mother's Son.*

**Metro Cinema**—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *In Love and War; The Relic.*

**New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Metro; Scream; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Nova**—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Metro; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

### Retrospective
## The Secret History

*The woefully underappreciated director Charles Burnett—who has poetically depicted the African-American experience for the past 30 years—is honored with a two-week retrospective at the Walter Reade Theater beginning January 31. Premiering will be the fact-based 'Nightjohn,' starring Carl Lumbly (left, with Allison Jones and Beau Bridges) as the legendary slave who, though emancipated, willingly returned to servitude to surreptitiously spread literacy.*

**Olympia Cinemas**—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Zeus & Roxanne; Beverly Hills Ninja.*

**Regency**—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *I'm Not Rappaport.*

## Bronx

### *Area Code 718*

**Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *101 Dalmatians; Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Scream; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *101 Dalmatians; Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Scream; Space Jam; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Riverdale**—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Fierce Creatures; Mother.*

**Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Metro; Prefontaine; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

## Brooklyn

Area Code 718

**Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Brooklyn Heights**—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Mother; Portrait of a Lady.*

**Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Gridlock'd; Metro; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Jerry Maguire; The English Patient; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beverly Hills Ninja; In Love and War; Metro; Prefontaine; Scream.*

**Kenmore**—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *First Strike; Metro; Scream; The Relic.*

**Kent Triplex**—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Metro; Scream; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Kings Plaza**—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *101 Dalmatians; First Strike; Metro; Scream; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic.*

**Kingsway**—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *In Love and War; Beverly Hills Ninja.*

**Marboro**—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Scream; The Relic.*

**Pavilion/Windsor**—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Portrait of a Lady; Shine; The Relic; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Plaza Twin**—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Scream; Metro.*

**Ridgewood**—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; First Strike; Gridlock'd; Metro; Scream; The Relic.*

**The Movies at Sheepshead Bay**—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Evita; Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

## Queens

Area Code 718

**Astoria**—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Fierce Creatures; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

**Bay Terrace**—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *101 Dalmatians; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Metro; Mother; Portrait of a Lady; Prefontaine.*

**Cinema 5**—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Portrait of a Lady; Scream; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Cinemart**—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Mother; Prefontaine.*

**Continental**—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Shine; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

**Crossbay**—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *First Strike; Metro; Scream.*

**Crossbay II**—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Michael; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Elmwood**—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *First Strike; In Love and War; Metro; The Relic.*

**Forest Hills**—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Portrait of a Lady; Everyone Says I Love You.*

**Fresh Meadows**—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

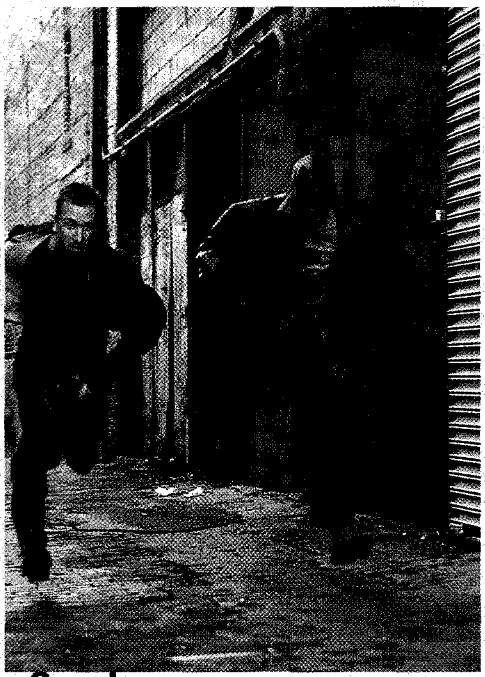
**Jackson Triplex**—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *First Strike; Gridlock'd; Metro; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Midway**—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; Scream; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**Movieworld**—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

**North Shore Towers**—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The English Patient.*

**Plaza** —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Metro; Zeus & Roxanne.*



### Opening
### Speed Freaks

**In *Gridlock'd*, the penultimate movie he completed before his death, Tupac Shakur (right, with Tim Roth) stars as one half of a junk-using duo whose attempts to get clean are systematically, and hilariously, thwarted by government bureaucracy. Opens January 29.**

**Quartet**—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Scream; The Relic.*

**The Movies at Bayside**—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

**Trylon**—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Evita.*

## Staten Island

Area Code 718

**Atrium**—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; The Relic.*

**Hylan Plaza**—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; The Relic.*

**The Movies at Staten Island**—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; First Strike; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Mother; Prefontaine; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Relic; Turbulence; Zeus & Roxanne.*

## Museums, Societies, Etc.

**American Museum of the Moving Image**—2/1: *The Elephant Man* (1980). 2/1 and 2/2: *Twin Peaks* Pilot: The European Version. 2/2: *Dune* (1984). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

**Anthology Film Archives**—1/27-2/2: *Ulysses' Gaze* (1995). 1/27: *Kiss of the Spider Woman* (1985). 1/28: *Pickpocket* (1959), *Notturno* (1986), and *High Hopes* (1988). 1/29: *Shadows* (1959). 1/30: *The Man Who Left His Will on Film* (1970). 1/31: *Naked* (1993). 2/1: *Life Is Sweet* (1991). 2/1 and 2/2: *2x50 Years of French Cinema* (1995). 2/2: *Blue Grass: Films by John Cohen.* 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

**Casa La Femme**—An ongoing Sunday night festival with food keyed to the film. 2/2: *The Lady Eve* (1941). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

**Cinema Village 12th St**—"Hong Kong Sexploitation." 1/30-2/1: *Chinese Torture Chamber* (1994). Beginning 1/31: *Le Doulos* (1962). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

**A Different Light**—2/1: *Back Street* (1961). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

**Donnell Media Center**—1/29: *Neil Gwyn* (1926) and *Queen Kelly* (1929). 1/30: *Calling the Shots* (1988); artist/filmmaker Conrad will screen and discuss his movie *Willem de Kooning.* 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

**Film Forum**—"Chandler, Hammett, Woolrich & Cain." 1/28: *The Chase* (1946) and *Street of Chance* (1942). 1/29: *After the Thin Man* (1936) and *The Glass Key* (1935). 1/30: *Fear in the Night* (1947), *The Guilty* (1947), and *Fall Guy* (1947). 1/31 and 2/1: *Mildred Pierce* (1945) and *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1942). 2/2 and 2/3: *The Blue Dahlia* (1946) and *The Glass Key* (1942). 2/3: *Ossessione* (1942). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center** (The Walter Reade Theater)—1/27-1/30: *A Tickle in the Heart* (1996). 1/28: "Open-Captioned Films for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing": *Ransom* (1996). 1/30: "Independents Night!" *Hit Me* (1996). "The Films of Charles Burnett: Witnessing the Everyday Heroes." 1/31: *Killer of Sheep* (1977). 1/31-2/2: *Nightjohn* (1996). 2/1: *My Brother's Wedding* (1984). 2/2: *To Sleep With Anger* (1990). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

**French Institute**—1/31: *Les Gauloises bleues* (1968). 2/4: *Augustin* (1995) and *L'Affaire est dans le sac* (1932). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"Rainer Werner Fassbinder." 1/27: *Katzelmacher* (1969), *The City Tramp* (1966), *The Little Chaos* (1967), *The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp* (1968), and *Love Is Colder Than Death* (1969). 1/28: *Gods of the Plague* (1969) and *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?* (1969). 1/30: *Whity* (1970). 1/30 and 2/2: *Rio das Mortes* (1970) and *The Niklashausen Journey* (1970). 1/31: *The American Soldier* (1970), *Beware of a Holy Whore* (1970), and *Recruits in Ingolstadt* (1970). 2/1: *The Merchant of Four Seasons* (1971) and *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (1972). 2/1 and 2/2: *Band of Angels* (1957) and *Accatone* (1961). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

**Screening Room**—Sundays, beginning 1/26: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100) $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

**Symphony Space**—"Godard & Co." 1/28: *My Life to Live* and *Diary of a Lost Girl.* 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**—Through 3/9: "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Photograph by Nicola Goode/Gramercy Pictures.

# theater

Ping Chong's *After Sorrow*...Shaw Resurrected

## Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**Last Night of Ballyhoo**—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy*, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/27 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

**Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus**—Megaselling author John Gray turns his relationship manual into a one-man show. $20–$55. 1/27–2/1 at 7:30, 1/29 and 2/1 at 2. *Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. and Broadway (307-4100).*

**Three Sisters**—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 2/13 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

### *Now Playing*

**Beauty and the Beast**—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk**—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

**Cats**—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Chicago**—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. Whoopi Goldberg takes over on 2/11. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

**Grease!**—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Tracy Nelson as Rizzo 1/20–2/2, and Jasmine Guy thereafter. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**The King and I**—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**Les Misérables**—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

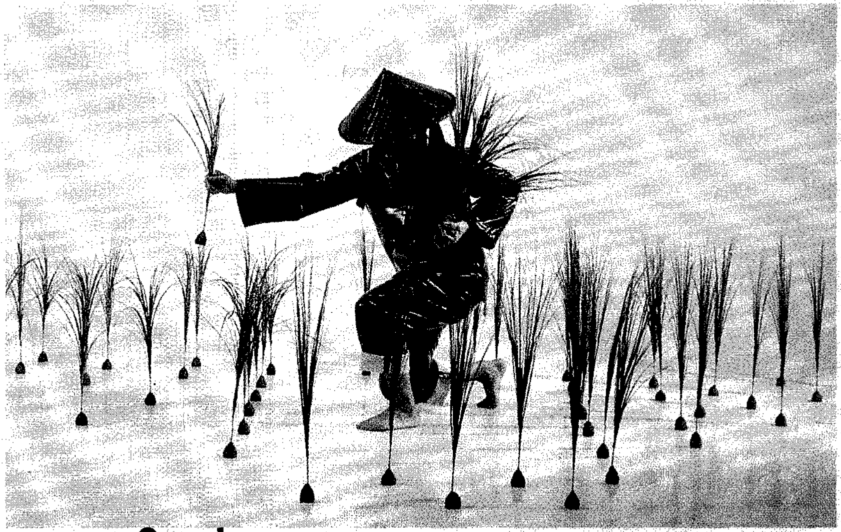
**Master Class**—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. Dixie Carter steps into the role on 1/31. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Miss Saigon**—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Once Upon a Mattress**—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun.

### Ground Rules:

**Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.**



Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

### Opening
## Darkness Visible

**With *After Sorrow,* director Ping Chong picks up where his previous performance pieces *Deshima* and *Chinoiserie* left off, exploring, with choreographer Muna Tseng and composer Josef Fung, the essentially Chinese aspects of their lives.**

at 3. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**The Phantom of the Opera**—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Present Laughter**—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

**Rent**—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller**—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

**Sunset Boulevard**—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Victor/Victoria**—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) Liza Minnelli stars from 1/7 to 2/2/97. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

## Onstage
## Stop Making Sense

*In the unfortunately titled 'You Say What I Mean but What You Mean Is Not What I Said,' creator and composer Grisha Coleman uses minstrel-show traditions and folk music and dance to create an a cappella dissection of identity politics.*

## Off Broadway

### Previews and Openings

**Boychik**—Starring Richard Kline, an exploration of emotions after a father's death. $40–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

**Dreamstuff**—A new musical version of the Aladdin's-lamp fairytale, in a nineties setting. $37.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

**Minutes From the Blue Route**—A family dismantles their house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 1/30 opening. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

**Mrs. Cage**—A suburban housewife admits to a crime, but is unwilling to take responsibility for her action. By Nancy Barr; directed by and starring Alberta Handelman. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 2/3. Through 2/23. *Martin R. Kaufman Theaer, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**My Astonishing Self**—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 1/23/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

**Psychopathia Sexualis**—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Jon Lovitz, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/26 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

**Steward of Christendom**—Donal McCann stars in Sebastian Barry's harrowing tale of his great-grandfather's choice between the Catholic Church and the crown in prerevolutionary Ireland. $20–$55.1/28–1/31. 2/1, 2/4–2/8, 2/11–2/15, 2/18–2/22 at 8, 2/2, 2/9, 2/16, 2/23 at 3. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

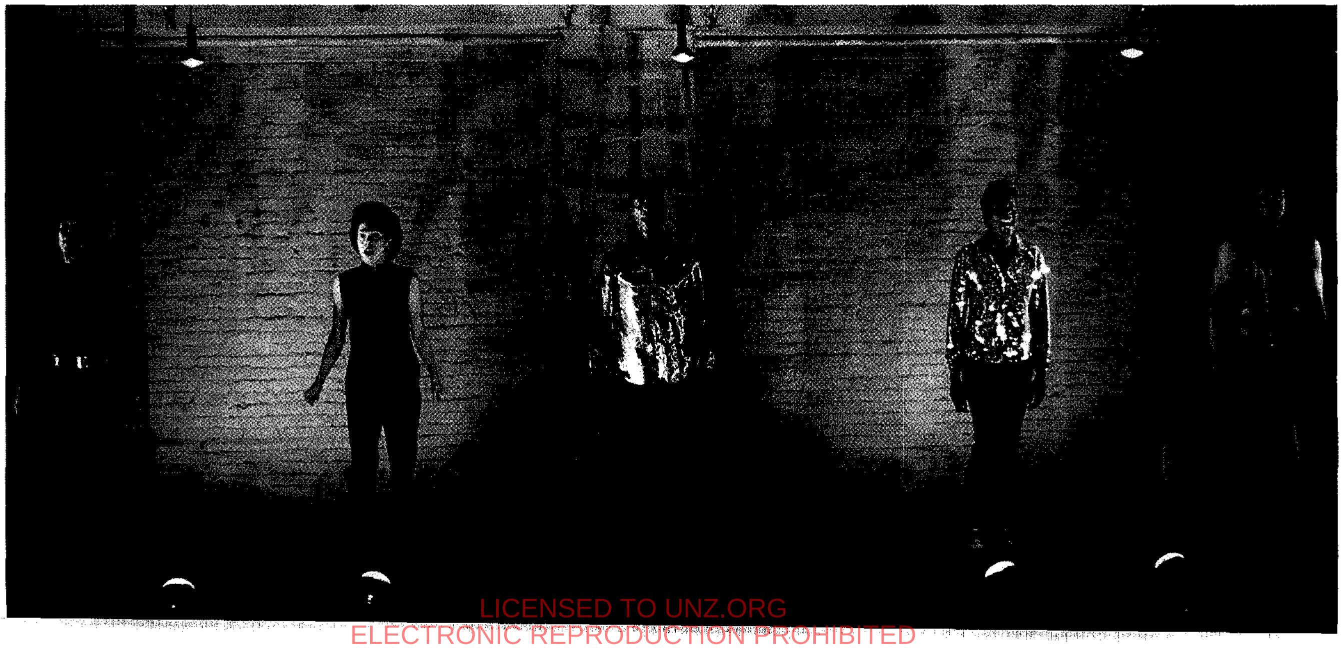
### Now Playing

**Americana**—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

**Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy**—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. On hiatus until 3/1. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Blue Man Group: Tubes**—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

**Born to Sing!**—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-



gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

**A Brief History of White Music**—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

**Concert Pianist**—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. $35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 1/19/97. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

**Do Lord Remember Me**—Esther Rolle stars in the New Federal Theatre's production of James de Jongh's oral history of slavery. $20. Opened: 1/15/97. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

**Evolution**—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

**The Fantasticks**—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

**Family Values**—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's midlife breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

**Flipping My Wig**—Charles Busch's latest. $28. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

**Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!**—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

**Full Gallop**—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue.* A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacrée* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

**Godspell**—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

**Grandma Sylvia's Funeral**—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

**Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly**—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change**—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

**Late Night Catechism**—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

**The Lucky Chance**—Jean Cocteau Rep performs Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, twisting marriage and commerce into a seemingly hopeless tangle. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

**Magic on Broadway**—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

**Making Porn**—A play about the gay porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

**Mother Courage**—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children,* presented in rotating repertory through March 28. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

**Neat**—Charlayne Woodard's portrait of coming of age in the civil-rights era. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

**No Way to Treat a Lady**—The York Theatre Company presents Douglas J. Cohen's sixties musical thriller about a publicity-crazed actor and the cat-and-mouse game he plays with the law and the ladies. $30–$35. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/2. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

**Old Wicked Songs**—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).*

**Perfect Crime**—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

**The Red Address**—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/13/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

**Scapin**—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

**Second-Hand Smoke**—A new play by Obie winner Mac Wellman, set in an apocalyptic landscape

### Previews

## Kinky Sox

Forget Hollywood: Andrew McCarthy has found perversity right here in Manhattan. McCarthy may be best known for such John Hughes opuses as *St. Elmo's Fire* and *Pretty in Pink,* but prior to his Hollywood break at age 19 (to play Jacqueline Bisset's boy toy in the 1983 movie *Class*) he studied drama in New York. Over the years he has sporadically returned to the stage, he says, "to do interesting things with interesting people." This time, it's because of John Patrick Shanley. "He has such a skewed view of things," says McCarthy. "All his plays have such a huge urgency about them that make them quite hysterical, but the characters have no idea they are behaving in a ridiculous manner."

In *Psychopathia Sexualis,* the new Shanley play at the Manhattan Theatre Club, McCarthy plays an artist with a fetish for an old pair of socks. "The guy is about to be married, but the socks have been stolen and he can't have sex without them," McCarthy explains. With a title playfully borrowed from a treatise by Krafft-Ebing, Shanley's comedy of manners revolves around two male friends and the women in their lives. "It's about how we have relationships that circle around and stay in their comfort zones until we are forced to a different level of intimacy that results in chaos," says the 35-year-old actor.

Working on a play requires getting different muscles into shape, McCarthy observes: "You don't have to fix it by lunch like the movies." And what about preparing for the character's particular sexual kink? "There are certain things we bring to a role," he quips. "That just seemed to fall into place easily—I don't know why, but I'm not questioning it."

GERARD RAYMOND

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near the riverside town of Gradual. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/16/97. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

**Stomp**—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

**Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding**—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

**Vilna's Got a Golem**—A new play by Ernest Joselovitz about a turn-of-the-century eastern European theater group determined to flout convention. With musical accompaniment by the Klezmer Conservatory Band. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/2. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

## Off-Off Broadway

**Advice From a Caterpillar**—Douglas Carter Beane's comedy about postmodern professions. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/15. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (330-9360).*

**The Balcony**—Jean Genet's vision of the revolution, set in a brothel. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *The Riant Theatre, 161 Hudson St., fourth floor (925-8353).*

**Bound to Rise**—A Gilded Age musical about the difference between rich and poor. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. (262-4216).*

**A Belly Dancer's Story**—Part of a double bill with *True Confessions of a Go-Go Girl.* $15. Sun. at 8. *Red Room Theatre at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (460-0982).*

**The Crumple Zone**—Cynical commentary on the search for commitment, by Buddy Thomas. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (864-9393).*

**Emerging Playwrights**—New work by Robert Kornfeld and Ira L. Jeffries. $10. Thurs.–Sun at 7. Through 2/9. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

**The Heist**—A black comedy about stew, Sinatra, and safecracking. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30. *Expanded Arts, 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813).*

**June Moon**—Drama Dept.'s revival of a little-known George S. Kaufman/Ring Lardner musical of 1929, pitting a country youth against an urban dame. $12. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/2. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (629-4656).*

**Marking**—Pure Orange's second production, a new play by Patrick Breen about two couples and an infidelity. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Two Rooms**—Lee Blessing's tale of a hostage ordeal. $10. 1/28–2/1 at 8, 2/1 at 3, 2/2 at 7. *Center Stage NY, 48 W. 21st St., fourth floor (929-0519).*

**Permanent Brain Damage: (Risk It! Risk It!)**—Richard Foreman's new comedy. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Ontological Theater, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

**Race Is the Reason**—Extremist thinking in America. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/8. *Como Coco Cafe, 105 Suffolk St., bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts. (330-6844).*

**Savage in Limbo**—John Patrick Shanley's comedy about five sedentary singles. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Studio Theater 4A, 29 E. 19th St. (462-9279).*

**Sleeping With Mom & Dad**—An antidote to *Singles, Friends,* and other tales of rampant sexual self-analysis. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/2. *78th St. Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (946-5017).*

**South**—Julian Green's 1955 pre–Civil War drama. $12–$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

**Telethon**—Alternative comedians David Ilku and Ken Bullock. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

**Three Sisters**—A time-traveling production of Chekhov's tale of familial dissatisfaction. $12. 1/29–1/31, 2/1 at 7, 2/2 at 3:30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

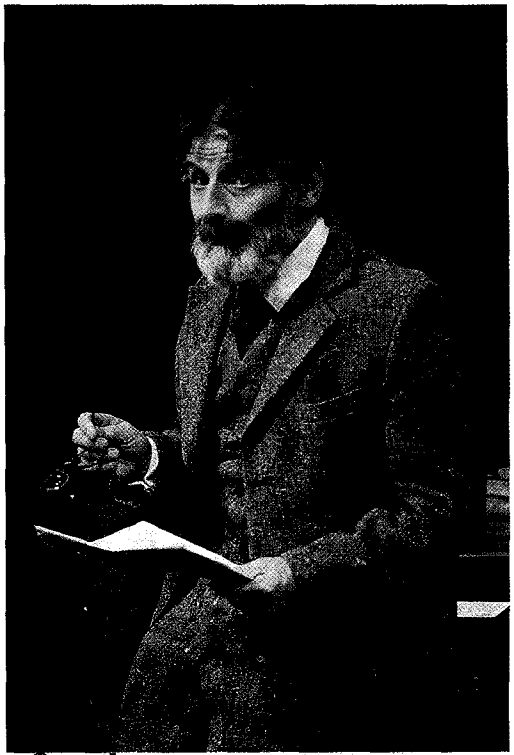
**Tintypes**—A turn-of-the-century revue of memorable music from 1890 to 1920. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/1. *St. Bart's Playhouse, Park Ave. at 50th St. (378-0219).*

**Uncle Vanya**—Chekhov's classic. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *The Producer's Club, 358 W. 44th St.(604-4917).*

**A Waltz With Tennessee**—An evening of Tennessee Williams's early plays, including *This Property Is Condemned* and *Talk to Me Like the Rain.* $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (544-1745).*

**Whiplash**—Shelly Mars's "Tale of a Tomboy." $15. Wed., Thurs., and Sun. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. *Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (631-1000).*

***You Say What I Mean but What You Mean Is Not What I Said***—A new Hot Mouth show, performed a cappella. $13–$18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (777-1441).*



### Opening *Self*-Absorbed

**Celebrated Irish actor Donal Donnelly channels the spirit of George Bernard Shaw in *My Astonishing Self,* reenacting Shavian moments like the playwright's letter-perfect wooing of actress Ellen Terry and his dramatic summit with Isadora Duncan.**

Photograph by Sheila Ferrini.

# art

Ursula von Rydingsvard . . . David Mann

## Galleries

### Solos

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Nick Blosser**—Paintings of landscape that draw on the artist's past experiences and memories; 1/30–3/8. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

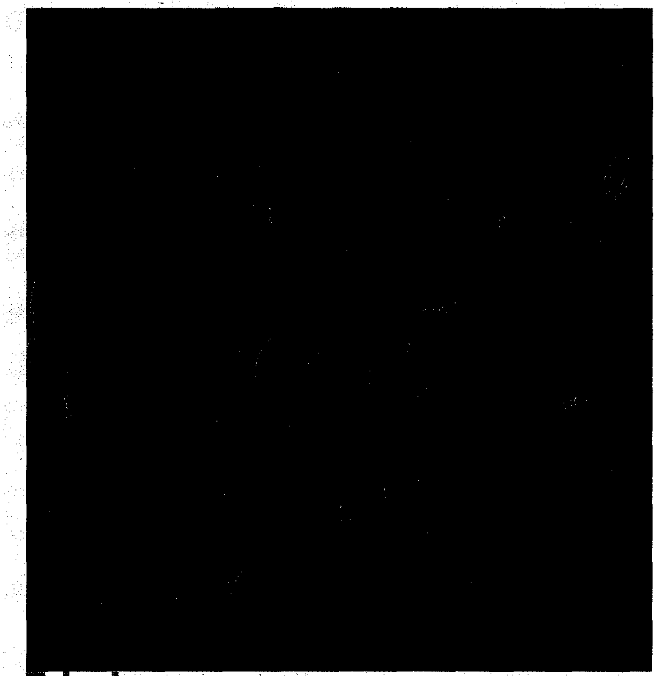
**Gary Brotmeyer**—Altered found photographs and collages; through 3/1. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

**Earl Cunningham**—Vividly-colored paintings of interior and coastal scenes of Florida and Maine by this self-taught artist (1893–1977) who lived in St. Augustine, Florida; through 3/1. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

**Willem de Kooning**—A selection of paintings made between May 1983 and June 1984 that have not been previously exhibited and are characterized by lyrical, ribbonlike contours in red and blue on white grounds, with touches of yellow, green, and purple; through 3/29. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (243-0200).

**Robert De Niro, Sr.**—Gestural paintings of figures, interiors, and still life by this New York School artist (1922–1993); through 2/8. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

**David Mann**—Abstract paintings whose shapes are derived from the physical gesture of the paint stroke; through 2/15. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).



**Talent** David Mann's brilliant colors throw his sinuous, tendonlike brushstrokes into relief, giving his canvases a physical, even erotic, presence. At James Graham & Sons, 1014 Madison Avenue; through February 15.

**Sigmar Polke**—A selection of the German artist's early works on paper; through 3/8. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

**Bill Traylor**—A selection of the self-taught artist's paintings on paper made between 1939 and 1942 that were collected by his friend and patron Charles Shannon; through 3/8. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

*57th Street Area*

**Magdalena Abakanowicz**—Two series of animal sculptures whose individual figures are constructed from burlap and glue over a metal armature; through 2/11. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

**Wilfrid-Gabriel De Glehn**—Landscapes, portraits, and figure studies by this British Impressionist who was a close friend of the American expatriate artist John Singer Sargent; through 3/1. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

**Mark Francis**—Monochromatic paintings whose fields of repeating organic forms are based on microphotographs of cells and chromosomes; through 2/22. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

**Hugo Gnam**—The first retrospective of works by the little-known Swiss Art Deco designer, focusing on paintings of and models for the "dream house" he never built; through 4/12. Kunstkabinett, 24 W. 57th St. (399-2278).

**Christian Haub/Sandy Scolnik**—Geometric abstract paintings on Plexiglas, wood, or mirror/Small-scale black-and-white paintings of group portraits. Through 2/22. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

**Agnes Martin**—New paintings that depict the artist's signature of horizontal bands of pale color outlined in graphite; through 2/15. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

**Tim Prentice**—Kinetic sculptures; through 2/22. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

**Susan Sharp/Nancy Friedlander**—Gestural abstract paintings/Mixed-media works on wood panels. Through 2/25. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

**Charles G. Shaw**—Geometric paintings and sculptures by this American modernist (1892–1974) who had his first success in the twenties as a writer for the *New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair*, and other magazines; through 2/22. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

**Anthony Springer**—Paintings of architectural scenes in lower Manhattan; through 3/8. David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

**Niele Toroni**—Paintings by this Swiss artist that continue a method he developed in 1966, in which imprints of a no. 50 paintbrush are applied to a canvas at regular intervals of 30 centimeters; through 2/15. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

**Alessandro Twombly**—Organic abstract sculptures in bronze, plaster, and clay; 1/31–2/28. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

**Ursula von Rydingsvard**—Recent sculptures, including a large environmental installation of graphite-rubbed carved cedar whose forms are based on letters written on the ground and then built up until the actual word is completely obscured; through 3/1. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

*SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Marina Abramovic**—A video installation titled *Boat Emptying Stream Entering* that is related to a performance work from 1988 made in collaboration with the artist Ulay, in which the artists walked the entire length of the Great Wall of China; through 2/15. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

**Stephen Antonson/Cannon Hudson**—Drawings and a site-specific ceiling piece/Large-scale paintings of workstations. Through 2/15. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

**Ilan Averbuch**—Monumental sculptures in wood, lead, stone, cast iron, and glass; through 2/25. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

**John Beerman/Stephen Greene**—Landscape paintings that draw on the nineteenth-century Romantic landscape tradition and his own surroundings in the Hudson River valley/Abstract paintings inspired by Gustave Moreau's French Symbolist imagery. Through 2/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

**Jens Birkemose**—Paintings and drawings that depict chaotic patterns built up of fragmented codes and pictorial connections; through 2/22. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

**Stephanie Borns/Doug Martin**—Paintings of figures and objects in simple compositions, using a palette of earth tones/Paintings of Hudson River Valley landscapes, many of which incorporate large topographical maps; 1/31–2/26. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

**Nancy Chunn**—A work that comprises 365 New York *Times* front pages with the artist's additions, comments, and eradications; through 2/15. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

**Patricia Cronin**—Paintings of horses; through 2/15. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

**Gregory Corn/John Wignore**—New sculpture by both that evolves from such natural elements as light, paper, gravity, and stone; through 2/22. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

**Bill Davenport**—Sculptural parodies of household objects such as toys, food, and appliances; through 2/22. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

**Liam Gillick**—An installation of objects and images titled *Discussion Island* that is the artist's vision of a post-utopian future and whose title refers to a lost Celtic place where clans would would maintain a shared island, each taking turns to farm it in yearly rotation; through 2/22. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

**Michael Joo**—New sculptures that address the fleeting nature of existence by incorporating such ephemeral materials as mist and smoke; through 2/28. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

**Sherry Kerlin/Judith Linhares**—Ink-on-paper drawings of children in menacing or confrontational situa-

**Ground Rules:**
**Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.**

Photograph courtesy of James Graham & Sons.

tions with adults, figures symbolizing death, or animals/Narrative paintings that depict fantastical scenes of birds, frogs, flowers, trees, animals, and people. Through 3/1. Thorp, 130 Prince St. (431-6880).

**Gloria Kisch**—Metal sculptures whose forms draw on the tribal objects of New Guinea; through 2/22. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

**Pavel Kraus**—Sculptures of lead and organic beeswax; through 2/22. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

**Gina Manola**—Works in which photographs of children's' toy blocks are manipulated in color, scale, and surface and transferred to plastic on stretchers; through 2/22. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

**Michael Merchant/Steven Brower**—A twenty-foot helium blimp floating in the gallery against a "skyline" of photographs of postcards of popular tourist destinations/A scale model of a 3,000-foot-long fictitious building set in a desert landscape; through 2/22. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

**Annette Messager**—Recent sculpture; through 2/22. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

**Nabil Nahas**—Recent abstract paintings; through 2/15. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

**Ben Patterson**—An installation that is the artist's meditation on growing up in Pittsburgh; 1/30–2/22. Harvey, 537 Broadway (925-7651).

**Sarah Rossiter**—Early black-and-white portraits, sculptures, and drawing studies; through 2/15. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

**Kazumi Tanaka**—Sculptures that draw on the artist's childhood memories of Osaka, Japan, and her recent residency with the Shaker community in Maine; through 2/15. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

**Bruno Ulmer**—Works that incorporate advertising posters, graffiti, and direction signs from the late fifties that were removed from the walls of a French subway station; through 2/27. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

### Other

**Heide Fasnacht**—Large-scale wall sculptures made of colored latex and metal springs, or with torn felt blankets, whose abstract imagery is derived from charts and maps; through 2/23. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

**Christian Garnett**—New abstract paintings; through 2/28. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St (966-7753).

**Louise Lawler**—Large-scale photographs taken at the gallery's new premises before and during its renovation, and two sculpture installations (one of them a collaboration with the artist Allan McCollum); 2/1–3/15. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

**Kevin Melchionne**—Landscape paintings that incorporate brightly colored stripes and decorative elements; through 2/22. McKinney, 526 E. 11th St. (677-7807).

**Peter Cain/Jonathan Hammer**—Paintings of landscapes and figures from the past two years by this artist who died suddenly from a cerebral hemorrhage on January 5, 1997, at the age of 37/New books and works on paper; 2/1–3/15. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

**Marnie Weber**—Two sculptural video installations on the subject of an invented girl named "Happy"; through 2/23. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (367-9502).

**Sue Williams**—Recent large-scale paintings in which the artist's familiar sexually driven characters create a mass of floating figures over smooth fields of color; through 2/26. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

## Group Shows

### Madison Avenue and Vicinity

**Knoedler**—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). An exhibition celebrating the gallery's 150th anniversary with works by Frankenthaler, Graves, Heizer, Stella, Sultan, Walker, others; through 2/8.

**Winston Wächter**—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). Works inspired by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artworks and movements, by Andoe, Hannock, Joyce, Pfister, Scherman, Vath, Waite; through 3/1.

### 57th Street Area

**French**—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). "Flowers in February," with works by Anderson, Sklaroff, others; through 3/1.

**Helman**—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works using contradictory images and materials, including those by Beattie & Davidson, Sillman, Thorne, others; through 3/1.

**Paine Webber**—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman, 1869–1950," an exhibition of drawings, photographs, and plans chronicling the career of this renowned American gardener; through 4/4.

**Rosenfeld**—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). African-American art, including works by Alston, Lawrence, others; through 3/26.

**Snyder**—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Late-career work from the sixties and seventies by Daum, Embry, Glankoff, and Rosenborg; through 3/22.

**St. Etienne**—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Expressionist works by Beckmann, Klee, others, and by Gugging artists Hauser, Walla, others; through 3/15.

### SoHo and TriBeCa

**Artists Space**—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Post graduate art from Los Angeles; through 3/15.

**Feature Inc**—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Paintings and sculpture by David Moreno; watercolors and photographs by Dike Blair and David Robbins; drawings by Jerry Phillips; through 2/23.

**Fotouhi Cramer**—560 Broadway (431-1304). Works by Benglis, Drake, Sonnier, Sultan, Sumner, and Torreano contemplating the "Edge of Chaos"; through 2/15.

**Ingbar**—568 Broadway (224-1100). Paintings, drawings, and sculpture of New York City subways by 25 artists; through 3/29.

**Lennon, Weinberg**—560 Broadway (941-0012). Paintings from the fifties by the minimalist sculptor Ronald Bladen and Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and sixties by Edward Dugmore; video and photo works from the late sixties and early seventies by Mary Lucier; through 2/8.

**Margolis**—560 Broadway (343-9523). Early works by Arneson, Earl, Warashina; through 2/22.

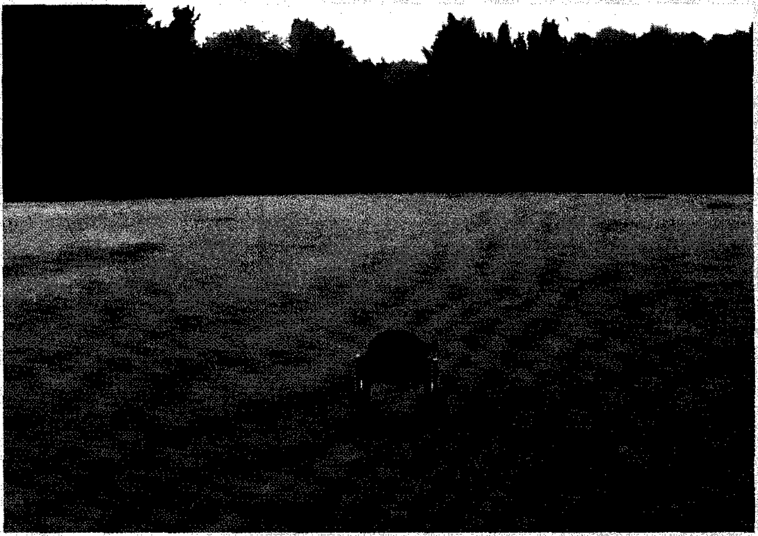
**Nordanstad**—289 Hudson St. (627-4596). "You Can't Get There From Here," works dealing with the effects of global dissemination of media; through 2/16.

## On View

## Escape, Artists

It's an ideal situation for the right artist: your own cabin-*studio (set among 450 acres of pristine New Hampshire* woodlands and meadows); no phone; no uninvited guests; *lunch dropped off at your door daily; and communal dinners* with your fellow campers. You don't even *have* to produce the work *(painting, sculpture, photography, music, writing,* etc.) that got you this gig in the first place, and there's no *fee for those who can't afford it (a reasonable contribution* is expected from those who can). The hitch? Would-be residents at the MacDowell Colony must first meet its admission committee's standards of artistic merit.

The exhibition "Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists" (at the National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Avenue, through March 25), organized by the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire, is not a survey of art made at MacDowell. Indeed, many of its paintings and sculptures were not even created during their makers' residencies. Instead, the selection of works—mostly paintings—reflects on the experience of living at MacDowell and the breadth of aesthetic sensibilities the artists' retreat has embraced since its conception by the composer Edward MacDowell and his concert-pianist wife, Marian (it welcomed its first "colonists" in 1908, after Edward's death). MacDowell's property and studios are portrayed representationally (by Scott Prior, Patricia Tobacco Forrester, Milton Avery, Simon Dinnerstein, Susan Hambleton) and abstractly (by Louise Fishman). Sometimes the references to MacDowell are circumstantial, as in Helen Miranda Wilson's delicate overlays of plant forms on a rural landscape, or obscure (Glenn Ligon's painted soliloquys on being black). But all the works evoke the calm, solitude, and introspection MacDowell has been nurturing in artists for nearly a century. EDITH NEWHALL



*Susan Hambleton's 'Thinking of You' (oil on canvas, 1989).*

Photograph courtesy of the National Academy of Design.

**Ross**—568 Broadway (343-2161). Paintings and mixed-media works by three self-taught Icelandic artists; through 3/1.

**Senior**—375 West Broadway (941-0960). Works on paper by Deutsch, Fischl, Shaefer, others; through 2/15.

**Shapolsky**—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Abstract Expressionist works by Evelyn, Hecker, Kirk, others; through 2/22.

**Spot**—71 Vandam St. (727-3378). Works using film to create photography; through 2/22.

### *Other*

**Gladstone**—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). Installations by Acconci, Turrell, and Zorio; through 2/15.

**Kirkland**—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). Contemporary minimalist art, including works by Anastasi, Gissler, others; through 2/23.

**Rotunda**—33 Clinton St., Bklyn. (718-875-4047). "Suture," works that use stitching; through 3/8.

**White Columns**—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Sculpture that turns an object's function on its head, from wooden washing machines to ceramic shoes, including works by Chu, Lancaster, Zieger, others; through 2/28.

## Photography

**Konrad Cramer**—Photographs, drawings, and paintings from the twenties through the fifties by this Woodstock, N.Y., artist; through 3/2. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

**Bruce Davidson**—A retrospective, including his sixties civil-rights series, and new photographs of Central Park; through 2/22. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

**Adolf Fassbender**—Vintage photographs by this American pictorialist; through 2/22. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

**Robert Flynt/Michael von Graffenried**—Recent photography; through 2/15. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

**Robert Frank/Joel Sternfeld**—Portraits from the eighties by Sternfeld, and of Paris's flower district in the fifties by Frank; through 2/22. PaceWildensteinMcGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

**Victoria Goldman/Tina West**—Recent photographs by both; through 2/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

**John Gruen**—Photographs of contemporary artists; through 2/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

**ICP**—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "David Levinthal 1975–1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers re-enacting World War II and black memorabilia; through 3/21.

**ICP Midtown**—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9.

**Kenro Izu**—Photographs of ancient temples at Angkor in Cambodia; through 2/22. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

**Kevin Landers**—Large color photographs of isolated debris and mundane objects that suggest the essence of New York City; 2/1–3/2. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

**David Levinthal**—"Blackface," photographs of black memorabilia; through 2/28. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

**Peter Lindbergh**—Photographs from the last ten years by this German fashion photographer; through 3/1. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

**Maxwell Mackenzie/David Stephenson**—New photographs, including Italian church domes and cupolas taken by Stephenson, and ancient European stone structures shot by Mackenzie; through 2/15. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

**Joel Meyerowitz**—Twenty years of photographs taken by the sea; through 3/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

**Miller**—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Photography by Siskind, Callahan, and Ishimoto; through 2/22.

**Andrew Moore**—Photographs of 42nd Street movie interiors; through 2/15. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

**Morris-Healy/Hearn**—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). These galleries co-host "Zeitgeist Becomes Form: German Fashion Photography 1945 through 1995," with works by Reland, Rohrbach, others; through 2/23.

**National Arts Club**—15 Gramercy Park South (475-3424), Wed.–Mon. 11–5, Tues. 3–6. "Hope Photographs," a collection of 100 contemporary photographs that were chosen to illustrate the theme of "hope," including works by Adams, Bucklow, Callahan, Eggelston, Friedlander, Fuss, Misrach, Peress, and others, organized by Alice Rose George and Lee Marks; 2/4–28.

**Newseum/New York**—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596); Mon.–Fri. 8:30–5:30 and Sat. 10-5; free. "60 Years of *Life*: Photographs That Changed the World," with works by 62 photographers; through 2/15.

**Nicholas Nixon**—Photographs of the artist's home and family, as well as a new series depicting the students of the Boston Latin School; through 3/8. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

**Herb Ritts**—A mid-career retrospective of portraits, nudes, and fashion studies; through 2/22. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

**Walter Rosenblum**—A retrospective, including photographs of city neighborhoods; through 3/1. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

**Martha Rosler**—Color photographs from her "Transitions" and "Digressions" series—the former consisting of panoramas shot from the dashboard of her car; the latter of shop windows and street scenes in New York, Moscow, London, and Vienna; through 2/22. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

**Bruce Sargeant/Mark Beard**—Photography by Beard, and turn-of-the-century paintings by Sargeant, Beard's great-uncle; 2/1-3/9. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

**Collier Schorr**—Photographs of a small town in southern Germany that attempt to portray it as an American town; 2/1–3/9. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

**Bianca Sforni**—Monumentally scaled black-and-white photographs that portray a single organic object against a contrasting background; through 2/22. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

**Boyd Webb**—Photographs from the eighties; through 2/15. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

## Museums

**American Craft Museum**— "Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

**American Museum of Natural History**—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

**Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts**—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry." A survey focusing on the leading artists of the period between the world wars and the aesthetic and technical innovations that established the Swedish glass industry; through 2/2. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

**Bronx Museum of the Arts**—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

**Brooklyn Museum**—The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

**Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum**—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

**Dahesh Museum**—"Jean-Léon Gérome and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15. . . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum"; through 2/15. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

**Dia Center for the Arts**—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a street-like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

**El Museo del Barrio**—"Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

**Frick Collection**—"Severo and the Sea-Monsters." A survey of the Frick's collection of works by the northern Italian Renaissance master Severo da Ravenna, celebrating its recent gift of Severo's bronze Sea-Monster; through 3/9. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Grey Art Gallery & Study Center**—"The First Steps: Emerging Artists From Japan." Paintings, sculpture, drawings, video, and mixed-media installations by ten Japanese artists; through 2/21. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tue., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

**Guggenheim Museum**—"Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

**Guggenheim Museum SoHo**—"Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; through 3/23. . . . "Hugo Boss Prize." Works by this year's winner, Matthew Barney, and by Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 2/16. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

**Jewish Museum**—"A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his *Charred Journal* series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

**Lower East Side Tenement Museum**—"The Chamber Pot Show," with works by Amanda Church, Steve DeFrank, Thomas Lannigan-Schmidt, others; through 4/6. 66 Allen St. (431-4223), Tues.–Fri. 12–5.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—"Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . . "Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868–1928); through 2/16. . . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23. . . ."Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; 2/4–8/31. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

**Museum of American Folk Art**—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "Projects: Bul Lee/Chie Matsui"; through 3/25. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

**Museum of the City of New York**—"New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**National Academy of Design**—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists." A survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists chosen to reside at the colony since the turn of the century; through 3/23. . . . "Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." Landscape and figurative paintings by The American Impressionist (1847–1926) from Indiana; through 3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

**New York Public Library**—"Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

**New-York Historical Society**—"Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; 1/29–8/10. . . . "Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A 40-year retrospective of the designer's work; through 2/9. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

**Pierpont Morgan Library**—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

**Queens Museum of Art**—"Island Journey: An Exhibition of Puerto Rican Photography." Works by contemporary Puerto Rican photographers exploring themes of identity, ancestral ties, and emotional relationships; through 2/16. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

**Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture**—"Bearing Witness: African-American Vernacular Art of the South." Works by 25 self-taught African-American artists from the collection of Ronald and June Shelp; through 3/29. 515 Malcolm X Blvd. at 135th St. (491-2200); Mon., Tues., Wed. 12–6; Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10–6; free.

**Studio Museum in Harlem**—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5; Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23. . . . "Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. . . . "A Passion for Pictures: Selections From the Charles Carpenter, Jr. Collection and Selections From the Charles Simon Collection"; through 3/9. . . . "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." A video installation in which Atlas collaborated with the late British performer and designer Leigh Bowery; through 3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

**Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris**—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914–1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; through 3/20. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

## Auctions

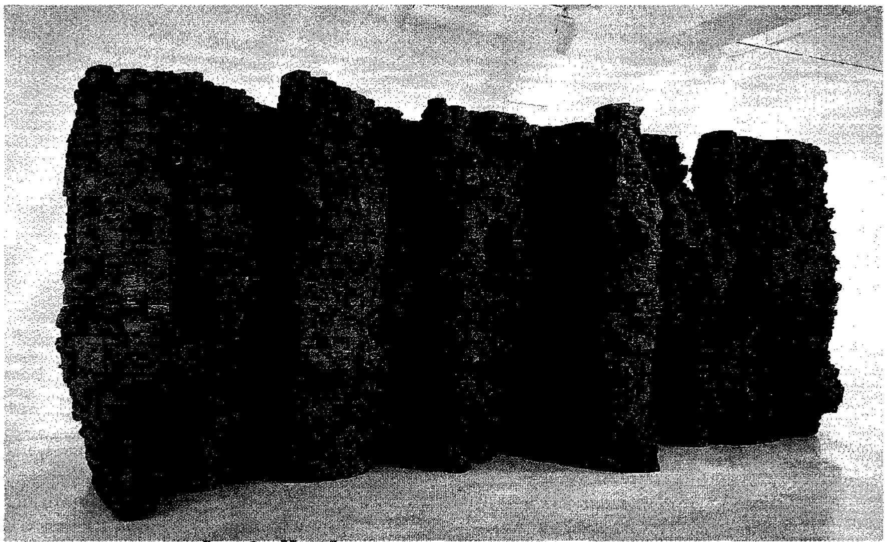
**Christie's**—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/29 at 10: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/25. 1/30 at 10: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/25. 1/31 at 10 and 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/25.

**Christie's East**—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/30 at 10: "An Important Collection of Contemporary Jewelry." On view from 1/25.

**Doyle**—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/29 at 10: "Important English and Continental Furniture and Decorations." On view from 1/25.

**Sotheby's**—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/29 at 10:15: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/25. 1/30 at at 10:15 and 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/25. 1/31 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/25. 2/4 at 2 and 2/5 at 10:15 and 2: "Ethnographic Art." On view from 1/31.

**Swann Galleries**—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/30 at 2:30: "Posters." On view from 1/25.



### Installation

## Strong Language

*The power of words takes on new proportions in the largest of Ursula von Rydingsvard's new sculptures, 'Doolin, Doolin' (1995–97), which began as a word in Polish inscribed in chalk on the ground, then was built up with layers of carved and gouged cedar. At Galerie Lelong, 20 West 57th Street; through March 1.*

Photograph courtesy of David Allison/Galerie Lelong.

# restaurants

Game Table...Diner Dinner...Superchicken

## Manhattan

### *Lower New York*

**Baluchi's**—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**The Cub Room**—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

**Diva**—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Ecco**—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**F.illi Ponte Ristorante**—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Gigino Trattoria**—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**The Greatest Bar on Earth**—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Hudson River Club**—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Ground Rules:**

**Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.**

**Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**

**ASK GAEL**

***I'd trek anywhere for great bread.***

**Bread's never been better in our town. My favorite detour takes me by Amy's for her fabulous twists far more often than I want to admit. And now I've discovered the wrinkled, oblong pain rustique ($2.25) at TriBakery in De Niroville. Just like the thick, tough, and crusty bread I fell in love with one summer in Tuscany, it's great for mopping up olive oil and sauce or just eating on the way home. A triumph for baker Felice Ramella, veteran of Ecce Panis and Amy's. Try her olive bread too. (186 Franklin Street.)**

**L'Ecole**—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Morton's of Chicago**—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Nobu**—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Penang**—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**SoHo Kitchen and Bar**—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Tennessee Mountain**—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Windows on the World**—It's tough to compete with the stunning views from this lower-Manhattan perch, but the eclectic American menu makes a valiant effort. A stellar wine program and dishes like baby pheasant in Savoy cabbage and lobster with clam risotto give diners good reason to glance at the table from time to time. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Zeppole at the TriBakery**—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

### Below 14th Street, East

**Asti**—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Gotham Bar & Grill**—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Osso Buco**—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### Below 14th Street, West

**Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant**—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Greenwich Cafe**—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Grove Street**—This casual Italian restaurant combines the charm of the West Village—180-year-old brick walls—with up-to-the-minute conveniences like a separate cigar lounge. Entrées include grilled lobster with jumbo prawns and grilled tuna with asparagus and shiitake mushrooms. Live jazz Thursday through Saturday. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Gus' Place**—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées, with live music on Friday nights. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Rincon de España**—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Sazerac House**—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Sevilla**—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Tio Pepe**—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Villa Mosconi**—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Ye Waverly Inn**—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### 14th–42nd Streets, East Side

**Bobby O's City Bites**—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Bolo**—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

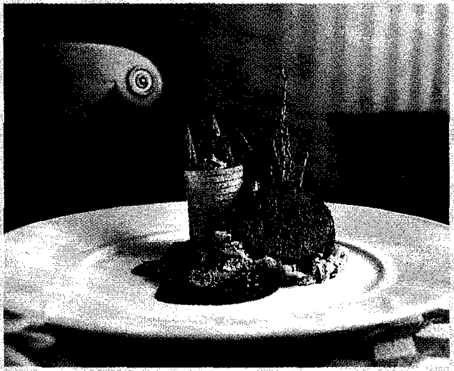
**Campagna**—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Candela**—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Dionysos**—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. *75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Gramercy Tavern**—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

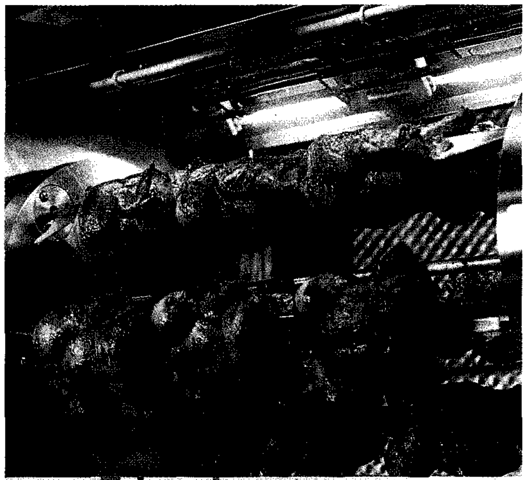
## Data
## Something Wild



**The market for wild game in this town has looked grim ever since New Deal, the restaurant that specialized in exotica like hippo and alligator, was transformed into a pizza-and-pasta joint a year and a half ago. But recently, in the ongoing quest for regional, indigenous cuisines, chefs like Halcyon's John Halligan have discovered that cooking game—both wild and farmed—is a culinarily correct tribute to America's first residents. This Wednesday, he serves a Native American game dinner featuring wild boar spare ribs, carpaccio of wild sheep, and maple-vinegar marinated rack of elk (pictured). With buffalo burgers gaining ground on Big Macs and rabbit dishes multiplying like, well, rabbits, it appears to be open season. A sampling from the urban menagerie:**

| RESTAURANT | NAME OF THE GAME |
|---|---|
| **HALCYON**<br>151 West 54th Street | Grilled antelope chop served over wild-rice spaetzle with corn hush puppies and applejack-bourbon sauce. |
| **TALIESIN**<br>55 Church Street | Quail stuffed with quince, prosciutto, and golden raisins, with chestnut-stuffed morels. |
| **THE RIVER CAFE**<br>1 Water Street, Brooklyn | Pan-roasted rabbit with mesclun and sheep's-milk-ricotta cannelloni. |
| **AQUAVIT**<br>13 West 54th Street | Roasted arctic venison with chestnut-foie-gras croquette and lingonberry-and-Merlot broth. |
| **RAINBOW ROOM**<br>30 Rockefeller Plaza | "Wild shot" roast Scottish pheasant with braised cabbage, foie gras stuffing, and champagne. |
| **LES CÉLÉBRITÉS**<br>155 West 58th Street | Spit-roasted rabbit stuffed with black olives, and ragout of sweet-bell-pepper confit. |
| **ANSONIA**<br>329 Columbus Avenue, near 75th Street | As special: Roasted squab with potato pierogi, braised cabbage, and apple compote. |
| **TAPIKA**<br>950 Eighth Avenue, at 56th Street | Grilled pheasant breast with yam-and-tortilla casserole, braised onion, and pasilla-chili sauce. |
| **GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL**<br>12 East 12th Street | Wild-game terrine with haricots verts, green-lentil salad, pickled onion, and port glaze. |

Photograph by Robert Wright.



## Takeout
## Free Bird

**Choosy chefs like Gray Kunz and Eberhard Müller have switched to Murray's Chickens, the tasty brand of birds that roam free in Amish country, subsisting on a poultry version of the high-protein Zone diet. Now Zabar's has made Murray's its house rotisserie bird, slowly spit-roasted with only a smidgen of seasoning. (2245 Broadway, at 80th Street.)**

**Granville**—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Mesa Grill**—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Patria**—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Union Square Cafe**—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### 14th–42nd Streets, West Side

**Bright Food Shop**—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

**Bryant Park Grill**—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Caffe Bondí Ristorante**—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Da Umberto**—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

**Luma**—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Simply Pasta**—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**37th Street Hideaway**—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**World Yacht**—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

### 43rd–56th Streets, East Side

**BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant**—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. Weekend brunch and live acoustic music Tuesdays and Wednesdays. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Café Centro**—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Charlton's**—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Coldwaters**—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Divine Bar**—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Domingo**—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**The Four Seasons**—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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**Fresco**—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Giambelli 50th Ristorante**—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Perigord**—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Lespinasse**—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Lutèce**—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Morton's of Chicago**—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria**—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Shinbashi**—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

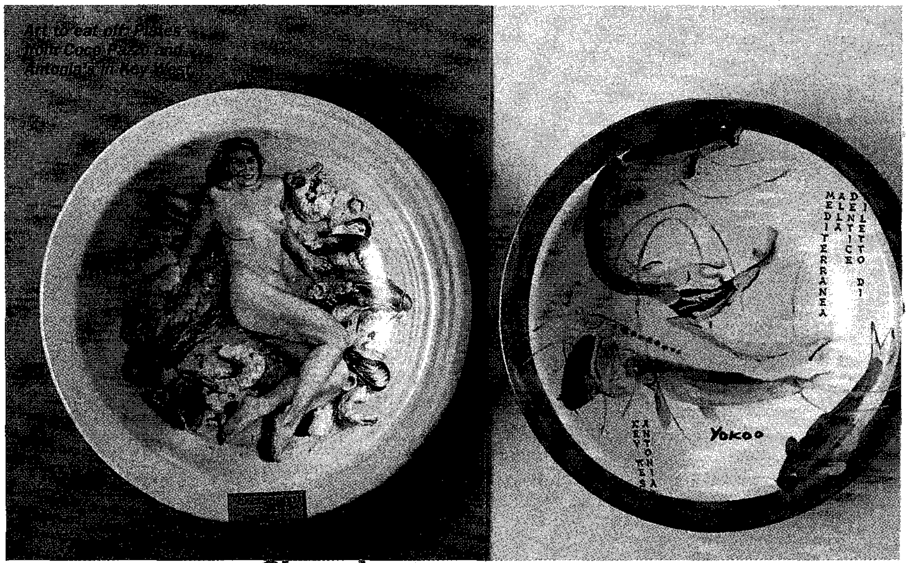
**Shinbashi-an**—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Smith & Wollensky**—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tatou**—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tropica**—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Vong**—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those


Art to eat off: Plates from Coco Pazzo and Antonia's in Key West

## Shopping China Town

*Hoping to do good and do well at the same time, 21 Italian restaurants, from L.A. to Rhode Island, are hawking colorful artist-designed porcelain platters illustrating their house specialties. Artists as diverse as Christo (portraying Remi's tuna ravioli), Mark Kostabi (Da Ciro's rigatoni alla Catanese ), Kenny Scharf (Al Forno's clams al forno), and Milton Glaser (Santa Monica Remi's calf's liver Venetian-style) have donated their services, and a portion of each plate's $12 price tag will benefit the Audrey Hepburn Hollywood for Children Fund and Citymeals-on-Wheels. For information, call 777-4488.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

**Zaro's Bread Basket**—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**American Festival Cafe**—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Bello**—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Bombay Palace**—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Broadway Joe**—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Century Cafe**—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Restaurant Charlotte**—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Ciao Europa**—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Cité**—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Ed Sullivan's**—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Ellen's Stardust Diner**—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

**Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse**—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Java Shop**—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**JUdson Grill**—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**La Côte Basque**—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu with more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**La Veranda**—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Langan's**—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Bernardin**—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Rivage**—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Les Pyrenées**—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Martini's**—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Osteria al Doge**—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Osteria del Circo**—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Patsy's**—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Pierre au Tunnel**—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Pig and Whistle**—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Rainbow Room**—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ruth's Chris Steakhouse**—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**The Sea Grill**—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

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**Shaan**—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Stage Delicatessen**—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**T.G.I. Friday's**—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Torre di Pisa**—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**'21' Club**—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Victor's Cafe 52**—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

### *57th–60th Streets*

**Contrapunto**—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Fifty Seven Fifty Seven**—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**The Manhattan Ocean Club**—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**March**—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mickey Mantle's**—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Motown Cafe**—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**Rosa Mexicano**—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**San Domenico**—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**The Townhouse Restaurant**—A contemporary American restaurant with a devoted following, who come for the cozy reception and eclectic fare like lobster crab cakes and shrimp kebabs with ratatouille couscous. *206 E. 58th St. (826-6241). (M) AE, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, East Side*

**Arizona 206**—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Baraonda**—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

**Cafe Nosidam**—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Cafe Pierre**—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Campagnola**—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge**—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Hurricane Island**—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Isle of Capri**—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**JoJo**—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**L'Absinthe**—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Letizia**—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Marti Turkish Restaurant**—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Nino's**—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Park Avenue Cafe**—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Post House**—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

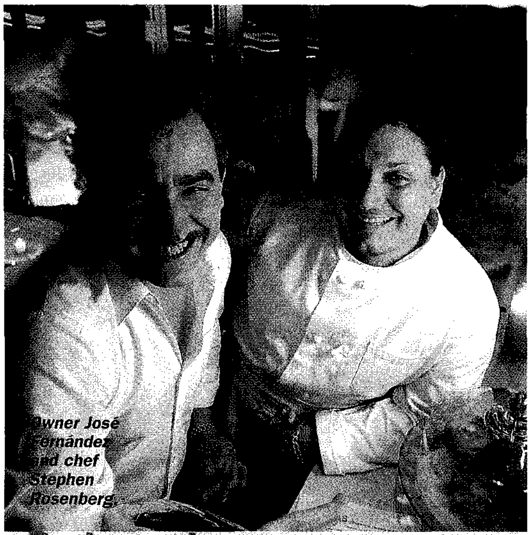
**Primavera**—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Primola**—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**The Restaurant at the Stanhope**—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Toraya**—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Wilkinson's Seafood Restaurant**—This elegant seafood restaurant in Yorkville features fresh renditions of favorites like Maryland crab cakes with black-bean-and-corn salad, and sautéed red snapper with roasted-garlic-and-rosemary sauce. Late-night complimentary cheese buffet, plus a large selection of vintage ports and cognacs. *1573 York Ave., nr. 83rd St. (535-5454). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Owner José Fernández and chef Stephen Rosenberg.

Restaurant

## A Finer Diner

**With Elizabeth Street becoming the chichi retail annex of SoHo, its formerly low-key corner coffee shop, Bellas, is striving for swankiness. Now open for dinner on Friday and Saturday nights, the greasy spoon has added mesclun salads, cidered pork fillets, and mushroom risotto to its repertoire. (17 Prince Street.)**

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

### *Above 60th Street, West Side*

**Cafe des Artistes**—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Bar & Grill**—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Iridium Jazz Club**—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Merlot Bar and Grill**—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ottoman Cuisine**—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**River**—The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. *345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Sfuzzi**—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**West 63rd Street Steakhouse**—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

## Brooklyn

**Cucina**—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

**Lundy Bros.**—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Peter Luger's**—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

## Queens

**Water's Edge**—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Kaplan** *continued from page 41*

after her. Diamond's keeping me from procreating—not physically but in the sense that right now I am really turning my whole career around just to make money. He is riding roughshod over her wishes that the lineage should be continued." Whatever the justification for his disagreement with Diamond, there may well be—fueling Phillip's emotionally overwrought outrage—a sense of being let down by a far more significant figure: the mother who assured him he would be taken care of when she died.

Helen Singer Kaplan might well have felt cheated, too. Her mother turns 90 this month and is still physically active, mentally sharp, and stylishly put together. Her grandmother, who died not too many years ago, lived to the age of 104; her great-grandmother, to 109. With that family history, Kaplan had good reason to think that she might expect to be long-lived, too; feeling herself deathly ill at 66, she might have felt cheated of 30 years due to her. Perhaps that is why she left so many things unexplained. "I don't think," says Richard Kogan, "she particularly planned on dying."

IN BOOK FIVE OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVEL *Middlemarch*, Casaubon, the desiccated scholar husband of Eliot's heroine Dorothea, dies; afterward, it is revealed that he has added a codicil to his will specifically disinheriting Dorothea if, having been widowed, she marries Casaubon's vibrant young nephew, Will Ladislaw. The book is entitled "The Dead Hand," ghoulishly referring to Casaubon's attempted manipulations. Of course, the dead hand is completely ineffectual against the hands and hearts of the living. Casaubon's prohibition shockingly brings to light the plausibility of a liaison between Dorothea and Ladislaw, a plausibility that hitherto has been repressed by Victorian probity. Dorothea and Ladislaw are, at the end of the novel, married.

The dead hand in the case of Helen Singer Kaplan seems hardly more effectual—in fact, like Casaubon's, it may be having the opposite effect from that intended, making impossible that which it tried to force into happening. But what exactly the hand in this case is doing is hard to discern. It might be clenched into a fist, striking at Charles Lazarus, continuing a long-conducted fight. It might be grasping desperately, in a last attempt to protect the Kaplan children. It might be waving a regretful and poignant good-bye.

What it is not doing is simply flipping a switch. ■

# nightlife

The Knitting Factory Turns 10...Cardigans

## Concerts

**"The Art of the Lyricist"**—Gershwin mania heats up even further with this homage to wordsmith Ira. Pianist Peter Howard, playwright David Ives, lyricist Sheldon Harnick, and singers Rebecca Luker and Ivy Austin are the primary participants. 2/4 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $35.*

**Toni Braxton/Kenny G**—Light R&B and even lighter jazz, courtesy of the only two human beings capable of making Whitney Houston and David Sanborn look like funkified bruisers by comparison. With Mint Condition. 1/29–2/5 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas, bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (307-7171). Sold out.*

**Jamiroquai**—Few bands reveal a single influence as unashamedly as this Stevie Wonder–worshipping soul-funk outfit does. Such songwriting and arranging tactics may not win these Brits a spot in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, but since Stevie himself has been churning out sub-par pap for well over a decade, consider Jamiroquai's synth grooves and peace-and-love message an acceptable substitute for the real thing. 2/3 at 8 P.M. *The Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

**The Last Poets**—Their name notwithstanding, the seventies-vintage Poets are often hailed as the first rappers. The claim may or may not hold water (any position on the subject is about as tenable as those in the longstanding Who Invented Punk? debate), but Umar Bin Hassan, Abiodun Oyewole, and company's politically charged, arty song-poems are as exciting today as they were twenty years ago. 1/31 and 2/1 at 8 P.M. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793). $12.*

**Toshi Reagon**—The folkie's annual birthday concert will feature her mother, the legendary Bernice Johnson Reagon, and several other guests. 1/31 at 8 P.M. *Cooper Union Great Hall, 7 E. 7th St. (274-1948). $18–$23.*

**"Tribute to Dizzy Gillespie"**—Trumpeters Claudio Roditi and Jimmy Owens, along with the Henry Street Settlement Symphony Orchestra and others pay homage to the late bebop pioneer. 1/30 at 7:30 P.M. *Abrons Arts Center, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (598-4000). $5–$15.*

**"Warmer by the Stove"**—A four-part improvised-music series. 1/27: the Russian Dragon Band, featuring Art Lande, Kahbu Doug Young, Bruce Williamson, and Dwight Killian. 1/28: *Rare Sightings: Midwest Eccentrics,* with Hal Rammel (playing such instruments as saw, "triolin," and the Seuss-esque "single-string snath") and Steve Nelson-Raney on the pedestrian saxophone. 1/31: *Cells of Sound Equal Word Moving Pictures Smile,* with William Parker, David Budbill, Cooper Moore, and Susie Ibarra. 2/1: *Places Between Heaven and Earth,* with Steve Gorn, Steve Clorfeine, Barbara Bash, and Arawana Hayashi. All shows at 8 P.M. *Lotus Fine Arts Center, 109 W. 27th St. (627-1076). $8 nightly.*

**Randy Weston**—Few of the pianists featured in Lincoln Center's series "Jazz at the Penthouse" can summon as many global currents as Randy Weston. Long before it was a trendy avant-jazz locale, the hard-bop dynamo was touring Africa—giving concerts in Nigeria, setting up residence in Morocco—making a pilgrimage similar to the one Ellington documented in his late-period *Far East Suite.* Some 30 years hence, the soft-spoken 72-year-old brings the rootsy minimalism of Monk—his standard "Hi-Fly" is a masterpiece of two-note melodicism—along with Ellingtonian stateliness and percolating West African rhythms. Call it Windows on the World by Avery Fisher Hall. 1/31 at 8 P.M., *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor. (721-6500) $35.*

## Clubland

**Bottom Line**—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/30: Roy Harper. 2/1: Richard Meyer; Hugh Blumenfeld; 5 Chinese Brothers. 2/3: Chris Smither. 2/5: Patty Loveless. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

**Brownie's**—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/28: Dash Rip Rock; the Gravel Pit. 1/29: the inoffensively quirky (and we mean that in the best possible way) Apples in Stereo. 2/4: the Daniel Cartier Hotel tests the no man's land between "emotional" and "maudlin." *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

### Ground Rules:

**In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.**

**Chicago B.L.U.E.S.**—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/30: Satan & Adam. 1/31: Heavy Metal Horns. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

**Fez**—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 1/28: Michelle Lewis; Billy Mann. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

**Irving Plaza**—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 2/1: Abba impersonators Björn Again. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

**Knitting Factory**—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. Throughout February, the Factory celebrates its tenth anniversary with top-drawer musicians nightly (see chart). 1/28–1/29: the Dewar's

### Phenomenon

## Vital Signs

**Life's a bitch. More precisely, getting *into* Life on a Friday night is. You won't see any NO DANCING signs at this new South Beach–style club—unlike at all those too-trendy SoHo lounges—but you might just see the fabulous likes of Helena Christensen, Amber Valetta, and Mrs. John-John kicking up their Prada heels on the dance floor. (158 Bleecker Street; 420-1999.)**

**JAMES PATRICK HERMAN**

Photographs by Andrew Goldberg.

Scottish Music Festival with Teenage Fanclub and Bis in the main space, with poetry and bagpipe music in the AlterKnit Theater. 2/1: Richie Havens. 2/2 the Klezmatics. 2/3: Violent Femmes. 2/5: Giant Step. Every Monday in January, Joe Gallant and Illuminati Big Band play the music of the Grateful Dead. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

**Mercury Lounge**—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 1/28: Spillred. 1/29: Richard X. Heyman. 2/1: Jake; Thornetta Davis. 2/4: Madeleine Peyroux. 2/5: Francis Dunnery; Alejandro Escovedo. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

**Sounds of Brazil**—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/28: Horace Andy; the Slackers. 1/30: Floxy Bee, the Hikoso Queen. 1/31: Zin. 2/1: Samba Novo. 2/2: New York Tango Trio. 2/3: Tito Nieves. 2/4: Sister Carol. 2/5: Punjabi by Nature; 32 Tribes. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

**The Supper Club**—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 1/28 at 8 P.M.: Marianne Faithfull presents *20th Century Blues,* a cabaret-style Kurt Weill set featuring Paul Trueblood on piano. 1/31–2/1: Joe Battaglia and the New York Big Band. $35–$40. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

**Tramps**—A decidedly strange mix of obsessions reveals itself in the music of the Cardigans. The Swedish quintet owes an obvious debt to their countrymen Abba; but they also cover Black Sabbath tunes regularly (and not as a joke, mind you), and their familiarity with the orchestral pop of the Beatles and late-period Zombies is also apparent. The resultant blend of lush lounginess and genuinely gritty rock and roll is as appealing as it is unique. They play with Papas Fritas 2/5–2/6. 1/29: Goldfinger; Weston; Blue Meanies; Reel Big Fish. 1/31: NRBQ; the Skeletons. 2/1: Rain Still Falls; the Skeletons; A Don Piper Situation. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

## Jazz

**Birdland**—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 1/28: "Jazz Jam." 1/29: Charles Blenzig Trio. 1/30–1/31: "The Latin Side of John Coltrane," with Conrad Herwig & Tropical Fire. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

**Blue Note**—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 1/28–2/2: Milt Jackson Quartet; James Moody Quartet. 2/3: Klaus Suonsaari Quartet. 2/4–2/9: the Zawinul Syndicate; the Yellowjackets. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M.. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

**Iridium Room**—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 1/28–2/2: Jimmy Heath quartet. 2/4–2/9: Stephen Scott Quartet, featuring Ron Carter and Gary Bartz. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

**Knickerbocker Bar & Grill**—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 1/29–2/1: Valerie Capers and John Robinson. 2/5–2/8: Billy Charlap and Sean Smith. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

**Small's**—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Tuesdays, "Human Feel," featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ quartet, featuring Eric Davis. 1/30: Chris Byars quartet. 1/31–2/1: George Colligan quintet. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Photograph by Perou.

## Talent

# How Swede It Is

*Spearheading the new Swedish invasion, the Cardigans bring their wildly infectious, Abba-meets-the-Zombies ear candy to Tramps February 5 and 6.*

**Ed Sullivan's**—Despite its name and location (it's tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater), the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot should not be confused for one of the odious theme restaurants that surround it. Swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks *just like* the place's namesake. 1/28: Joey Morant. 1/29: Brian Mitchell. 1/30: the Hi Tops. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to a band whose players cut their teeth during the actual swing era, the Harlem All-Stars. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

**Sweet Basil**—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 1/28–2/2: Stanley Cowell Quartet. 2/4–2/9: Carlos Ward Group. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

**Village Gate**—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 1/28–2/1 and 2/4–2/8: Randy Sanke Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

**Village Vanguard**—Brad Mehldau begins his new record with the wistful standard "Blame It On My Youth," a song he first heard in the Chet Baker documentary *Let's Get Lost.* The young pianist credits the film for showing him the song's aura of "romantic failure" and given the fact he's just made his own second trip through rehab, the 26-year-old may have bought the doomed-junkie role a bit too wholly. One hopes not, because Mehldau shows a wonderful sensitivity on his new *The Art of the Trio, Vol. 1,* tenderly treating Kern/Hammerstein love songs and revealing both Schubert and the White Album as luminous formative influences. He leads the record's titular trio with bassist Larry Grenadier and drummer Jorge Rossy (all former sidemen to Joshua Redman) here on 1/28–2/2. 2/4–2/9: Bobby Hutcherson Quartet. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

**Zinno**—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 1/27–2/1: Hilton Ruiz, Andy Gonzalez, and Joe Gonzalez. Sundays in January: Vera Masa, Paul Meyers, and Cid Teixeira. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

## Comedy

**Caroline's Comedy Club**—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 1/28: Lionel. 1/29: Salsoul sketch-comedy troupe; VH1 'droid John Fugelsang. 1/30–2/2: Caroline Rhea. 1/30: Spilled Milk. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

**Comedy Cellar**—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 1/27–2/2: Greer Barnes; Jeff Ross; Jim David; Rick Crom. 2/3–2/9: Greg Giraldo; Mitch Fatel. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M., and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

**Comic Strip**—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1/28: Ian Bag, Jeff Ross, Mark Maron. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

**Dangerfield's**—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 1/27–2/2: Lenny Varnedoe; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri.–Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

**Gotham**—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 1/31–2/1: Todd Barry; Rich Francese; Dave Attell. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

**Stand-up New York**—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 1/31–2/1: Ray Romano; Jeff Ross; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo. Mondays, it's Sunda Croonquist and the Femmes Fatales. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**—John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M. (dinner at 6:30); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 P.M. (supper at 10:30). $20; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

**Asti**—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

**Arcimboldo**—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

**Cafe Carlyle**—The fabulous Eartha Kitt (the original Cat Woman—as if anyone could forget) is back for an extended, two-month run. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

**Cafe Pierre**—Singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

**Danny's Skylight Room**—2/3: "Earl Fries: Songs and Such." $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

**Dutch Weisman's Winter Follies**—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family-values revue, complete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wed. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 11. $35 cover. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045).*

**Eighty-Eight's**—Every Tuesday in January: David Campbell. 1/31: Steven Kowalczyk. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

**F. illi Ponte**—Pianist/singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

**Maxim's**—The monument to hefty, art-nouveau interior design—now with a face-lift. Through 2/1: Morgana King. $25 cover. *680 Madison Ave, bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

**Rainbow and Stars**—1/21–2/1: Tony Danza. 2/4–3/1: Vic Damone. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

## Bars

**Angel's Share**—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant Pl., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (no phone).*

**Ciel Rouge**—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse-slumming downtowner crowd might be a bring-down. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

**Howard Johnson's**—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

**J. J. Beckett's**—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

**Orchard**—The futuristic-terrarium theme of this spacious but unaustere new hang is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Dig the countersunk, rear-projection TV near the ceiling. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

**The Room**—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normalcy. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

**Von**—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; slammin' D.J.'s; and a Sunday-afternoon antiques market give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

### Series

## Factory Outlet

**For its monthlong tenth-anniversary celebration, the Knitting Factory has booked a lineup that's even more impressive than usual, with giants of rock, jazz, and the avant-garde paying their respects nightly to the cutting-edge-music emporium. And while owner Michael Dorf is justifiably excited to host such a breadth of established talent (much of which he helped put on the map in the first place), he says his primary mission remains promoting new, challenging, and otherwise forward-thinking music. But for one month, anyway, small-name experimentalists will share their clubhouse with Woodstock vets and modern-opera pioneers.** ETHAN SMITH

*Curtain call: Anderson fête the Factory.*

| BLUE-CHIP PERFORMER | CULTURAL SIGNIFICANCE |
|---|---|
| **RICHIE HAVENS**<br>February 1 | "An odd one for us," says Dorf of the literate folk pioneer. But a track record is a track record: "What can I say? [He played] Woodstock. He may be as close to Jimi Hendrix as we'll ever get." |
| **DIAMANDA GALÁS**<br>February 10 | Name a controversial figure in popular music—from Tori Amos to Marilyn Manson—and you can bet that his or her shtick is old news to Galás's followers. |
| **DJ SPOOKY & CULTURAL ALCHEMY**<br>February 11 | The "illbient" pioneer's gorgeous soundscapes have been instrumental in elevating the role of the hip-hop D.J. from accompanist to artist. |
| **JOHN ZORN; YAMATAKA EYE**<br>February 21 | Zorn's saxophone work is as multidisciplinary as it gets, integrating avant-jazz riffology with hard-core punk's violent urgency. Eye is the leader of Japan's best noise-punk outfit, the Boredoms, and one of the most engaging performers around. |
| **BEN LEE**<br>February 24 | An Australian with an acoustic guitar, a modest delivery, and an understanding of the human heart that makes it hard to believe he's only 17. |
| **LAURIE ANDERSON**<br>February 27 | The avant-garde's closest approximation of a pop star—by turns funny and thought-provoking—performing solo on piano and violin. |
| **PHILIP GLASS; CECIL TAYLOR**<br>February 28 | A double bill that pairs two utterly dissimilar but equally influential pianists—"modern classical" music's most important and popular composer (Glass) and the aggressive, challenging Taylor, whose ever-evolving brand of jazz is as revolutionary today as it was 40 years ago. |

Photograph by Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis.

# in concert

### Schubert Celebrations...Cleveland Orchestra

## Classical Music

*Tuesday, January 28*

**New York Philharmonic**—With cellist Yo-Yo Ma and violist Cynthia Phelps; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20–$75.*

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Violinist/violist Pinchas Zukerman and pianist Marc Neikrug perform Brahms sonatas. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$30.*

**Today's Composers**—Performances of works by Lukas Foss and David Del Tredici. *Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7th Street at Third Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

*Wednesday, January 29*

**Orchestra of St. Luke's**—Performs an all-Beethoven program with pianist Horacio Guitiérrez; André Previn, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

*Thursday, January 30*

**Concerts With Commentary**—Ruth Laredo and cellist Paul Watkins perform and discuss Brahms's *Sonata in F Major. Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 7; $25.*

**New York Philharmonic**—An all-Schubert program; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

**Cleveland Orchestra**—Performs works by Schubert and Mahler with baritone Olaf Bär; Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

**A Schubert Sampler**—Celebrating the 200th anniversary of Schubert's birth, with flutist Paula Robison, violinist Scott St. John, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

**Mannes Orchestra**—The premieres of Jacob Druckman's *Seraphic Games* and Joan Tower's *Duets for Chamber Orchestra;* Lukas Foss, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; free.*

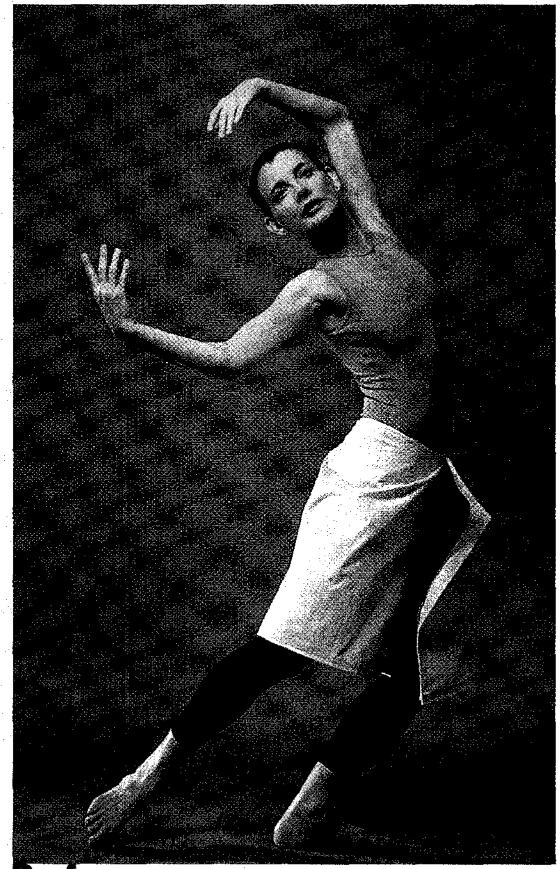
*Friday, January 31*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 1/30.

**Cleveland Orchestra**—Performs works by Schubert and Berio; Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

### Ground Rules:

**This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."**



### Performance

## Feminine Mystique

**Molissa Fenley premieres two new works in her one-week season at the Joyce: the solo *Pola'a,* after the Hawaiian word for all the aspects of the ocean, and *Trace,* a collaborative exploration of modern life by Fenley with musician Jonathan Hart Makwaia, painter Roy Fowler, and writer John Jesurun.**

*Saturday, February 1*

**French-American Connection**—Duo pianists Arianna Goldina and Rémy Loumbrozo perform works by Ned Rorem, Aaron Copland, and George Gershwin. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (307-7171), at 2; $15.*

**Music for Mischa**—A celebration of Schubert's work with disciples of the late, legendary cellist Mischa Schneider. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 7; $30.*

**Broadway Songs of the Sixties**—Kitty Carlisle Hart hosts a survey of songs from *Hello Dolly, Man of la Mancha,* and *110 in the Shade. 92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $33–$38.*

**Cleveland Orchestra**—Performs works by Schubert and Mahler; Christoph von Dohnányi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

**New York Chamber Symphony**—Performs works by Mozart, Stephen Albert, and R. Strauss; Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 1/30.

*Sunday, February 2*

**Susan Graham, Mezzo-Soprano**—Performs works by Mozart, Mahler, and Rorem. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—Performs works by Mozart, Hindemith, and Ravel with baritone William Sharp and pianist Todd Crow. *Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (840-7470), at 2; $12.*

**Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra**—Performs works by Rachmaninoff, Lutoslawski, and Rimsky-Korsakov; Kazimierz Kord, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$60.*

**Broadway Songs of the Sixties**—See 2/1, at 2:30 and 8.

**Orchestre National de France**—With duo pianists Alexei Kuznetsov and Valentina Lisitsa, performs works by Ravel, Poulenc, and Rimsky-Korsakov; Charles Dutoit, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$45.*

**Absolute Ensemble**—Performs works by Villa-Lobos, John Adams, and Frank Zappa. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $15.*

**New York Chamber Symphony**—See 2/1, at 5.

*Monday, February 3*

**Broadway Songs of the Sixties**—See 2/1, at 2 and 8.

**Itzhak Perlman, Violinist, and Daniel Barenboim, Pianist**—Perform works by Schubert. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

## Opera

**Metropolitan Opera**—Bellini's *I Puritani,* 1/28 at 7:30, 2/1 at 1:30; Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci,* 1/29 at 8, 2/1 at 8; Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera,* 1/30 at 8, 2/3 at 8; Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro,* 1/31 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

***Atalanta***—Handel's 1736 pastoral opera. 1/31 and 2/3 at 8, 2/2 at 3. *Hubbard Recital Hall, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-2802, ext. 428).*

## Dance

**Molissa Fenley**—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $26.*

**New York City Ballet**—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

Photograph by Jack Mitchell.

# the mix

Ellen Biddle Shipman...GeoCities

**On View** Celebrated in her own lifetime as "the best flower-garden-maker in America," Ellen Biddle Shipman (1869–1950) might put you in mind of a mildly eccentric, green-thumbed great aunt. But the woman who completed over 650 sublime landscape designs (clients included Fords, Seiberlings, and du Ponts) in the early-twentieth century was in fact a kind of pioneer. She made a case for gardening as "the most democratic of the arts," nurtured the careers of other designers in her all-female New York office, and raised her children on her own after being left by Mr. Shipman in 1910. Southampton's *Parrish Art Museum presents photographs, plans, and garden installations from Shipman's career at* an exhibition in the PaineWebber Art Gallery. (Through April 4; see Listings.)

Photographs by Carol Betsch

## John Leonard's TV Notes

**The Way Through the Woods** (1/30 and 2/6; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) brings back Inspector Morse for an especially satisfying *Mystery!* mini-series involving a Lovers Lane killer, a dead doctor, a wrongful conviction, and a pair of pornographers. To be followed, on 2/13 and 2/20, by an equally engrossing investigation involving a comatose girl, a millionaire bookie, and a dead surgeon. The best Morse decodings in several seasons.

**Making Peace** (2/2, 2/9, 2/16, 2/23; Channel 13) is a first-rate ITVS series on people trying to do something constructive about violence in Detroit (parents of murdered children), Chicago (victims of gang violence), Palo Alto (refugees from domestic violence), Los Angeles (children in Watts), and Berkeley ("unlearning racism" seminars). Each of these hours is by a veteran public-television producer. They add up to a genuine alternative to Wars on Crime.

**End of Summer** (2/22; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) stars Jacqueline Bisset as a well-born, turn-of-the-century New York City spinster and thrower of artistic pots who, summering as usual in Saratoga, rediscovers Peter Weller, who jilted her more than twenty years ago but who is back from making his fortune in the Wild West. Even though this is billed as a "Victorian-era love story," it is also cable television, so you will see bare female breasts (though not Bisset's). You will also have to put up not only with William Burroughs/Robocop as a romantic lead, but with Julian Sands as a horny clergyman, too. A very odd movie indeed to have been written and directed by Linda Yellen, whose previous movies for Showtime, *Chantilly Lace* and *Parallel Lives*, could not have been more contemporary. But Bisset is fine.

**Breach of Faith: Family of Cops II** (2/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) insists on geriatric Charles Bronson once more wasting an army of lowlifes, this time the whole Russian Mafia in Milwaukee, in order to protect a family that includes, besides his sister Diane Ladd, a morose Joe Penny, a stricken Sebastian Spence, a giddy Angela Featherstone, and an introspective Barbara Williams, all of whom, like Dad, happen to be cops—except Williams, who is a public defender of a killer of a cop. Slow-witted in slow motion, but for a single wisecrack: "I speak worse Russian than Pasternak, but better than Stalin."

**Robert Altman's Jazz '34** (1/29; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is everything he included in *Kansas City* as well as what he left out, with Craig Handy, Joshua Redmond, Geri Allen, Cyrus Chestnut, David "Fat Head" Newman Jr., and others playing Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and other jazz royalty from the era.

## Radio Highlights

**Casper Citron**—2/8 at 10 P.M.: Henry Grunwald, author of *One Man's America;* prima ballerina Allegra Kent on *Once a Dancer;* photographer Jill Krementz on *The Writer's Desk;* Mary Ann Vandelinde, veterinary dentist educates pet owners. WOR, 710 AM.

**The WFUV Long Player**—1/30: Paul Simon's *Rhythm of the Saints.* 7 to 9 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

**Mountain Stage**—1/31 at 2 P.M: Featuring the Band, Cowboy Junkies, Kieran Kane. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

**Concert Artist Guild's "Artists-In-Radio"**—Through 4/20: A project that examines music and music-making through performance and conversation with resident artists. Fridays at 2 P.M., Saturdays at 9 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

**Symphony Hall**—1/29: Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G, Delius's Violin Concerto. 1/30: C.P.E. Bach's Cello Concerto No. 3, Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C. 1/31: Schubert's *Fierabras* and *Grand Duo* in C. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

## The Written Word

**Paul West**—2/3 at 7:30: Reading from *Sporting With Amaryllis*. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

**Walter Mosley**—2/4 at 7:30: Reading from *Gone Fishin'*. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

**Margaret Atwood**—2/5 at 7:30: Reading from *Alias Grace*. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

**Brian Hall**—2/5 at 7:30: Reading from *The Saskiad*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place. (420-5840); free.

**A Gathering of the Tribes**—1/29 at 7:30: Tish Benson, Norman Douglas, Jen Robinson, Gloria and Vipin read in celebration of the publication of *Tribes* magazine. At Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place. (420-5840); free.

**Amiri Baraka**—1/30 at 7: Reading from *Eulogies*. The New School Auditorium, 66 West 12th St. (229-5488); $10.

**Tenth Muse I: Readings by New Poets**—2/3 at 8:15: Marilyn Hacker introduces Maureen Seaton, Robyn Selman, and Reginald Shepherd. 92nd St. Y, Unterberg Poetry Center, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100) $8.

**"Writers in Performance: First Novels"**—2/3 at 7:30: An evening of performances by Patricia Chao, Karin Cook, Peter Landesman, and Claire Messud. Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 West 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

**Laird Hunt and Bill Luoma**—2/5 at 8: Reading from their recent fiction and poetry. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); call for admission information.

**Dale Peck**—1/28 at 7: Reading from *The Law of Enclosures*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

**Small and Independent Presses: In the Age of the Internet**—1/29 at 6: Featuring John Oakes, Jean Casella, Betty Smith, and others. Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., fourth-floor conference room (675-7805); $10.

**Brenda Coultas, Carol Szamatowicz**—1/29 at 8: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

**Colin Harrison**—1/29 at 7: The kickoff event of the Gotham Readers series *New York Noir: Crime Fiction and the City.* Harrison will read from his novel *Manhattan Nocturne.* The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 207); $7.

## Lectures and Panels

**Asian Medicine and Mental Health: A Tibetan Approach**—1/30 at 6:30: Dr. Tenzin Choedrak, senior personal physician to the Dalai Lama, discusses how Tibetan medicine is applied to mental health. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); $10.

**Gardening . . . In the Air and on the Ground**—1/30, 2/27 and 3/27 at 6: A three-part lecture series. On January 30, Kathryn Pufahl will discuss "Unusual Annuals and Non-Hardy Plants for City and Country Gardens." The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South, (718-549-3200, ext. 220); $30 for the series, $12 general admission.

**The Black Crime Novel**—2/6 at 8:15: With panelists Robert O. Greer, Gar Anthony Haywood, Jerry Howard, and Walter Mosley. 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.; for further information, call 996-1100, $18.

**Jewish Feminism**—1/28 at 8:15: A discussion with Paula Hyman, Dr. Nechama Liss-Levinson, Nessa Rapoport, and Susan Weidman Schneider. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $12.

**Wozzeck**—1/29 at 6:15: Harlow Robinson, chairman of the Department of Modern Languages at Northeastern University, and stage director Mark Lamos look at the Met's new production of Alban Berg's work. Kaplan Penthouse, tenth floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza. (769-7028); $10 in advance, $12 at the door.

## Tours

**"I'll Never Go There Anymore": The Bowery**—2/1 at 1: A walking tour along the most infamous street in New York City history. Walk the Bowery to discover such sites as Big Tim Sullivan's headquarters, P.T. Barnum's Circus, McGuirk's Suicide Hall, and the area's saloons, theaters, and dance halls. Meet at the Black Cube at Astor Place. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; $9 adults, $7 students and seniors.

**"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing": The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour**—2/2 at 1: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Streets in front of the Olympic Restaurant. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; $12 adults, $10 students and seniors.

## Benefits

**The Manhattan Society's Tenth Anniversary Black-Tie Gala**—2/1. The fund-raising auxiliary of the NYC Chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society will sponsor an evening of dancing to the Steven Scott Orchestra with a full buffet, open bar, and raffles. At the New York State Downtown Armory on Lexington Avenue at 26th Street. Tickets to the gala are $95 until January 29, $125 thereafter; VIP tickets are $150.

## Events

**Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show**—1/31–2/2: Fabrics and garments from the 1800s through the 1970s. Features the fashions of Dior, Fortuny, Gucci, and Chanel. With more than 40 dealers from around the country. At Metropolitan Antiques, 110 W. 19th St. Call 463-0200 for more information. $15 on Friday, $5 on Saturday and Sunday.

**St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration**—Through 3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. The World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

## Exhibitions

**The Treasures of the *San Diego***—Through 2/28. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, and helmets. On display at The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St.; $4, $2 children. Call 922-3019 for further information.

**The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations**—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

**Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village**—Through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

**The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman**—Through 4/4. The life and garden designs of one of the early-twentieth century's most important landscape architects will be the subject of this exhibition. At the PaineWebber Art Gallery (713-2885).

## Sports

**Sports Fair**—1/29 at 6:30 P.M. It's *so* late-nineties: signing up for a hockey team or kayaking lessons,

# Talent Blockbusters

**"Sometimes I think they are writers who don't write," the narrator of Renata Adler's novel *Speedboat* says of the men and women, sometimes very well dressed, who pick newspapers and envelopes out of the trash. "That writers write is meant to be self-evident. People like to say it. I find it is hardly ever true. Writers drink. Writers rant. Writers phone. Writers sleep. I have met very few writers who write at all." Embarrassing as the behavior of many contemporary writers is, feigned as many blocks no doubt are (some writers write very memorably about not being able to write), what is pompously described as "the writing process" and its discontents exerts a tremendous fascination. It is not just the fact that some first-rate novelists have been famously blocked; it is also that the difference between writing and not writing is sometimes unclear. Gazing raptly at one's computer screen (and, after a certain number of idle minutes, at one's screensaver) may be procrastination in disguise. Meanwhile, some highly productive writers say they compose in their heads—in the shower, at the supermarket, during a walk—and use the keyboard mainly as a means of transcription. Sometimes, of course, there is no ambiguity about what one is accomplishing, and every writer who is not Joyce Carol Oates is overcome by the sense that he or she has run dry. "When Somerset Maugham got blocked, he used to sit and write, 'I am Somerset Maugham. I am Somerset Maugham. I am Somerset Maugham.' He'd do it until something broke through," says Henry Mazel, one of several New York therapists who treat writer's block. He admits that a certain number of his patients need therapy but not, as they insist, because they are frustrated artists. "Some of the people I get—I think I'm about to paraphrase Dorothy Parker—don't particularly want to write but to *have written,*" Mazel says delicately. "That's why I take a history first. I look at their backgrounds—whether they've published before, for example." When the patient is a true writer, Mazel draws a distinction between a full-blown block and mundane procrastination. The latter, he claims, can be a much more intractable problem; the former he treats with short-term hypnotherapy. What Renata Adler's difficulty is, we don't know, but the shrewd observer of non-writing writers now appears to have joined their ranks: She hasn't published a novel since 1983.**

**LINDA HALL**

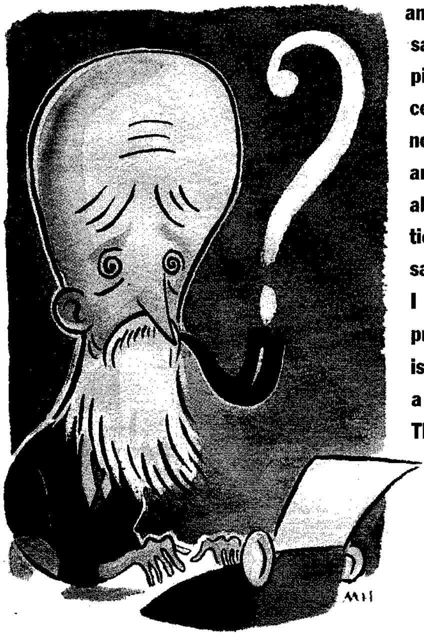


Illustration by Marcellus Hall.

beer (and perhaps cigarette) in hand, at a bar. Join others moderating their excess and participating in sports like volleyball, lacrosse, soccer, tennis, and golf—most every urban-friendly athletic activity will be represented by a local league or organization. *Sponsored by New York Sports On Line. Dewey's Flatiron Tavern, 210 5th Ave. at 26th St.*

**20th Annual Bagel Run**—2/2 at 10 A.M. Finally, a 10K race everyone can enjoy. Over 2,000 runners are expected to give it a shot, and that's not counting groupies or those who've paid $10 to skip the event and pull up a chair at the post-race brunch buffet, held at the New York Hilton Grand Ballroom. (Call 423-2222 for a $10 brunch-only ticket.) *Race begins and ends near Columbus Circle. Sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club. Call 860-4455 for race registration.*

**Hockey**—2/2: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 1/31: Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel)

**Basketball**—2/2: Knicks vs. Charlotte Hornets at 1 P.M., Madison Square Garden (NBC); 1/30: Nets vs. Phoenix Suns at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 2/1: Nets vs. Detroit Pistons at 1 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 2/4: Nets vs. Vancouver Grizzlies at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 2/4: Knicks vs. Houston Rockets at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (TNT)

## Online

**Virtual Flackery**—Online *Über*publicist Steve O'Keefe will instruct aspiring self-promoters on the art of hustling on the 'Net. On CompuServe, 1/27 at 9:00 P.M., in the Conference Center.

**Please Don't Hit the Teacher**—For some reason, America Online saw fit to include in the publicity material for this conference with Richard Preston, best-selling author of *The Hot Zone*, the intriguing aside that Preston's high-school record includes two charges of assault against teachers. Okay. Preston will also be discussing *First Light*, his novel about astronomers at Palomar Observatory in California who discover the key to the creation of the universe. On America Online, 1/27 at 10:00 P.M., at keyword *Book Report*.

**Porcine Without Apologies**—*Thin Is a Four Letter Word*, proclaims the title of Dee Hakala's new book, and to see her photo, you'd have to believe her. Everything is relative, however. Hakala has lost more than 100 pounds from her peak weight of 300, mostly through aerobics. In the process, she developed a new fitness routine that combines exercise, lifestyle modification, and group support, and won Nike's Fitness Innovation Award. Hakala will be discussing the fetish for svelteness that our society imposes on women, and how to work around it while remaining healthy. On America Online, 1/28 at 10:00 P.M., at keyword *Book Report*.

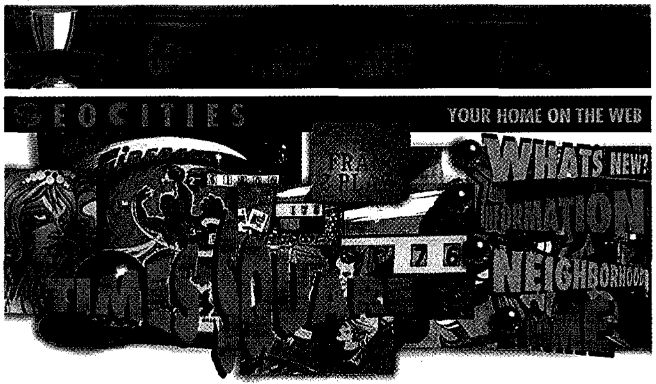
**Ashley Is Now the Most Popular Name in America**— . . . for girls. Cincinnati Bengals All-Pro defensive back Ashley Ambrose will be discussing whether the ribbing he took over this fact as a child is what inspired him to become one of the biggest, baddest, meanest mo'fo's in the NFL. And one of the few who is trained as a classical pianist. Hmmmm. On America Online, 1/29 at 9:00 P.M., at keyword *AOL Live*.

**Sniveling Rivalry**—Roger Clinton will reflect on the spooky resonances between brother Bill's career and his own. (Roger played his first professional gig in a topless bar at age 16.) He will also explain how it was a deep, abiding love of music (rather than crass opportunism) than inspired him in 1991 to give up selling souvenirs at country music concerts and take to the stage himself. Log on and ask Roger whether his new album, *Nothing Good Comes Easy*, is an attempt to embarrass the president as revenge for having personally approved Roger's arrest on narcotics charges while governor of Arkansas. On America Online, 1/30 at 10:00 P.M., at keyword *Oldsmobile*.

**Ed Begley Jr.**—This very talented performer (and son of one of the all-time best character actors), who has made some genuinely great movies (his featured role in *The In-Laws* comes to mind), will be talking about his career and the environmental activism that has become his cause. On America Online, 1/31 at 10:00 P.M., at keyword *Oldsmobile*.

**Talking Trash**—Daily News gossip columnist Michael Lewittes will swap dish about your favorite celebs and media personalities. On Prodigy, 1/29 at 10:00 P.M., in Chat Soup.

**How the Rebels Got Rich**—Author Fred Goodman will be talking about his new book, *Mansion on the Hill: Dylan, Young, Geffen, Springsteen, and the Head-On Collision of Rock and Commerce*, an intriguing glimpse into how the music industry has co-opted successive generations of brilliant young turks. On MSN, January 31 at 7:00 P.M., in Music Central.



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### Online
## Area 51 Revisited

**For all the palaver you've heard about building "virtual communities" on the Web, one company has hit upon a formula that works. GeoCities offers users a free homepage and e-mail address along with a "homestead" in one of 29 virtual neighborhoods. Choices range from Times Square to SoHo and Wall Street, as well as specialized districts like Area 51, a sci-fi ghetto that is proving to be very popular with the sort of people who spent way too much time playing Dungeons & Dragons in high school. http://www.geocities.com**

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**TOMASKY** *continued from page 19*

ported that President Clinton signed a $400 million federal loan to the ports of Los Angeles and Long Beach to finance a rail link that will secure those ports' access to the central United States. The loan will be used to leverage $2 billion in private loans. So these things can be done, in places where people think ahead.

Right now, there is much speculation on the governor's position. At a breakfast forum the day after the mayor's announcement, Pataki said he "can't commit to financing the project" right now. The *Times* picked this up; but its story left the impression that the project would proceed only over Pataki's corpse. In fact, the governor was not quite that negative and said, "I haven't seen the specifics of the mayor's proposal. We obviously have a number of other programs we're looking to do with [federal transportation money]. One of the most important is to finally have a decent way to get to Kennedy and La Guardia airports." He then circled back to the freight tunnel, which, as a concept at least, he labeled "excellent."

Not what I'd call a resounding no. "What Pataki said was exactly the right thing: 'You're asking me to comment on something I haven't seen the details of yet,' " says Reiter. Even Nadler says "he gave the same answer I would have given." Mike Long, the chairman of the state Conservative Party who is close to Pataki and has been working with the very liberal Nadler on pushing this project, adds, "I think the governor is very supportive of the possibility of this thing." Pataki's discursive nod toward the airport rail links, on which he and the mayor have serious disagreements, may have been his way of reminding the mayor that he ultimately calls the shots, or it may have signaled a willingness to find a compromise.

There are doubters, of course, and, given the hurdles that need jumping, there may be good reason to doubt. Peter Goldmark, a former Port Authority head now with the Rockefeller Foundation, thinks $900 million is really low-balling it. Millard counters that EDC's study based the figure on its review of projects around the world actually under construction. But Goldmark is skeptical: "I'll bet you a New York State lottery ticket that none of this looks very real in six or nine months."

Could be. But at the very least, people from left to right are now agreeing that the economic policies of the past twenty years have damaged New York. The port project has started lots of people talking to one another who hadn't before (witness Nadler and Long), and the conversations have produced some delightful surprises. Let's hope they don't mess this up. ■

# kids

**Suitcase Circus...Never Grow Up**

## Children's Events

**Neverland**—Childhood fantasies glide into adult realities in Mabou Mines's bunraku puppet performance of *Peter and Wendy.* The production's Celtic musical accompaniment brings the story back to J. M. Barrie's Scottish roots. 2/1 through 3/2. The **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200) $10 to $25.

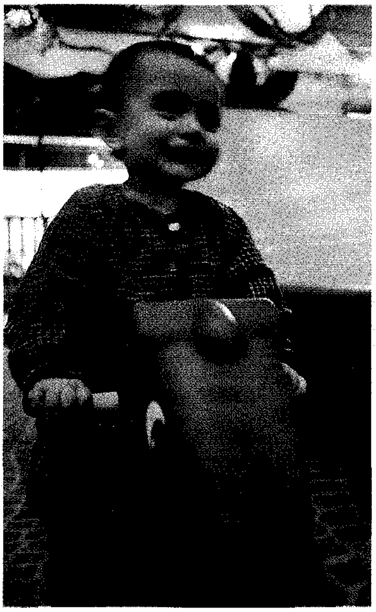
**Seaworthy**—Activities for cabin-feverish kids during the upcoming school vacation: Onboard the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** (a floating aircraft carrier) during Kids Week '97, children can hunt for actual treasure found in New York waters, read (and write) ship logs and learn about the history of flight. 2/19 to 2/21 from noon to 2:30. W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (245-0072). $10 for adults, $7.50 for seniors and teens (12 to 17), and $5 for children (6 to 11).

**Doing the Math**—Beyond Numbers, a fascinating hands-on exhibit, opens at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE.** Symmetry, chaos theory, and circumnavigating the globe become touchable, approachable concepts to solve or just puzzle over. 2/1 through 4/13. Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). Admission is $4.50, $3 for children and seniors.

**Foot-Fetish Fantasies**—Not one but two performances that see-saw on the importance of footwear: The Missoula Children's Theatre incorporates local schoolchildren in a performance of *Cinderella.* 2/1 at 2. Also at **QUEENS COLLEGE'S** Goldstein Theatre is *The Red Shoes.* The ballet, performed by the Anglo-American ballet, centers on a young girl under an odd shoe-related spell. Afterward, Lourdes Lopez, a principal with the New York City Ballet hosts a question-and answer session. 2/2 at 2. Between exits 23 and 24 of the eastbound service road of the L.I.E. in Flushing (793-8080).●

**Making Believe**—Catch accomplished lyricist, composer, and funny guy Henry Cory—formerly a Ringling Brothers clown—as he performs with his three-member "World of Pretend." 2/1 at 1.

## The Ticket
## A Jungle in There



**Savannah Tomlinson, a curly-haired Murray Hill 4-year-old, may have felt at times like a beleaguered Goldilocks as she listened to her parents complain about local places to play. Outdoor playgrounds in the neighborhood—covered in blacktop—are "usually too hot or too cold—and kind of dangerous," according to her mother. (Finding a syringe buried in one sandbox didn't help.) "Too overstimulating and overrun with big kids," was the criticism of Chelsea's WonderCamp. PlaySpace, on the Upper West Side, with its terrific collection of dress-up accoutrements and its expanse of sand, seemed close to ideal—but too far from home. Armed with a Small Business Administration loan and an assortment of skills picked up in former careers as a promotion director and an audiovisual engineer, Savannah's parents, Annette and Daniel, decided to carve out a play environment for under-6's in their own neighborhood. Rain or Shine, their new 4,000-square-foot commercial play center at 115 East 29th Street, has a rain-forest theme, which explains the occasional macaw squawks that emanate from speakers near the sandbox and the outré giraffe-patterned carpeting underfoot. It is a theme one suspects that the preschoolers—as they serve up rubber pizza in the wooden playhouse or glue glitter to self-portraits in the art room—are blissfully unaware of. But whatever makes the grown-ups happy is fine with Savannah. Unlike poor Goldilocks (who ended her adventure displaced and displeased), she now has a spacious place where she can dress up in bridal attire right in the neighborhood. Afternoons, after preschool, that's where you'll find her.**

**BARBARA ENSOR**

**Ground Rules:**

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

**KIDS THEATER AT THE KNITTING FACTORY,** 74 Leonard St. (877-6115). $8.50

**Performing Bunny**—Theatreworks's musical adaptation of *The Adventures of Peter Rabbit,* for children 5 and up, stars Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, and, of course, Peter, who get into no end of trouble in Farmer McGregor's garden. 2/1, 2/2, 2/8, and 2/9 at 12:30. **PROMENADE THEATER,** 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). $18.50. (*The Color of Justice,* a play about Thurgood Marshall and Linda Brown's fight to maintain the doctrine of "separate but equal" that took them all the way to the Supreme Court, is at the same theater 2/15 and 2/16 at 12:30, followed by *Play to Win,* a musical about the life of Jackie Robinson, 2/22 and 2/23 at 10:30 and 12:30.)

***Circus Minimus***—Kevin O'Keefe carries a circus in a suitcase, complete with ringmaster, clowns, jugglers, dancers, and, of course, the Italian trapeze family. Watch what happens when he lets them out. (O'Keefe was formerly an instructor with Big Apple Circus. Could this tiny format be the only way he can get performers to really do what he tells them to?) 2/1 at 1:30. **WEST END CAFE,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (877-6115). Tickets are $8.50; food and drink are available before or after the show.●

**Art Smarts**—Not for nothing is MOMA so nicknamed. The nurturing museum starts up a new series of child-centric programs this week, many of which let kids—with adult hangers-on—into the museum before it's open for regular folk. Among them: Tours for Tots for 4-year-olds, One-at-a-Time guided gallery talks for kids ages 5 through 10, and family films. Call for further information and to register. **THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9805).

***The Spirit of Pocahontas***—"Walt Disney's World on Ice" offers the familiar soundtrack, abridged a bit, inventive transformation of the story onto ice, and, of course, spectacular skating. Up to three performances a day are at **NASSAU MEMORIAL COLISEUM** through 2/2. Call 212-307-7171. Ticket prices range from $13.50 to $37.50.●

**Peter, Without Paul and Mary**—Part of an annual tradition eighteen years in the making. Peter Yarrow sings his heart out with friends Dick Kniss and David Buskin to benefit P.S. 6 (of which he is both alumnus and father of alumni). He promises to sing "If I Had a Hammer" and "Puff the Magic Dragon" and all those other songs everyone wants to hear. Peter Yarrow Auditorium, **P.S. 6,** 45 E. 81st St. 2/1 at 7:30. $15. Tickets are available at Barnes and Noble, 1280 Lexington Ave., between 86th and 87th Sts. $15. (An afternoon concert is sold out.)●

**Fairy Tales**—*Hansel, Gretel, and the Jolly Gingerbread Man* plays through March 2 at **THE GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE.** Weekends at 1:30, followed by *Snow White* at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

**Groundhog Central**—Chuck, usually thought of as a woodchuck, a species also known as groundhog, is the only genuine article in a tri-state-area zoo. (The Queens zoo has a prairie dog who has also been known to forecast weather, but we're not listening.) Chuck's been right thirteen of the fifteen years he's weighed in. Stop by the **STATEN ISLAND ZOO** at 7:30 A.M. for a live shadow to-see-or-not-to-see event. 614 Broadway, Staten Island (718-442-3101). Admission $3 for adults, $2 for children.●

**cue**

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# Strictly Personals

## SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

**Wealthy, Witty Physician**—With hypnotic blue eyes, all-around good looks, Jewish, 35, seeks sexy woman, 20-30, who is beautiful inside and out. Photo/note. 4747 ✉

**A Simple Request:**—Male desires female for long-term relationship leading to marriage. Me: 42, divorced, Jewish (not religious), good-looking, emotionally and financially secure. You: ?? Us: Happily ever after. Photo/note/phone a must with best time to call. 4673 ✉

**Tall Valentine**—6'5", 225 lbs, previously married (no kids), supremely successful, 47, looking for a tall, supremely wonderful woman with whom to share the fruits of my labors, smell the roses and live happily ever after. Please help me find you and be my valentine, with a recent photo and letter for reply. 4749 ✉

**It Goes Something Like This**—With a career in advertising, selling everything from potato chips to Mr. Potato Head, I figure it's time to market a really worthwhile product... Attractive blond professional, 34, Ivy educated, who loves travel, wonderful food, a good laugh, and football on Sundays, is ready to meet her match. If you haven't found this particular brand yet, are 30-40, bright, attractive, with a healthy sense of adventure (but sick of blind dates), let's risk a bottle of wine. Photo preferred. 4718 ✉

**Could You Be The One?**—An intelligent, attractive lady, 29-38, to spend romantic and fun times with. I am a 6'1", Jewish male, 35, who is an attractive and athletic real estate professional with smoldering dark features. I'm sincere, bright and open to long-term commitment. Note/photo/phone. 4787 ✉ ☎

**Carpe Diem**—Passionate, petite, blond/blue-eyed attorney/business owner, Jewish, 42 (looks 32), (212), divorced, no children, seeks life partner for love, romance, parenthood. Enjoys languages, travel, golf, the arts, family, friends. Note/photo. 4739 ✉

**Renaissance Man**—Really, I read and understand (mostly) "The Economist", "Scientific American". I'm an entrepreneur and president of several companies, love opera...I even grind my own coffee beans. Manhattan native, 6'1", 170 lbs, blue eyes, resides nicely on West Side. Seeks very, very smart, fair-skinned lovely (may be Oriental), 28 plus. 4741 ✉ ☎

**All That's Missing**—For this secure, successful, honest, 38-year-old, down-to-earth guy who's good-looking with a great sense of humor, is that special, easygoing lady with a natural look, who'd choose a cafe to a club, jeans to a dress or a convertible to a Cadillac. Note/photo/phone. 4778 ✉

**Looking For My Life's Mate**—Earnest search for true gentleman, 40 plus, tall in stature and spirit; solid Christian family-centered moral bearing; loves to ski at dawn; does not grouse on the golf course; and whose eminent success is tastefully manifested. Admires singular charm, elan and rapier wit in a woman. Ready to share once-in-a-lifetime opportunity: gorgeous emerald-eyed brunette, 5'7", 127 lbs; voluptuous dancer's frame; Seven Sisters; trilingual. Avid skier, golfer, sailor. Erudite letter/mug shot appreciated. 4771 ✉

**You Know What To Do!**—Early 40s, Jewish female professional, nonsmoker, divorced, 5'5", 120 lbs, knows how to enjoy life (dance, music, sports). Go to it! Photo/note. 4728 ✉

**Portrait Of A Lady**—Who is well-educated, cultured and professionally accomplished, with lovely looks (pretty, slender blond with dazzling smile), seeking very successful, worldly, kind Jewish man for the real thing. (212) only, ages 38-45. Please send note. 4722 ✉

**Be Mine Forever**—I've got one remaining dream: finding the right woman, raising a family and living happily ever after. All the rest...I've done. Me: 42, 6'1", 195 lbs, fit, very sexy, Jewish Manhattan man, single, enormously successful. Involved in the arts, travel, sports. A limo drives me, I've got a house on the beach... and yet sometimes my heart aches so hard because I'm still waiting for my best friend, best lover and soul mate to enter my life. You: 23-35, beautiful inside and out. Down-to-earth yet full of attitude; confident yet a little girl at heart. Smart, accomplished, sophisticated, sexy and ready to be spoiled (and very good at spoiling). Let's fall in love at first sight. Let's travel the world, return and have beautiful babies. Let's live out our remaining dream. Photo/phone a must. 4774 ✉

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By appointment only 212-935-9350

**Sensuous, Silly, Soulful**—Very smart and very pretty, big-brown-eyed Jewish ad exec/dance teacher, seeks fun and funny, spiritually aware, equally smart, attractive and active, somewhat creative nonsmoking man, 35-50, to date, love or marry (Jewish or not). Photo. 4792 ✉ ☎

**Handsome, Athletic**—29-year-old, white Jewish male seeks body-conscious, great-looking, bright, fun female, 22-34, who enjoys life. Photo/phone please. 4682 ✉

**For The Man Who Almost Has It All**—Attractive, warm, successful, athletic (golf, running, biking), sophisticated yet well-grounded Jewish woman, 48, who enjoys all NY has to offer (theater, art, music, sports, restaurants), as well as traveling but also happy staying at home, opening a bottle of wine and cooking a great meal! Open to relocation later, as long as a golf course is within driving range! Good sense of humor, style and self. If you're a happy, solid, successful, youthful grown-up man, 45-60, who still believes in romance/love, drop me a note. Let's meet for a drink and see what happens! 4725 ✉

**Warm Heart**—Inside a multifaceted, prominent surgeon with good looks, humor, muscular, 5'10", fun, 43. Dreams of a sincere lady under 37, for romance, family. Phone/photo necessary. 4797 ✉ ☎

**Sleek And Striking Ivy Blond**—Young, pretty, fit 40, 5'5" with classic looks, elegant style; marketing exec in high-image industry; feminine and strong, refined but unpretentious, introspective yet exuberant. Seeks spark with man of passion, strength and depth (40-55), for life of mutual joy and adventure. Thoughtful note/photo appreciated. 4707 ✉

**Pretty, Vivacious Attorney**—Slim, affectionate, Ivy grad, Jewish, a quality package. Likes include biking, tennis, film, journalism and the outdoors. Seeking a warm, successful professional male partner (42-52) for a caring future. CT and NY ties. Photo, please. 4731 ✉

**Ensnare Me**—Attractive, single Jewish man, 38, Anne Rice fan, cultured, literary, romantic and playful, seeks to abandon the pedestrian and explore the esoteric with a strong-willed woman, average to Rubenesque, who will literally captivate me with her charms. Can dance if forced to. Shall we tie the knot? 4699 ✉ ☎

**Seeking Highly Accomplished Man**—Very pretty blond, blue eyes, 5'9", 36, slim, fit. Resides Dutchess County farm/NYC. Enjoys fine/Eastern art, dining and travel. I value a warmhearted, generous nature, a creative mind and quick wit. Note/photo. 4696 ✉

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# Strictly Personals

*Strictly Personals* is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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**Successful, Semi-Retired**—Investment professional, early 60s but in great shape and looks about 50, sensitive, sexy and sincere, with a great sense of humor, Jewish (nonreligious). Seeks slender, attractive, intelligent female - ideally late 40s to early 50s, for friendship, travel and whatever. Recent photo essential. 4704 ✉

**Venture Capitalist**—Very handsome, 43, 5'10", trim, athletic, fun, sensitive, Midtown Wasp. Enjoys Vermont, the beach and cooking. Seeking bright, confident, affectionate woman. Photo. 4720 ✉

**Professional Latin Man**—Young, fit, seeks pretty, warm, classic Latin lady for friendship and more. Photo/note. 4767 ✉

**party! party!**

**New York Magazine's**

**Strictly Personals**

**PRE-VALENTINE'S CELEBRATION**

**Thursday Feb. 13, 5:30pm-12am**

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$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 7th to:

**New York Magazine Party,**
**2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.**

**Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.**

**For more information call**
**212-545-3676**

**Special Guest DJ: Dr. Jerry Carroll**

**Are You Looking For Me?**—Single, white Jewish female - very cute, in-shape, funny, 36 (but still gets ID'd), not-boring accountant. Loves travel, working out, music, theater, movies, good food, outdoors, NYC, an occasional opera or ballet. Seeks 32-42-year-old NYC mensch with similar interests, intelligence and sense of humor - for a fun and potentially lasting relationship. Photo/note. 4769 ✉

**Hispanic Lovely**—Attractive, sexy, 40, 5'5", slim, with style, warmth and grace - genuine, family oriented. Seeking kind and good-hearted gentleman, 40s plus, who is emotionally and financially secure, for long-term relationship. Photo. 4639 ✉

**Creative Director**—51, described by friends (when asked) as smart, honest, eclectic, with offbeat sense of humor, continues to seek a little direction from woman, 35-45, described by friends (without being asked) as a witty, attractive professional - perceptive and independent with an easy laugh. Note/photo. 4794 ✉

**Lady In Red**—With auburn hair, blue-eyed glamour, zest for life - professional, quick wit, warm heart, all-natural class - requests the pleasure of your easygoing, solid company. A man's man, hirsute (forget cute), compassionate, fit, self-educated/educated, mid 40s-60s, materially comfortable, spiritually inclined...with penchant for bookstores, the big outdoors, Latin beat, tropical heat and growing friendship with this drop-dead redhead! Note/photo/phone. 4784 ✉ ☎

**It Is Possible To Have It All**—Loving, successful, attractive, dynamic, artistic actress, 35, wants to marry mensch, to 45, who is strong on the earth, and ready to reach for the stars. 4798 ✉ ☎

**Pretty, Warm Blond**—Jewish, 42, slender, affectionate, adventurous spirit. Enjoys dancing, tennis, sailing and more. Desires attractive, fit, successful man, mid 40s-mid 50s, for lasting relationship. Photo and note, please. 4729 ✉

**On My Way Up**—Join me? Intelligent, handsome attorney, 26, sense of humor and compassion, seeks sincere, attractive professional woman willing to break "The Rules." Note/photo. 4796 ✉

**Beauty, Brains/Sense Of Humor**—Single Jewish female, 32, 5'5", slim, seeks attractive, intelligent, self-confident, caring Jewish male, 30-40, fit, 5'8" plus, to share laughter, friendship and romance. Photo/note. 4690 ✉

**Dark-Eyed, Petite Beauty**—Single white female who is kindhearted, caring, intelligent and successful, seeks same in a single white male, 42-48, for serious relationship. Note/phone and photo. 4740 ✉

**Heavyset, Attractive, Independent**—Tall, former professional ballerina, now divorced, single mother, looking for man of substance and intelligence. Please be at least 6', 39 or above, and unattached. Note/phone. 4766 ✉

**Catholic MD**—Nice-looking, 44, divorced, no dependents, NJ, loves travel, sports and bookstores. Seeks attractive lady, 30s, for marriage and family. 4768 ✉

**Chocolate**—Used to be my biggest weakness. Vivacious, unpretentious blond, blue-eyed, petite Jewish professional, 32, with good values and diverse interests including skiing and wind-surfing - looks to meet genuine male, who is outgoing, active, spontaneous and plays as hard as he works, to melt my heart. Note/photo/phone. 4745 ✉

**Very Attractive Woman**—Petite, down-to-earth professional, 48 - looks 30s, seeks athletic, loving, marriage-minded male, 40-55, financially secure. 4733 ✉ ☎

**Once-In-A-Lifetime Opportunity**—For us to cross paths. I'm a successful real estate entrepreneur with wide cultural interests. Early 40s, trim, fit and Jewish. Seeking a rare combination of eclectic intelligence and refined beauty - stylish, articulate, sexy and successful. You're in your 30s, slim, shapely, discriminating, unconventional and ready to laugh! Sophisticated yet bohemian, intoxicated with ideas. Interested in having a family if you meet the right partner. Photos and handwritten note. 4737 ✉

**Gay Jewish Male**—40, fun, handsome professional seeks "just a nice guy" for the long term. Photo/phone. 4765 ✉

**Handsome, Caring Male**—MD, MSW/becoming psychoanalyst. I want a forever love affair with attractive, warm and interesting woman, age 30-54 years. Treasure intimate conversations, elegant dining with flowers and romance. I may nap at the opera, but love holding hands and cuddling at the movies. 4701 ✉

**Beautiful Jewish Female**—33, 5'4", fit, educated, adventurous, seeks handsome, successful Jewish male, 33-39, 5'10" plus. Photo/phone, please. 4694 ✉

**Jewish-Chinese-American Princess**—Young early 40s (looks early 30s), desires mensch (39-68) in shining armor to come to the rescue - for life, love, family and happily ever after. Please be Ivy, multi-degreed, philanthropic, global thinker, interested in having children now. Me: feminine, sophisticated, world-traveled, internationally focused, bicoastal Manhattanite. POB 1837 NYC 10185-1837 / 4790 ✉ ☎

**Give Him A Howl**—If you're a pretty, sweet, sexy, fun-loving female, 28-36, who'd like to share laughter, life and romance with my 5 1/2 year-old (ruff-ly), ruggedly handsome, successful, bright, outgoing, athletic, confident, Jewish (you needn't be) best friend (5'11", 180 lbs). Dog lover a plus, photo a must. 4757 ✉

**Global, Gregarious, Glamorous**—EEC/Manhattan lady, 47, 5'8", blond, slim, wishes personable, powerful potential king with palaces, for 21st century. Photo/statement desired. 4755 ✉

# SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

**Warm, Pretty Italian-American PhD**—With dark hair, green eyes, many interests (creative and multicultural), seeks honest, loving, broad-minded, intelligent professional male, 40-55, for love, romance and marriage. Note. 4698 ✉

**Independent And Fun**—Attractive, warm, vivacious gallery owner, 50 - likes art, movies, music, travel, laughter. Seeks male counterpart. Phone/photo. 4744 ✉ ☎

**Responsible, Athletic**—White Christian male professional, late 30s, looking for attractive, fun, high-energy, bright woman (28-35) with a great personality. Must be health-conscious and enjoy working out as well as being feminine. Photo and phone, please. 4780 ✉ ☎

**Extremely Sexy, Cute**—Divorced Jewish male, early 40s, 5'8", with slender, killer body - owns successful entertainment business and was featured in a 1990 women's mag pictorial. Seeks gorgeous and slim white female, 25-40, for fun and romance. Be affectionate, sensuous and intelligent. Don't even think about responding - just do it! Photo/phone a must. 4712 ✉

**Pretty, Affectionate Woman**—Enjoys new places, theater, good conversation, working hard, and doing nothing. Seeks established, romantic partner, 48-62, fun-loving, with a warm heart, sensual nature, real values and integrity. Photo. 4789 ✉

**Good-Looking Divorced Male**—55, seeks a woman for fun-loving, romantic, permanent relationship. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 4710 ✉

**All I'm Missing...**—Is a picture of you on my desk. Tall, sincere, sweet Jewish male, 38, seeks pretty Jewish female for a lifetime of love and devotion. 4773 ✉ ☎

**Aphrodite? 21-33**—If beautiful, sensual and youthful in personality, write to this MD (37) for R&R/TLC. Photo. 4691 ✉

**Offbeat?**—Single white female, 32-40, with humor, smarts, looks, sought by single white male, 43, 5'10", writer. Kids okay. Note and phone. 4759 ✉ ☎

**Are You My Sugar Magnolia?**—Exciting, attractive, MBA Jewish male - outgoing, loves concerts, 33, 6'1". Seeks 22-35, slim and pretty Jewish female sweetheart, for a lasting relationship. 4723 ✉ ☎

**Handsome Jewish MD**—Young 40, 6', smart, witty, worldly, playful, seeks pretty, sophisticated, refined Jewish female who is tall (over 5'5"), secure, smart, sassy and less than 35. Photo please. 4742 ✉

**Lawyer With Dimples**—Attractive woman, slim, 5'5", 43, Jewish. Seeks handsome professional man for lasting relationship. Photo. 4697 ✉

**Seeking Marriage-Minded Female**—Good-natured, handsome, hard-working, honest and sincere, nonsmoking, single white gentleman, 36, who is successful, intelligent, kind, loyal, loving, fit, romantic, affectionate and trustworthy, with many interests, open-minded, described as a good catch... Send note/photo. 4801 ✉

**Brilliant, Passionate, Complex**—Creative, beautiful, open-hearted woman, 53, seeks kind, courageous samurai, ready to risk all on the field of love. 4734 ✉ ☎

**Joker, Smoker, Midnight Toker**—Italian female, 30, easygoing, down-to-earth, attractive, professional. Enjoys travel, music, books and magazines. Seeking an intelligent, attractive man who likes to laugh, doesn't mind take-out, and who is as comfortable at Lincoln Center as he is at MSG. 4791 ✉ ☎

**35-Year-Old, Fun-Loving**—Ambitious, high-energized Irish-Catholic woman who loves to laugh, golf, travel, dine out...is ready to meet her male companion. Looking for someone with similar qualities, 32-45. Please send picture and note. 4719 ✉

**Outdoorsy Man**—51, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 4721 ✉

**Feminine, Classy, Shapely**—Slender, sweet blond beauty, PhD, 48. Enjoys world travel, country club golf, dancing, life's finer things. Seeks companionship/chemistry with handsome, fit, refined, successful gentleman, 50s. 4770 ✉ ☎

**Uniquely Talented, Caring Man**—5'9", successful professional, seeks bright, secure, shapely woman, 28-35, for fun, romance and possibilities. Photo. 4748 ✉ ☎

**Beautiful**—26-year-old, NYC professional woman, 5'9", thin, fun, smart, refined, Jewish (nonreligious) - seeks a tall, successful, intelligent, really great guy, 27-37. Note/photo. 4764 ✉

**Ugly, Poor, Stupid, Selfish, Smelly**—Musical mensch, 51. I'll change for the right young lady. Photo. POB 610, Brooklyn, NY 11209

**Slim, Sexy, Smart Woman**—Recently divorced, successful entrepreneur, blond beauty, free spirit, passionate, creative, adventurer, athletic. Seeks soul mate, 45-60. Note/photo. 4730 ✉

This New Year you're going to meet many interesting people. But then again, that's what you said last year.

Directors:

Andrea McGinty Jacqueline Castellitto Anne Dingman Lynelle Herstedt

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**Widow/Lover Of The Arts**—Attractive, youthful redhead, early 60s, looking for a companion to enjoy theater, music, travel and intelligent conversation. Humor a plus. 4781 ✉

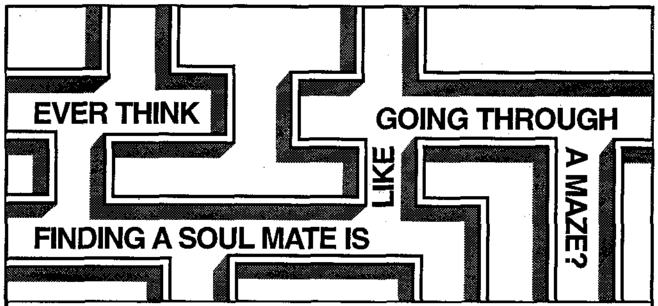
**Portrait Of A Lady**—Bright, classy, attractive LI widow seeks gentleman, 50-57, with sense of humor, to share a zest for life, travel, cuddles and hugs. 4732 ✉

**I Dreamed A Dream**—28, 5'1", Jewish professional female - intelligent, sensitive, loves music, travel, art, good friends. Seeks an honest, caring, romantic male, 28-35, for friendship, possible relationship. Photo/note. 4700 ✉

**Hugs Teddy!**—Pretty, slim, cute Jewish gal, 53, seeks teddy substitute. Warm, easy to be with, vivacious, real. 4715 ✉ ☎

**Beautiful, Italian/Irish**—Blue-eyed professional, 42, creative female, seeks attractive white male who is sincere, for relationship, 42-52. Note/photo. 4681 ✉ ☎

**A Beautiful Smile**—For you, a special man. Her warmth, style, humor, sweetness, intelligence (well-educated/professional), 46 years, blondness and lovely legs, will stimulate and light the world for her 50ish, kind, broad-shouldered businessman, be you both in Tahiti or at home. Note/photo. 4716 ✉ ☎



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# Strictly Personals

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**For more information, call 212-779-7500 Ext. 3662**
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*All advertiser messages are accepted at the discretion of the publisher.* Advertisers who neglect to record a message will forfeit this free service.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, NEW YORK, NY

**Tall, Very Pretty Platinum Blond**—5'7", green eyes, 121 lbs, educated (Master's degree), affectionate, sensitive and sincere, with a combination of class, style, good looks and a great sense of humor - seeking relationship-minded, educated, handsome professional male, 38-50, who possesses a heart and a soul. Note/photo. 4758 ✉

**Handsome Executive**—49, Connecticut resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman... seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo, please. 4760 ✉

**Sweet, Sexy, Svelte**—Jewish female seeks counterpart. Photo please. 4711 ✉☎

**Your Love Is My Desire**—Warm, caring and capitvating, single Jewish female, 33, slim, shapely, 5'4", attractive, professional and financially secure. Enjoys long walks, swimming, exercising, theater, art, movies, cooking, sparkling evenings and the morning light. Wishes to meet an intelligent, nice-looking, sincere and kind, single Jewish male, 31-41, nonsmoker, to snuggle with forever. Note and photo please - will exchange. 4717 ✉

**Male, 56**—Slim, caring, sensitive and cultured, with many interests, seeks a slim, caring woman who wants a relationship, hopefully forever, 25-40. Please include photo. 4793 ✉

**Exotic, Beautiful And Easygoing**—34, educated, dimples, great legs. Seeks an extraordinary man, Jewish, successful and relationship-minded. 4709 ✉☎

**Handsome, Successful Architect**—Blond/blue, 5'11", 185 lbs, 32, athletic, in great shape, goal-oriented, adventurous, loves the country, also the culture of the city - in search of female who is dynamic, athletic, intelligent, attractive, with family values. 4735 ✉

**Soul Mate**—What matters most is moral support. Be the best we each can be. This woman is 5'7", 135 lbs, 35, works in the medical field and seeks a male who is handsome from within. 4743 ✉☎

**For Real**—Attractive brunette, 34, 5'7", hazel eyes, with good sense of humor. Likes scuba diving, skiing, music, country rides, or just staying home with a good movie. Seeks meaningful relationship with caring, sincere man (tall, 36-45). Picture optional. 4727 ✉

**Reward Offered:**—To the male journalist (60-65) who writes the best essay, entitled "Why I Would Like To Retire In Order To Write A Book". First prize will be an interview with a passably pretty and enormously witty woman (58), who could turn out to be a friend as well as an angel. 4763 ✉

**Attractive, 37**—Single, white Jewish female, dark-haired, blue-eyed professional, 5'3". You are 34-42 (preferably Jewish), tall, attractive, intelligent, stable and secure male. Let's meet. Photo/note for response. 4714 ✉☎

**Great Find**—38, handsome, Jewish, successful, fit, fun, well-traveled, stable, bright, warm and giving. Seeks a similarly special woman for a lifetime. Manhattan/photo a plus. Will reciprocate. 4782 ✉☎

**Sexy, Dark-Haired/Eyed Beauty**—Sweet, athletic Jewish professional, 28, enjoys dining, cooking, dancing, sports, movies and travel. Seeks handsome, fit, bright, successful, confident man, 30s, to share fun, frolic and more. Photo/note. 4761 ✉

**It's My Turn**—Successful professional, single, slim, 33, 5'7", attractive, Ivy MBA, African-American woman with a smile that will light up the world - seeks a man who enjoys fine dining, great conversation, classical music and laughter, for lasting relationship. Note/photo optional. 4693✉☎

**NJ, Beautiful**—White Spanish lady, looking for handsome (really), good man over 43. Photo please. 4746 ✉

**Attractive, Respectful Woman**—Seeking honest and decent man. Note. 4753 ✉

**I Can't Resist**—A smart man with a playful sense of humor and a good heart. Especially if he's cute, 35-43, sporty and successful. I'm a pretty, petite, creative Ivy grad who enjoys everything from museums to Monty Python. 4772 ✉

**Want A Date With An Angel?**—She's interested in you if you're mature, sensitive, kindhearted and generous, age 45 and above. 4692 ✉

**Attractive, Tall Blond**—Kind Christian woman in late 50s, NYC and Southampton. I like walks, talks, the arts, nature, travel and, most important, good company. I seek a loving, intelligent man to share friendship, laughter love and happiness, 62-70. 4762 ✉

**Adventurous Gentleman**—Single Jewish male, professional, 31, tall and attractive seeks fit, single white female, 26-35, for fun, honest relationship. I'm healthy, humorous and dependable. Avid cyclist who enjoys exotic cuisine, movies and intelligent conversation. If you long for genuine romance, please send note and photo. 4804 ✉

**European, Attractive**—Bright, classy, vibrant, warm, accomplished, multilingual lady seeks affectionate, caring, educated, successful, generous man, 55 plus, to enjoy life, possible marriage. 4708 ✉

**Russian Lady**—43, 5'6", honest, educated, enjoys healthy way of life. Looking for real friend: family-oriented gentleman with same life style. 4754 ✉

**Stunning**—A vivacious, 40s blond - cover girl face, aerobicized body, classy, refined, warm and funny, multilingual, with highly successful career. Loves tennis, skiing, the arts, sports and travel. Seeks a man who is dynamic, successful and a risk taker, to spoil and be spoiled. 4800 ✉

**Prince Of Serendip**—A seeker of truth and beauty sought by post-op transsexual, attractive female, 45, bright, creative, athletic. Can you see past the stereotype? Note/photo required. 4785 ✉

**Me: Beautiful, Single White Female**—29, highly successful, passionate, intrepid, with a generous heart and a wicked sense of humor. Loves travel, the arts, books, outdoors, NYC life, country houses, kids and dogs. You? Photo. 4783 ✉

**Sophisticated, Attractive**—Intelligent (PhD), whimsical, successful Jewish female seeks male, 55-65. 4750 ✉☎

**Tall Man**—53, attorney, senior executive, nice-looking, sincere, detached, offbeat humor, reasonably intellectual, available. Seeks female. 4756 ✉

**Adventurous Asian Woman**—40, slim, attractive, successful. Hikes, sails, relishes good conversation and intimate times. Seeking a like-minded man, 37-55. Please be fit, nonsmoker and financially secure. Note/photo/phone. 4703 ✉

**Looking For A Good Kisser**—Successful, Jewish (you need not be) female, late 30s, seeks a funny, warm, intelligent, tall man to share in life's pleasures. Please be interested in marriage/children. 4788 ✉☎

**Asian-American Male**—43, financially secure professional, seeks a professional female, 25-35, fit, attractive nonsmoker, for lasting relationship. Note/photo. 4695✉

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# MARY ANN MADDEN #872

# NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

**Clickety Clackety**
**Carolyn Kennedy**
**Married an icon,**
**Bessette by the press.**

**Managed her wedding, quite**
**Peripatetical,**
**Never disclosing who**
**Fashioned the dress.**

**Above, Higgledy-Piggledy. Competitors are invited to submit one original double dactyl.**

**Results of Competition 869,** in which you were asked to invent venereal terms: fanciful group names.

**Report:** Well. Since you ask: Hunters used terms of venery to designate group names for prey, as in "a gaggle of geese." Therefore, in this instance, as in James Lipton's first-rate anthology *An Exaltation of Larks,* we made use of the single entendre *venereal.* Your understandable caution did not hamper your genius. We loved best the term that sounded like a group name, e.g. a horde of prostitutes. The latter fell among the duplicated, as did a herd of rumors, a brace of orthodontists, a giggle of valley girls. You are a bunch of daisies. See that you do.

**First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:**

a shul of gefilte fish
*Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.*

a gathering of seamstresses
*Molly Graizzaro, Dumont, N.J.*

a ragman's ream of anagrammers
*Mike Kretzmann, Hillsdale, Mich.*

**Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:**

a plethera of misspellings
*Ellen Aaron, Arlington, Va.*

a matter of faxes
*Jim Ringel, Boulder, Colo.*

a pack of lice
*E. Lewin, Great Neck, N.Y.*

an embarrassment of Richards
*R. B. Conti, Summit, N.J.*

**And Honorable Mention to:**

a propos of nothing
*Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.*

a yawl of southerners
*Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.*

a helping of aides-de-camp
*Geraldine Segal, Randallstown, Md.*

a pallet of painters
*Joel Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.*

a grunge of rock stars
*John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.*

a sleight of magicians
*Dorothy Berman, Irvington, N.Y.*

a void of existentialists
*Kenneth L. Greenberg, Edgewood, N.J.*

a cellblock of politicians
*Bill Weiss, N.Y.C.*

a kaleidoscope of peacocks
*Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.*

a blither of idiots
*Amy Laskin, Bronxville, N.Y.*

a scarf of gourmands
*David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio*

a virus of in-laws
*Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.*

a pier group of fishermen
*Elsa Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.*

a collection of taxmen
*Dinnie Martinson, Wheaton, Md.*

a number of accountants
*Ivor Winiply, Glen Cove, N.Y.*

a flotilla of loan sharks
*Steven Shields, Bronxville, N.Y.*

a pew of skunks
*Roger D. Kellerman, D.D.S., Albany, N.Y.*

a farrago of parrots
*Tom Miller, Sawyerville, Ala.*

a proliferation of anti-abortionists
*Rhoda Schaefer, Baldwin, N.Y.*

a petulance of standees
*Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.*

a slew of murderers
*Thelma Blitz, N.Y.C.*

a block of linemen
*Robert J. Snowe, M.D., Seaford, N.Y.*

a shortage of jockeys
*Adina Lubetkin, Jamaica Plain, Mass.*

a clutch of purses
*Mary McQuaid, N.Y.C.*

a legion of foreigners
*Ruth Fried, Owings Mills, Md.*

a swank of pimps
*John DuQuette, N.Y.C.*

a brace of suspenders
*Bronnie Blaugrund, Placitas, N.M.*

a number of deli patrons
*Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.*

a @#$%&* of euphemisms
*Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.*

a multiplicity of adders
*Jacob Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.*

a circa of archaeologists
*Mark D. Becher, Brooklyn*

a conspiracy of stones
*Joe Cosenza, Flushing*

a sheetload of Klansmen
*Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.*

a shipload of lithpers
*Patricia Begley, Chester, N.Y.*

a crop of dominatrixes
*Nicole Leary, Winnetka, Ill.*

a lot of salt
*David Luzon, N. Attleboro, Mass.*

a barrage of kangaroos
*John Falxa. N.Y.C.*

a hunk of beefcake
*Penny Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.*

a host of lettermen
*Craig Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.*

a smite of deities
*David English, West Somerville, Mass.*

a lick of sycophants
*Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.*

a number of anesthesiologists
*C. F. Luzon, Bedford Hills, N.Y.*

a clutch of co-dependents
*David Brubaker, Carlisle, Pa.*

a cauterie of surgeons
*C. J. Votava, Indianapolis, Ind.*

a flourish of strumpets
*L. McCluskey, Midlothian, Va.*

a flush of royals
*Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.*

a knot of Windsors
*Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.*

a defenestration of agents
*Hollywood Steinbrocker, Los Angeles, Calif.*

an exhalation of filter-tip Larks
*Brian Bracey, Durham, N.C.*

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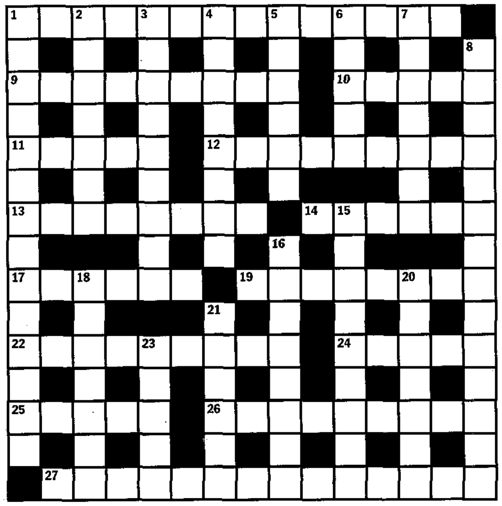
**Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY** should be sent to Competition Number 872, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. It must be received by February 7. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the March 3 issue.

## The 'Guardian' Crossword

### ACROSS

1 Planks on shoal may be public. (8-6)
9 Frost gauge to have 10 eyes? Remote possibility. (9)
10 6 is in test. (5)
11 45 inch islands (hark!)—the second Bell. (5)
12 Lake to take shape of carpet. (9)
13 Growing like money—silver: about two hundred facing bankruptcy. (8)
14 Medicine to partially atrophy most of those who need it. (6)
17 A U-bend designed to take a lot of water away. (6)
19 Writer in waterway may absorb another. (8)
22 By pure chance, form of pearl is of mother (just). (9)
24 Provider of notes about parson. (5)
25 Slaver, new or old. (5)
26 We three start group of 6, 10, and 20. (3,3,3)
27 Last month's countdown coming to an end in Carla's work. (6,8)



### DOWN

1 Cheered about light brown suit with which to go to the seaside. (6,3,5)
2 A sigh when a belt is fixed, say, unlik a ring compound. (7)
3 10 banger will fizzle out. (4,5)
4 Warning: not a bean if you say it wrong. (4,4)
5 10 eyes express it thus on the right line. (6)
6 10's colour's sound centre. (5)
7 Threatening ancient King about turn round first. (7)
8 Way for a politician to defile a reader: he may take cover. (5,9)
15 Chap I need to make the bit you hold. (4-5)
16 Everything's in check thanks to capital. (8)
18 Scot's no invalid: like a spot? (7)
20 Venerable personage united with 10. (7)
21 Cold without point—avoid fresh air. (6)
23 Beat seeds for food. (5)

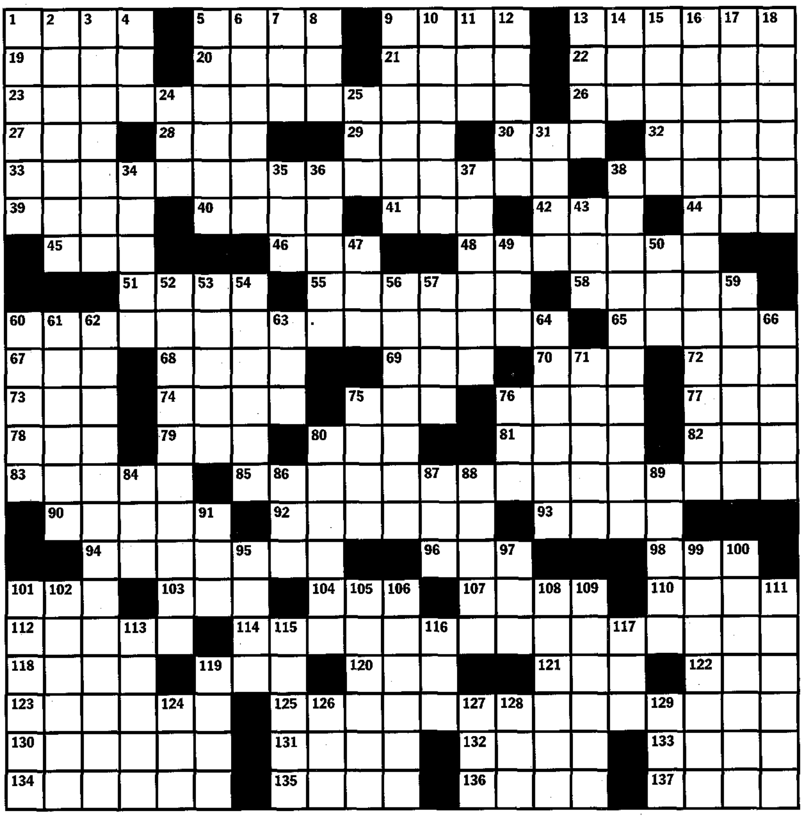
## 'Exchanging Ends': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

### ACROSS

1 Ferry berth
5 Clinton's home town
9 Primer lessons
13 Toaster shades
19 Corn bread
20 "Think nothing ——"
21 Vida of baseball
22 Antenna
23 Nobleman's jewelry?
26 Having elegance
27 Actress Hagen
28 Drink that sounds helpful
29 Same old grind
30 NASA affirmative
32 —— majesty
33 Inauguration rite?
38 Rose and Rozelle
39 Wagnerian earth goddess
40 Father of Thor
41 Kind of goblin
42 —— roll (winning)
44 Bit of leftover food
45 Express plane, for short
46 Tennis-court divider
48 Peachlike fruit
51 Cartographers' products
55 Positive traits
58 Rachel's sister, et al.
60 Call the bakery for dessert delivery?
65 Corp.'s financial officer
67 Wellington ——, Chinese diplomat
68 Breckinridge of fiction
69 Fed. collection agcy.
70 "—— la la!"
72 Humorist's talent
73 Ike's WW II post
74 Future plant
75 Wallet smallie
76 Together, in music
77 Dedicatory poem
78 Dept. head
79 Assayer's specimen
80 Saratoga attraction
81 Oodles
82 Genetic chemical
83 —— this world
85 Patrick Henry's oration?
90 Tactile sense
92 Slice of bacon
93 Greek cheese
94 Companies of actors
96 Make a pinch
98 NBC's former parent
101 Alas, in Aachen
103 "Some —— born great": Shak.
104 Bran source
107 Balm
110 Lake, Italian style
112 Cedar or tool
114 Tennyson's Arthur?
118 Greasy-spoon specialty
119 Heston epic, with 91-Down
120 Alias: abbr.
121 She raised Cain
122 Goat's remark
123 Take deep puffs
125 What dentists do?
130 Élèves' schools
131 Director Kazan
132 Prophetic sign
133 Thrice minus twice
134 Tries marriage again
135 Cub Scout units
136 Unadulterated
137 Has another birthday

### DOWN

1 Evergreen tree
2 Hangs around
3 Body organs, slangily
4 Cribbage piece
5 Hex
6 Insult
7 Orchestra's place
8 Ordinal-number suffix
9 Pink with embarrassment
10 Really soused
11 Mongrel
12 Car model
13 In town again
14 Kin: abbr.
15 Papal cape
16 Good speller?
17 Sadat's predecessor
18 Most cagey
24 "Casablanca" pianist
25 Sea eagle
31 Airwick target
34 Words on a Wonderland cake
35 Yang's counterpart
36 Oscar-winner Tatum
37 Subsides
38 What nervous prop men do?
43 Zilch
47 Between Mao and tung
49 Last Greek consonant
50 Scull equipage
52 Sleeves?
53 Check writer
54 Spending expeditions
56 Popeye's green
57 Aer Lingus destination
59 Refused
60 Vermont ski mountain
61 Bad liquor
62 Theater entrance?
63 Shoulder enhancer
64 Succumb to sleep
66 Radiator output
71 Unconventional
75 Unlocks, to Keats
76 Landon of 1930s politics
80 Add spice
84 Not their
86 Before fab or fix
87 Adult pullet
88 Praying figure
89 Ahead of time
91 See 119-Across
95 Lap pooch
97 Put-down from Scrooge
99 Sedating
100 At —— (on quick inspection)
101 More muscle-sore
102 "Monopoly" card
105 "—— Calico," 1946 song
106 Gertrude Stein's companion
108 Jacket type
109 Heavenly
111 Oranges and Indians
113 Fine-grained rock
115 Under the covers
116 Jack Sprat's no-no
117 East of Md.
119 Catfish Row lady
124 —— Zeppelin
126 Island, in the Seine
127 Bunny dance
128 "Down under" bird
129 Mauna ——



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 60

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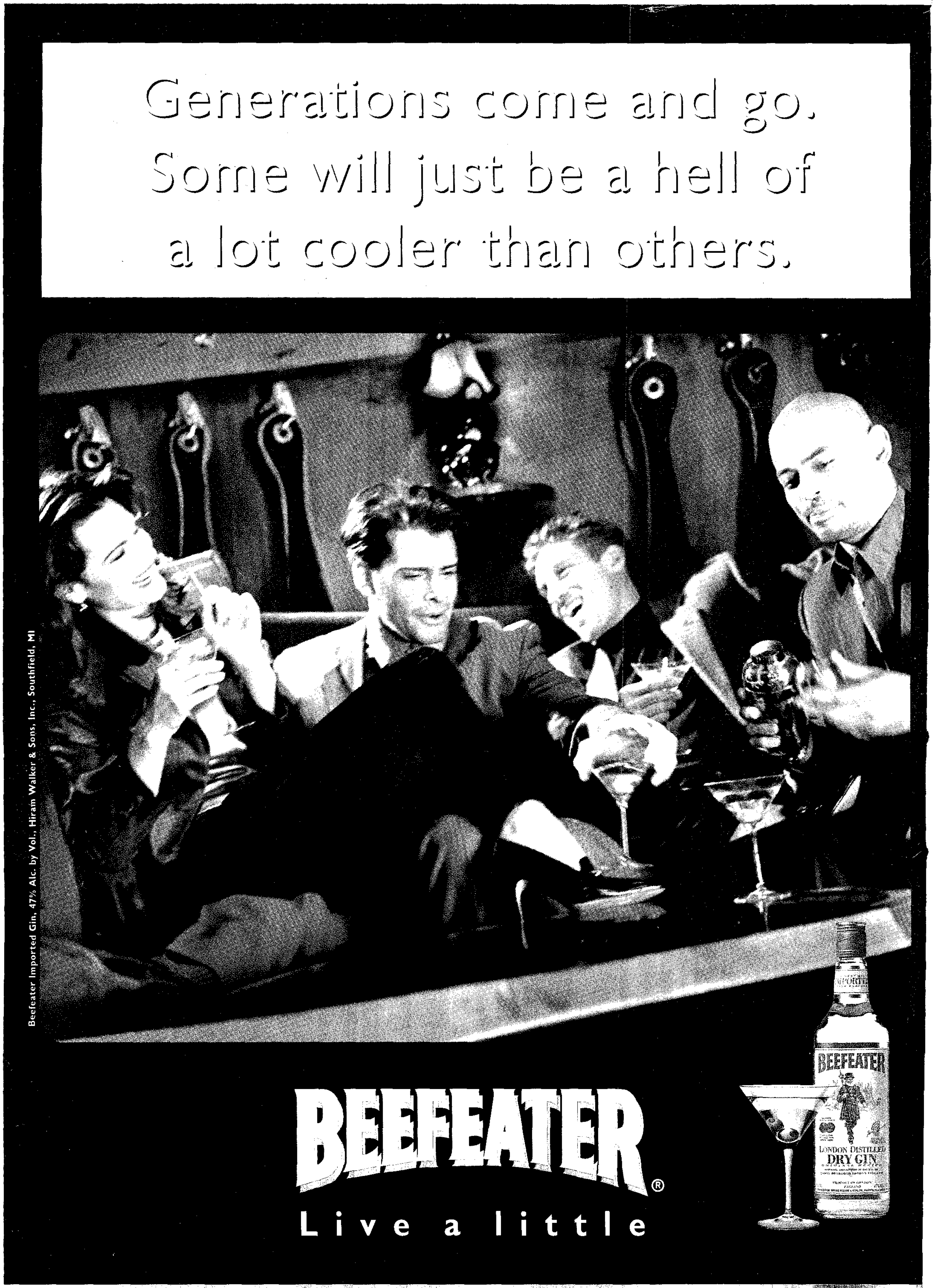

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